POEMS,

BY

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A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO AN

EMINENT PAINTER.

WITH

NOTES.

Συγγενειαν τινα προς ποιητικὴν εχειν ἡ τεχνη εὑροισκεται, και κοινη τις αμφοιν ειναι φαντασια.

—— ἁ λεγειν οἱ ποιηται εχθσι ταυτα εν τῳ γραμματι σημαινθσα.

PHILOSTRATUS.

Patet omnibus Ars, nondum eſt occupata, multum ex illâ etiam futuris relictum eſt. SENEC. Epiſt. 33.

THE

FIRST PART.

ARGUMENT.

An introduction to the ſubject—The flouriſhing ſtate of Art in this country—Diſadvantages attending the modern painter of portraits—Short encomium on this branch of Art, with the account of its origin in the ſtory of the maid of Corinth. Superiority of hiſtorical painting—Some account of the Greeks who excelled in it—Its deſtruction, and revival in Italy—Short account of the moſt eminent Italian painters—Thoſe of France and Flanders.

TO

MR. GEORGE ROMNEY.

PART I.

BLEST be the hour, when fav'ring gales reſtore
The travell'd artiſt to his native ſhore!
His mind enlighten'd, and his fancy fraught
With fineſt forms by ancient genius wrought;
Whoſe magic beauty charm'd, with ſpell ſublime,
The ſcythe of Ruin from the hand of Time,
And mov'd the mighty leveller to ſpare
Models of grace ſo exquiſitely fair.

While you, whom Painting thus inſpir'd to roam,
Bring theſe rich ſtores of ripen'd judgment home;
While now, attending my accompliſh'd friend,
Science and Taſte his ſoften'd colours blend;
Let the fond Muſe, tho' with a tranſient view,
The progreſs of her ſiſter art purſue;
Eager in tracing from remoteſt time
The ſteps of Painting thro' each favour'd clime,

To praiſe her deareſt ſons, whoſe daring aim
Gain'd their bright ſtations on the heights of fame,
And mark the paths by which her partial hand
Conducts her ROMNEY to this radiant band.

Painting, ſweet nymph! now leaves in lifeleſs trance
Exhauſted Italy, and tinſel France,
And ſees in Britain, with exulting eyes,
Her vot'ries proſper, and her glories riſe.
Yet tho', my friend, thy art is thus careſt,
And with the homage of the public bleſt,
And flouriſhes with growing beauty fair,
The child of Majeſty's adoptive care,
The youthful artiſt ſtill is doom'd to feel
Obſtruction's chilling hand, that damps his zeal:
Th' imperious voice of Vanity and Pride
Bids him from Fancy's region turn aſide,
And quit the magic of her ſcene, to trace
The vacant lines of ſome unmeaning face:
E'en in this work his wiſhes ſtill are croſt,
And all the efforts of his art are loſt;
For when the canvas, with the mirror's truth,
Reflects the perfect form of age or youth,
The fond affections of the partial mind
The eye of judgment with deluſion blind:

Each mother bids him brighter tints employ,
And give new ſpirit to her booby boy;
Nor can the painter, with his utmoſt art,
Expreſs the image in the lover's heart:
Unconſcious of the change the ſeaſons bring,
Autumnal beauty aſks the roſe of ſpring,
And vain ſelf-love, in every age the ſame,
Will fondly urge ſome viſionary claim.
The luckleſs painter, deſtin'd to ſubmit,
Mourns the loſt likeneſs which he once had hit,
And, doom'd to groundleſs cenſure, bears alone
The grievous load of errors not his own,

Nor is it Pride, or Folly's vain command,
That only fetters his creative hand;
At Faſhion's nod he copies as they paſs
Each quaint reflection from her crowded glaſs.
The formal coat, with interſecting line,
Mars the free graces of his fair deſign;
The towering cap he marks with like diſtreſs,
And all the motley maſs of female dreſs.
The hoop extended with enormous ſize,
The corks that like a promontory riſe;
The ſtays of deadly ſteel, in whoſe embrace
The tyrant Faſhion tortures injur'd Grace.

But Art, deſpairing over ſhapes like theſe
To caſt an air of elegance and eaſe,
Invokes kind Fancy's aid ſhe comes to ſpread
Her magic ſpells——the Gothic forms are fled;
And ſee, to crown the painter's juſt deſire,
Her free poſitions, and her light attire!
Th' ambitious artiſt wiſhes to purſue
This brilliant plan with more extenſive view,
And with adopted character to give
A laſting charm to make the portrait live;
All points of art by one nice effort gain,
Delight the learned, and content the vain;
Make hiſtory to life new value lend,*
And in the comprehenſive picture blend
The ancient hero with the living friend.
Moſt fair device! "but, ah! what foes to ſenſe,
What broods of motley monſters riſe from hence!"
The ſtrange pretenſions of each age and ſex
Theſe plans of fancy and of taſte perplex;
For male and female, to themſelves unknown,
Demand a character unlike their own,
Till oft the painter to this quaint diſtreſs
Prefers the awkward ſhapes of common dreſs.

* Ver. 77. See NOTE I.

Sweet

Sweet girls, of mild and penſive ſoftneſs, chooſe
The ſportive emblems of the comic Muſe;
And ſprightly damſels are inclin'd to borrow
The garb of penitence, and tears of ſorrow:
While awkward pride, tho' ſafe from war's alarms,
Round his plump body buckles ancient arms,
And, from an honeſt juſtice of the peace,
Starts up at once a demi-god of Greece;
Too firm of heart by ridicule to fall,
The finiſh'd hero crowns his country hall,
Ordain'd to fill, if fire his glory ſpare,
The lumber-garret of his wiſer heir.
Not leſs abſurd to flatter NERO's eyes *
Aroſe the portrait of coloſſal ſize:
Twice fifty feet th' enormous ſheet was ſpread,
To lift o'er gazing ſlaves the monſter's head,
When impious Folly ſway'd Oppreſſion's rod,
And ſervile Rome ador'd the mimic God.

Think not, my friend, with ſupercilious air,
I rank the portrait as beneath thy care.
Bleſt be the pencil! which from death can ſave †
The ſemblance of the virtuous, wiſe, and brave;

* Ver. 100. See NOTE II.

† Ver. 108. See NOTE III.

That

That youth and emulation ſtill may gaze,
On thoſe inſpiring forms of ancient days,
And, from the force of bright example bold,
Rival their worth, "and be what they behold."
Bleſt be the pencil! whoſe conſoling pow'r,
Soothing ſoft Friendſhip in her penſive hour,
Diſpels the cloud, with melancholy fraught,
That abſence throws upon her tender thought.
Bleſt be the pencil! whoſe enchantment gives
To wounded Love the food on which he lives.
Rich in this gift, tho' cruel ocean bear
The youth to exile from his faithful fair,
He in fond dreams hangs o'er her glowing cheek,
Still owns her preſent, and ſtill hears her ſpeak:
Oh! LOVE, it was thy glory to impart
Its infant being to this magic art!
Inſpir'd by thee, the ſoft Corinthian maid,*
Her graceful lover's ſleeping form portray'd:
Her boding heart his near departure knew,
Yet long'd to keep his image in her view:
Pleas'd ſhe beheld the ſteady ſhadow fall,
By the clear lamp upon the even wall:
The line ſhe trac'd with fond preciſion true,
And, drawing, doated on the form ſhe drew:

* Ver. 126. See NOTE IV.

Nor,

Nor, as ſhe glow'd with no forbidden fire,
Conceal'd the ſimple picture from her ſire;
His kindred fancy, ſtill to nature juſt,
Copied her line, and form'd the mimic buſt.
Thus from thy power, inſpiring LOVE, we trace
The modell'd image, and the pencil'd face!

We pity Genius, when by intereſt led,
His toils but reach the ſemblance of a head;
Yet are thoſe cenſures too ſevere and vain,
That ſcorn the Portrait as the painter's bane.
Tho' up the mountain winds the arduous road,
That leads to pure Perfection's bright abode,
In humbler walks ſome tempting laurels grow,
Some flowers are gather'd in the vale below:
Youth on the plain collects increaſing force,
To climb the ſteep in his meridian courſe.
While Nature ſees her living models ſhare
The riſing artiſt's unremitting care,
She on his mind her every charm imprints,
Her eaſy poſtures, and her perfect tints,
Till his quick pencil, in maturer hour,
Becomes her rival in creative power.

Yet in theſe paths diſdain a long delay,
While eager Genius points a nobler way:

For

For ſee! expanding to thy raptur'd gaze,
The epic field a brighter ſcene diſplays!
Here ſtands the temple, where, to merit true,
Fame gives her laurel to the favour'd few:
Whoſe minds, illumin'd with cœleſtial fire,
Direct the pencil, or awake the lyre;
Who trace the ſprings of nature to their ſource,
And by her guidance, with reſiſtleſs force,
The tides of terror and of tranſport roll,
Thro' every channel of the human ſoul!

How few, my friend, tho' millions boaſt the aim,
Leave in this temple an unclouded name!
Vain the attempt, in every age and clime,
Without the ſlow conductors toil and time;
Without that ſecret, ſoul-impelling power,
Infus'd by genius in the natal hour;
And vain with theſe, if bright occaſion's ray
Fail to illuminate the doubtful way.

The elders of thy art, ordain'd to ſtand
In the firſt circle of this honour'd band,
(Whoſe pencil, ſtriving for the nobleſt praiſe,
The heart to ſoften and the mind to raiſe,
Gave life and manners to the finiſh'd piece)
Theſe ſons of glory were the ſons of GREECE!

Hail!

Hail! throne of genius, hail! what mighty hand
Form'd the bright offspring of this famous land?
First in the annals of the world they shine:
Such gifts, O LIBERTY, are only thine;
Thy vital fires thro' kindling spirits run,
Thou soul of life, thou intellectual sun;
Thy rays call forth, profuse and unconfin'd,
The richest produce of the human mind.
First taught by thee, the Grecian pencil wrought
The forceful lessons of exalted thought,
And generously gave, at glory's call,
The patriot picture to the public hall.

'Twas then PANÆUS drew, with freedom's train,*
The chief of Marathon's immortal plain,
In glorious triumph o'er the mighty host
That Persia pour'd in torrents on their coast.

There POLYGNOTUS, scorning servile hire,†
Display'd th' embattled scene from HOMER's lyre.
His country view'd the gift with fond regard,
And rank'd the painter with their noblest bard.

* Ver. 194. See NOTE V.

† Ver. 198. See NOTE VI.

Thy

Thy tragic pencil, ARISTIDES, caught*
Each varied feeling, and each tender thought,
While moral virtue ſanctified thy art,
And paſſion gave it empire o'er the heart.

Correct Parrhaſius firſt to rich deſign†
Gave nice proportion, and the melting line,
Whoſe ſoft extremes from obſervation fly,
And with ideal diſtance cheat the eye.

The gay, the warm, licentious ZEUXIS drew,‡
Voluptuous Beauty in her richeſt hue:
Bade in one form her ſcatter'd rays unite,
And charm'd the view with their collected light.

But Grace conſign'd, while her fair works he plann'd,
Her ſofteſt pencil to APELLES' hand:
Yet oft to gain ſublimer heights he ſtrove,‖
Such ſtrong expreſſion mark'd his mimic JOVE,
Inimitably great he ſeem'd to tower,
And paſs the limits of the pencil's power.

* Ver. 202. See NOTE VII.
† Ver. 206. See NOTE VIII.
‡ Ver. 210. See NOTE IX.
‖ Ver. 216. See NOTE X.

Ye ſons of art, tho' on the gulph of years,
No floating relic of your toil appears,
Yet glory ſhews, in every cultur'd clime,
Your names ſtill radiant thro' the clouds of time.

Thy pride, O ROME, inclin'd thee to abhor
Each work that call'd thee from thy ſphere of war:
By freedom train'd, and favour'd by the Nine,
The powers of eloquence and verſe were thine,
While chilling damps upon the pencil hung,*
Where TULLY thunder'd, and where VIRGIL ſung,
Yet Grecian artiſts had the ſplinded fate,
To triumph o'er the Romans' ſcornful hate.
Their matchleſs works Profuſion toil'd to buy,
Their wonders glitter'd in the public eye,
Till ROME's terrific pomp, and letter'd pride,
Were ſunk in Deſolation's whelming tide.

Oh! lovely painting! long thy cheering light
Was loſt and buried in barbaric night;
The furious rage of Anarchy effac'd
Each hallow'd character thy hand had trac'd,
And Ign'rance, mutt'ring in her monkiſh cell,
Bound thy free ſoul in her lethargic ſpell.

* Ver. 228. See NOTE XI.

At length from this long trance thy ſpirit roſe,
In that ſweet vale where ſilver Arno flows;
There ſtudious VINCI treaſur'd every rule,*
To form the baſis of a riſing ſchool:
Like early HESIOD, 'twas his fate to ſhine,
The herald of a maſter more divine.

Inflam'd by Genius with ſublimeſt rage,
By toil unwearied, and unchill'd by age,
In the fine phrenzy of exalted thought
Gigantic ANGELO his wonders wrought;†
And high, by native ſtrength of ſpirit rais'd,
The mighty HOMER of the pencil blaz'd.

Taſte, Fancy, Judgment, all on RAPHAEL ſmil'd,‡
Of Grandeur and of Grace the darling child:
Truth, paſſion, character, his conſtant aim,
Both in the human and the heavenly frame,
Th' enchanting painter rules the willing heart,
And ſhines the finiſh'd VIRGIL of his art.

The daring JULIO, tho' by RAPHAEL train'd,§
Reach'd not the ſummit, where his maſter reign'd;

* Ver. 244. See NOTE XII.
† Ver. 251. See NOTE XIII.
‡ Ver. 254. See NOTE XIV.
§ Ver. 260. See NOTE XV.

Yet

Yet to no common heights of epic fame,
True Genius guided his adventurous aim.
Thus STATIUS, fraught with emulous regard,
Caught not the ſpirit of the Mantuan bard:
Tho' rival ardour his ambition fir'd,
And kindred talents his bold verſe inſpir'd.

More richly warm, the glowing TITIAN knew *
To blend with Nature's truth the living hue:
O! had ſublime deſign his colours crown'd!
Then had the world a finiſh'd painter found:
With powers to ſeize the higheſt branch of art,
He fix'd too fondly on an humbler part;
Yet this low object of his partial care
Grew from his toil ſo exquiſitely fair,
That dazzled judgment, with ſuſpended voice,
Fears to condemn the error of his choice.
Thus pleas'd a flowery valley to explore,
Whence never Poet cull'd a wreath before, †
LUCRETIUS choſe the epic crown to loſe
For the bright chaplets of an humbler muſe.

* Ver. 268. See NOTE XVI.

† Unde prius nulli velarunt Tempora Muſæ.

Lucretius, Lib. iv. Ver. 5

Soft

Soft as CATULLUS, ſweet CORREGIO play'd*
With all the magic charms of light and ſhade.
Tho' PARMA claim it for her rival ſon,†
The praiſe of ſweeteſt grace thy pencil won:
Unhappy genius! tho' of ſkill divine,
Unjuſt neglect, and penury were thine.
Lamenting o'er thy labours unrepaid,
Afflicted Art oppreſt with wrongs decay'd,
Till with pure judgment the CARACCI came,‡
And raiſing her weak powers and ſinking frame,
Reclaim'd the pencil of miſguided youth,
From Affectation's glare to tints of modeſt Truth.
They form'd the Pencil, to whoſe infant fame
Young ZAMPIERI ow'd his nobler name:§
Profoundly ſkill'd his figures to diſpoſe,
The learned LANFRANC in their ſchool aroſe,‖
And, train'd to glory, by their forming care,
The tender GUIDO caught his graceful air.¶

Oh! gen'rous ITALY, thy genial earth
Unnumber'd artiſts bore of ſplendid worth!

* Ver. 282. See NOTE XVII.
† Ver. 284. See NOTE XVIII.
‡ Ver. 290. See NOTE XIX.
§ Ver. 295. See NOTE XX.
‖ Ver. 297. See NOTE XXI.
¶ Ver. 299. See NOTE XXII.

And rais'd amidſt them, in thy golden days,
No mean hiſtorian to record their praiſe. *

On Thee, whom Art, thy patroneſs and pride,
Taught both the pencil and the pen to guide;
Whoſe generous zeal and modeſt truth have known
To blazon others' ſkill, not boaſt thy own;
On Thee, VASARI, let my verſe beſtow
That juſt applauſe, ſo freely ſeen to flow
From thy ingenuous heart and liberal hand,
To each great artiſt of thy native land!
Tho' many ſhine in thy elaborate page,
And more have riſen ſince thy diſtant age,
Their various talents, and their different fame,
The Muſe, unſkilful, muſt decline to name,
Leſt in the nice attempt her judgment fail,
To poiſe their merits in Preciſion's ſcale.

E'en public Taſte, by no determin'd rule,
Has claſs'd the merit of each nobler ſchool:
To ROME and FLORENCE, in expreſſion ſtrong,
The higheſt honours of Deſign belong;
On her pure Style ſee mild BOLOGNA claim †
Her faireſt right to ſecondary fame;

* Ver. 303. See NOTE XXIII.
† Ver. 322. See NOTE XXIV.

Tho' prouder VENICE would uſurp that praiſe,
Upon the ſplendid force of TITIAN's golden rays.*
But ill they know the value of their art,
Who, flattering the eye, neglect the heart.
Tho' matchleſs tints a laſting name ſecure,
Tho' ſtrong the magic of the clear-obſcure,
Theſe muſt ſubmit, as a dependant part,
To pure Deſign, the very ſoul of Art;
Or Fame, miſguided, muſt invert her courſe,
And RAPHAEL's Grace muſt yield to REMBRANDT's Force;†
Fancy's bold thought to Labour's patient touch,
And Rome's exalted genius to the Dutch.
Yet HOLLAND, thy unwearied labours raiſe‡
A perfect title to peculiar praiſe:
Thy hum'rous pencil ſhuns the epic field,
The blazing falchion, and the ſanguine ſhield;
But hap'ly marks the group of rural Mirth,
In ſocial circle round the chearful hearth,
And ruſtic Joy, from buſy cares releas'd,
To the gay gambols of the village feaſt:

* Ver. 325. See NOTE XXV.
† Ver. 333. See NOTE XXVI.
‡ Ver. 336. See NOTE XXVII.

While

While Nature ſmiles her very faults to view,
Trac'd with a ſkill exquiſitely true.
'Theſe faults, O REMBRANDT, 'twas thy praiſe to hide!
New pow'rs of ART thy fertile mind ſupplied;
With dazzling force thy gorgeous colouring glows,
And o'er each ſcene an air of grandeur throws:
The meaneſt Figures dignity aſſume,
From thy contraſted light, and magic gloom.
Theſe ſtrong illuſions are ſupremely thine,
And laugh at Imitation's vague deſign:
So near to blemiſhes thy beauties run,
Thoſe who affect thy ſplendor are undone:
While thy raſh rivals, looſe and incorrect,
Miſcall their ſhadowy want of truth *Effect*,
And into paths of affectation ſtart:
Neglect of Nature is the bane of Art.
Proud of the praiſe by RUBENS' pencil won,*
Let FLANDERS boaſt her bold inventive ſon!
Whoſe glowing hues magnificently ſhine
With warmth congenial to his rich deſign:
And him, her ſecond pride, whoſe milder care,
From living beauty caught its lovelieſt air!
Who truth of character with grace combin'd,
And in the ſpeaking feature mark'd the mind,

* Ver. 360. See NOTE XXV.II.

Her ſoft VANDYKE, while graceful portraits pleaſe,*
Shall reign the model of unrivall'd eaſe.
Painting ſhall tell, with many a grateful thought,
From FLANDERS firſt the ſecret pow'r ſhe caught,†
To grace and guard the offspring of her toil,
With all the virtues of enduring oil;
Tho' charm'd by ITALY's alluring views,
(Where ſumptuous LEO courted every Muſe,‡
And lovely Science grew the public care)
She fixt the glories of her empire there;
There in her zenith ſoon ſhe ceas'd to ſhine,
And dated, paſſing her meridian line,
From the CARACCI's death her period of decline.

Her ſinking beams, from ITALY withdrawn,
On colder FRANCE with tranſient luſture dawn:
Where, in the arms of Roman Science nurs'd,
In every work of ancient genius vers'd,
The ſage POUSSIN, with pureſt fancy fraught,§
Portray'd the claſſic ſcene, as Learning taught:
But Nature, jealous of her ſacred right,
And piqu'd that his idolatry ſhould ſlight

* Ver. 368. See NOTE XXIX.
† Ver. 371. See NOTE XXX.
‡ Ver. 375. See NOTE XXXI.
§ Ver. 385. See NOTE XXXII.

Her

Her glowing graces, and her living air,
To worſhip marble with a fonder care,
Denied his pencil, in its mimic ſtrife,
The bloom of beauty, and the warmth of life.

Then roſe LE BRUN, his ſcholar, and his friend,*
More juſtly ſkill'd the vivid tints to blend;
Tho' with exalted ſpirit he preſent
The generous victor in the ſuppliant tent,
Too oft the genius of his gaudy clime
Miſled his pencil from the pure ſublime.

Thy dawn, LE SUEUR, announc'd a happier taſte,†
With fancy glowing, and with judgment chaſte:
But Art, who gloried in thy riſing bloom,
Shed fruitleſs tears upon thy earthly tomb.

Theſe lights withdrawn, Confuſion and Miſrule
Seize the vain pencil of the Gallic ſchool:
Tho' FRESNOY teaches, in Horatian ſong,‡
The laws and limits that to Art belong;
In vain he ſtrives, with Attic judgment chaſte,
To cruſh the monſters of corrupted taſte:

* Ver. 393. See NOTE XXXIII.
† Ver. 399. See NOTE XXXIV.
‡ Ver. 405. See NOTE XXXV.

With

With ineffectual fire the poet ſings,
Prolific ſtill the wounded Hydra ſprings;
Gods roll'd on gods encumber every hall,
And ſaints, convulſive, o'er the chapel ſprawl.
Bombaſt is Grandeur, Affectation Grace,
Beauty's ſoft ſmile is turn'd to pert grimace;
Loaded with dreſs, ſupremely fine advance
Old HOMER's heroes, with the airs of FRANCE.
Indignant Art diſclaim'd the motley crew,
Reſign'd their empire, and to BRITAIN flew.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

SECOND PART.

ARGUMENT.

The riſe of painting in England, and the reaſons for its happening ſo late—The rapidity of its improvement—A ſlight ſketch of the moſt eminent living artiſts in England.—The author's wiſh to ſee his friend among the firſt of that number—His reaſons for hoping it.—The reputation of a painter in ſome degree owing to a happy choice of ſubjects—A few recommended from national events—and from Milton and Shakeſpeare—Concluſion—Author's wiſhes for his friend's ſucceſs.

PART II.

INGENUOUS ROMNEY, whom thy merits raiſe
To the pure ſummits of unclouded praiſe;
Whom art has choſen, with ſucceſsful hand,
To ſpread her empire o'er this honour'd land;
Thy Progreſs Friendſhip with delight ſurveys,
And this pure Homage to thy Goddeſs pays.
Hail! heavenly Viſitant! whoſe cheering powers
E'en to the happy give ſtill happier Hours!
O! next to Freedom, and the Muſe, deſign'd
To raiſe, ennoble, and adorn mankind!
At length we view thee in this favor'd Iſle,
That greets thy Preſence, and deſerves thy Smile:
This favor'd Iſle, in native Freedom bold,
And rich in Spirit as thy Greeks of old.

Tho' foreign Theoriſts, with Syſtem blind,*
Preſcribe falſe limits to the Britiſh mind,

* Ver. 15. See NOTE XXXVI.

And

And, warp'd by Vanity, preſume to hold,
Our northern Genius dark, confin'd, and cold:
Painting, ſweet Nymph, unconſcious of their chain,
In this fair Iſland forms her new Domain,
And freely gives to BRITAIN's eager view
Thoſe charms which once her fav'rite ATHENS knew.

'Tis true, when Painting, on ITALIA's ſhore,
Diſplay'd thoſe Graces, which all Realms adore,
No kindred forms of Engliſh growth appear;
Age after age the hapleſs Pencil here
Dropt unſucceſsful from the Native's hand,
And fail'd to decorate this darker Land.
But freely let impartial Hiſtory ſay,
Why Art on BRITAIN ſhone with later ray.

When on this Iſle, the Gothic clouds withdrawn,
The diſtant light of Painting ſeem'd to dawn,
Fierce HARRY reign'd, who, ſoon with pleaſure cloy'd,*
Now lov'd, now ſcorn'd, now worſhip'd, now deſtroy'd.
Thee as his Wives, enchanting Art! he priz'd,
Now fought to crown thee, now thy death deviſ'd:
Now ſtrove to fix with liberal ſupport,
Thy darling RAPHAEL in his ſumptuous Court;

* Ver. 33. See NOTE XXXVII.

Now

Now o'er the hallow'd ſhrines, thy hand had grac'd,
" Cried havock, and let ſlip the Dogs of Waſte."
When timid Art ſaw ruin his delight,
She fled in terror from the Tyrant's ſight.

The Virgin Queen, whom dazzled eyes admire,
The ſubtle Child of this imperious Sire,
Untaught the moral force of Art to feel,*
Proſcrib'd it as the ſlave of bigot Zeal,
Or doom'd it, throwing nobler works aſide,
To drudge in flatt'ring her fantaſtic Pride:
And hence the Epic pencil in the ſhade
Of blank neglect, and cold obſtruction laid,
E'en while the Fairy-ſprite, and Muſe of fire,
Hung high in Glory's hall the Engliſh lyre.

JAMES, both for Empire and for Arts unfit,
(His ſenſe a quibble, and a pun his wit)
Whatever works he patroniz'd debas'd,
But haply left the Pencil undiſgrac'd.

With fairer mind aroſe his nobler Son,
Seduc'd by Paraſites, by Prieſts undone:

* Ver. 45. See NOTE XXXVIII.

Unhappy

Unhappy CHARLES! oh! had thy feeling heart
But honour'd Freedom as it valued Art!
To merit juſt, thy bounty flow'd alike
On bolder RUBENS, and the ſoft VANDYKE:
To this ennobled realm thy judgment brought
The ſacred miracles that RAPHAEL wrought.
But regal Pride, with vain Ambition blind,
Cut off the promiſe of thy cultur'd mind.
By wounded Liberty's convulſive hand
Unbound, fierce Anarchy uſurps the Land;
While trembling Art to foreign regions flies,
To ſeek a refuge in ſerener ſkies.

Theſe ſtorms ſubſiding, ſee her once again,
Returning in the ſecond CHARLES's train!
She comes to copy, in licentious ſport,
The Minions of a looſe luxurious Court;
From whence the modeſt Graces turn their eyes,
Where Genius ſees, and o'er the proſpect ſighs,
LELY's ſoft Tints, and DRYDEN's nobler Lyre,
Made the mean Slaves of diſſolute Deſire.

Once more, alarm'd by War's terrific roar,
The ſweet Enchantreſs quits the troubled Shore;
While ſacred Freedom, darting in diſdain
Her vengeful Thunder on th' apoſtate Train,

And,

And, pleas'd the gloomy Tyrant to diſown,
Gives to NAUSSAU the abdicated Throne.

The peaceful Prince may riſing Art defend,
And Art ſhall crown her Patron and her Friend.
In tumults, from the cradle to the grave,
'Tis thine, O! WILLIAM, ſinking realms to ſave.
To thee no leiſure mightier cares allow,
To bind the laurel on the Artiſt's brow:
'Tis thine to fix, with tutelary hand,
The baſe of Freedom, on which Art muſt ſtand.
Yet to thy Palace KNELLER's ſkill ſupplied *
Its richeſt ornament in Beauty's pride.
Unhappy KNELLER! covetous though vain;
Thee glory yielded to ſeducing Gain:
While partial Taſte from modeſt RILEY turn'd, †
By diffidence depriv'd of praiſe well earn'd.

Tho' in ſucceeding years the Muſes taught,
"How ANN commanded, and how MARLBRO' faught;"
And THORNHILL's blaze of Allegory gilt ‡
The piles, that WREN's ſuperior genius built;

* Ver. 93. See NOTE XXXIX.
† Ver. 97. See NOTE XL.
‡ Ver. 101. See NOTE XLI.

Contending

Contending Factions, in her cloſing reign,
Like winds impriſon'd, ſhook fair Freedom's Fane.
Painting, ſoft timid Nymph, ſtill choſe to roam,
And fear'd to ſettle in this ſhaking Dome.

At length, the fury of each ſtorm o'erblown,
That threatened BRUNSWICK'S race on BRITAIN'S throne,
Rebellion vanquiſh'd on her native ſhore,
Her clans extinguiſh'd and her chiefs no more:
The Youthful Noble, on a princely Plan,
Encourag'd infant Art, and firſt began *
Before the ſtudious eye of Youth to place
The ancient Models of ideal Grace.

When BRITAIN triumph'd, thro' her wide domain,
O'er FRANCE, ſupported by imperious SPAIN,
And fated with her Laurels' large increaſe,
Began to cultivate the plants of Peace;
Fixt by kind Majeſty's protecting hand,
Painting, no more an alien in our land,
Firſt ſmil'd to ſee, on this propitious ground,
Her Temples open'd and her Altars crown'd:
And Grace, the firſt attendant of her train,
She, whom APELLES wooed, nor wooed in vain,

* Ver. 112. See NOTE XLII.

To

To REYNOLDS gives her undulating line,
And Judgment doats upon his chaſte deſign.
Tho' Envy whiſpers in the ear of Spleen,
What thoughts are borrow'd in his perfect ſcene,
With glee ſhe marks them on her canker'd ſcroll,
Malicious Fiend! 'twas thus that VIRGIL ſtole,
To the bright Image gave a brighter Gloſs,
Or turn'd to pureſt Gold the foreign Droſs.
Excelling Artiſt! long delight the eye!
Teach but thy tranſient tints no more to fly,*
BRITAIN ſhall then her own APELLES ſee,
And all the Grecian ſhall revive in thee.
Thy manly ſpirit glories to impart
The leading Principles of lib'ral Art;†
To youthful Genius points what courſe to run,
What Lights to follow, and what Rocks to ſhun:
So ORPHEUS taught, by Learning's heavenly ſway,
To daring Argonauts their doubtful way,
And mark'd to guide them in their bold Career,
Th' unerring Glories of the ſtarry Sphere.
Thy Hand enforces what thy Precept taught,
And gives new leſſons of exalted taught;

* Ver. 134. See NOTE XLIII.
† Ver. 138. See NOTE XLIV.

Thy

Thy nervous Pencil on the canvaſs throws
The tragic ſtory of ſublimeſt woes:
The wretched Sons, whom Grief and Famine tear,
The Parent petrified with blank Deſpair,
Thy UGOLINO gives the heart to thrill,*
With Pity's tender throbs, and Horror's icy chill.

The offspring now of many a rival hand,
Sublimity and Grace adorn the Land;
Tho' but ſome few years paſt, this barren coaſt
Scarce one fair grain of native Art could boaſt.
Of various form, where'er we turn our eyes,
With ſtrong and rapid growth new wonders riſe,
Like ſeeds that Mariners, with generous toil,
Have wiſely carried to ſome kindred ſoil,
Which, ſhooting quick and vig'rous in their birth,
Speak the fond bounty of the virgin Earth:
The Land o'erjoy'd a fairer fruit to ſee
Adopts, with glad ſurprize, the alien Tree.
Now Art exults, with annual Triumphs gay,†
And BRITIAN glories in her rich diſplay;
Merit, who unaſſiſted, and unknown,
Late o'er his unſeen labours ſigh'd alone,

* Ver. 151. See NOTE XLV.

† Ver. 165. See NOTE XLVI.

See

Sees honour now his happier toils attend,
And in the generous Public fines a friend.

O lovely Painting, to whoſe charms I bow,
"And breathe my willing verſe with ſuppliant vow,"
Forgive me, if by undiſcerning Praiſe,
Or groundleſs cenſure, which falſe Judgment ſways,
My failing line with faint reſemblance wrong
Thy Sons, the ſubject of no envious ſong!

Supremely ſkill'd the varied group to place,
And range the crowded ſcene with eaſy grace;
To finiſh parts, yet not impair the whole,
But on th' impaſſion'd action fix the ſoul;
Thro' wandering throngs the patriot Chief to guide,
The ſhame of CARTHAGE, as of ROME the pride;
Or, while the bleeding Victor yields his breath,
Give the bright leſſon of heroic Death.
Such are thy Merits, WEST: by Virtue's hand
Built on the human heart thy praiſe ſhall ſtand,
While dear to Glory, in her guardian Fane,
The names of REGULUS and WOLFE remain.

To DANCE's pencil, in Preciſion ſtrong,
Tranſcendent Force, and Truth of Line belong.
Not GARRICK's ſelf, to SHAKESPEARE's ſpirit true,
Diſplay'd that ſpirit clearer to our view,

Than DANCE expreſſes, in its fierceſt flame,
The Poet's Genius in the Actor's Frame.
From GARRICK's features, with diſtraction fraught,
He copies every trace of troubled thought;
And paints, while back the waves of Battle roll,
The Storm of ſanguinary RICHARD's ſoul.

The rapid MORTIMER, in Fancy ſtrong,
Marks the juſt horrors that to Vice belong;
The murd'rous Ruffian, in the Dungeon's gloom,
Stung with remorſe, and ſhudd'ring at his doom.
Yet ſtill to nobler heights his Genius ſprings,
And paints a leſſon to tyrannic Kings:
In his bright colour ſee the field appear
To Freedom ſacred, and to Glory dear,
Where JOHN, proud Monarch, baffled on his throne,
Hears the brave Chief his lawleſs pow'r diſown,
And, for an injur'd Nation, nobly claim
The glorious CHARTER of immortal Fame!

But ſee far off the modeſt WRIGHT retire!
Alone he rules his Element of Fire:
Like Meteors darting through the gloom of Night,
His ſparkles flaſh upon the dazzled ſight;
Our eyes with momentary anguiſh ſmart,
And Nature trembles at the power of Art.

May thy bold colours, claiming endleſs praiſe,
For ages ſhine with undiminiſh'd blaze,
And when the fierce VESUVIO burns no more,
May his red deluge down thy canvas pour!

Art with no common gifts her GAINSB'ROUGH grac'd,
Two different Pencils in his hand ſhe plac'd;
This ſhall command, ſhe ſaid, with certain aim,
A perfect Semblance of the human Frame,
This, lightly ſporting on the village-green,
Paint the wild beauties of the rural Scene.
In Storms ſublime the daring WILSON ſoars,
And on the blaſted Oak his mimic Lightning pours:
APOLLO triumphs in his flaming ſkies,
And claſſic Beauties in his ſcenes ariſe.

Thy Graces HUMPHREYS, and thy Colours clear,
From Miniature's ſmall circle diſappear:
May their diſtinguiſh'd Merit ſtill prevail,
And ſhine with luſtre on the larger Scale.

Let candid Juſtice our attention lead,
To the ſoft Crayon of the graceful READ:
Nor GARD'NER, ſhall the Muſe, in haſte, forget
Thy Taſte and Eaſe; tho' with a fond Regret

She pays, while here the Crayon's pow'r ſhe notes,
A Sigh of Homage to the ſhade of COATES.
Nor, if her favour'd hand may hope to ſhed
The flowers of glory o'er the ſkilful dead,
Thy Talents, HOGARTH! will ſhe leave unſung;*
Charm of all eyes, and Theme of every tongue!
A ſeparate province 'twas thy praiſe to rule;
Self-form'd thy Pencil! yet thy works a School,
Where ſtrongly painted, in gradations nice,
The Pomp of Folly, and the Shame of Vice,
Reach'd thro' the laughing Eye the mended Mind,
And moral Humour ſportive Art refin'd.
While fleeting Manners, as minutely ſhewn
As the clear proſpect on the mirror thrown;
While Truth of Character, exactly hit,
And dreſt in all the dyes of comic wit;
While theſe, in FIELDING's page, delight ſupply,
So long the Pencil with his Pen ſhall vie.
Science with grief beheld thy drooping age
Fall the ſad victim of a Poet's rage:
But Wit's vindictive ſpleen, that mocks controul,
Nature's high tax on luxury of ſoul!
This, both in Bards and Painters, Fame forgives;
Their Frailty's buried, but their Genius lives.

* Ver. 243. See NOTE XLVII.

Still

Still many a Painter, not of humble Name,
Appears the tribute of applauſe to claim;
Some alien Artiſts, more of Engliſh Race,
With fair ANGELICA our foreign Grace,
Who paints, with Energy and Softneſs join'd,
The fond Emotions of the female Mind;
And CIPRIANI, whom the Loves ſurround,
And ſportive Nymphs in Beauty's Ceſtus bound:
For him thoſe Nymphs their every Charm diſplay,
For him coy VENUS throws her veil away.
And ZAFFANI, whoſe faithful colours give
The tranſient glories of the Stage to live;
On his bright canvas each dramatic Muſe
A perfect copy of her ſcene reviews;
Each, while thoſe ſcenes her loſt delight reſtore,
Almoſt forgets her GARRICK is no more.—
O'er theſe I paſs reluctant, leſt too long
The Muſe diffuſely ſpin a tedious Song.

Yet one ſhort pauſe, ye Pow'rs of Verſe allow
To cull a Myrtle Leaf for MEYERS's Brow!
Tho' ſmall its Field, thy Pencil may preſume
To aſk a wreath where flowers immortal bloom.
As Nature's ſelf, in all her pictures fair,
Colours her Inſect works with niceſt care,

Nor

Nor better forms to pleaſe the curious eye,
The ſpotted Leopard than the gilded Fly;
So thy fine Pencil, in its narrow ſpace,
Pours the full portion of uninjur'd Grace,
And Portraits, true to Nature's larger line,
Boaſt not an Air more exquiſite than thine.
Soft Beauty's charms thy happieſt works expreſs,
Beauty thy model and thy Patroneſs.
For her thy care has to perfection brought
Th' uncertain toil, with anxious trouble fraught;
Thy colour'd Cryſtal, at her fond deſire,
Draws deathleſs Luſtre from the dang'rous Fire,
And, pleas'd to gaze on its immortal charm.
She binds thy Bracelet on her ſnowy arm.

While Admiration views, with raptur'd eye,
Theſe Lights of Art that gild the Britiſh ſky
Oh! may my Friend ariſe, with luſtre clear,
And add new Glory to this radiant Sphere.
This wiſh, my ROMNEY, from the pureſt ſource,
Has Reaſon's Warrant, join'd to Friendſhip's Force.
For Genius breath'd into thy infant Frame
The vital Spirit of his ſacred Flame,
Which frequent miſts of Diffidence o'ercloud,
Proving the vigour of the Sun they ſhroud.

Nature

Nature in thee her every gift combin'd,
Which forms the Artiſt of the nobleſt kind;
That fond Ambition, which beſtows on Art
Each talent of the Mind, and paſſion of the Heart;
That dauntleſs Patience, which all toil defies,
Nor feels the labour while it views the prize.
Enlight'ning Study, with maturing pow'r,
From theſe fair ſeeds has call'd the op'ning flow'r;
Thy juſt, thy graceful Portraits charm the view,
With every tender tint that TITIAN knew.
Round Fancy's circle when thy Pencil flies,
With what terrific pomp thy Spectres riſe!
What luſt of miſchief marks thy Witch's form,
While on the LAPLAND Rock ſhe ſwells the ſtorm!
Tho' led by Fancy thro' her boundleſs reign,
Well duſt thou know to quit her wild domain,
When Hiſtory bids thee paint, ſeverely chaſte,
Her ſimpler ſcene, with uncorrupted taſte.
While in theſe fields thy judging eyes explore,
What ſpot untried may yield its ſecret ore,
Thy happy Genius ſprings a virgin Mine
Of copious, pure, original Deſign;
Truth gives it value, and, diſtinctly bold,
The ſtamp of Character compleats thy Gold.
Thy Figures riſe in Beauty's nobleſt ſcale,
Sublimely telling their heroic Tale:

Still

Still may thy Powers in full exertion blaze,
And Time revere them with unrivall'd praiſe.
May Art, in honour of a Son like thee,
So juſtly daring, with a ſoul ſo free,
Each ſeparate Province to thy care commend,
And all her Glories in thy Pencil blend:
May tender TITIAN's mellow Softneſs join,
With mighty ANGELO's ſublimer Line;
CORREGIO's Grace with RAPHAEL's Taſte unite,
And in thy perfect Works inchant the raviſh'd Sight.

How oft we find that when, with nobleſt aim,
The glowing Artiſt gains the heights of Fame,
To the well-choſen Theme he chiefly owes,
That praiſe which Judgment with delight beſtows.
The Lyre and Pencil both this Truth confeſs,
The happy Subject forms their full ſucceſs.

Hard is the Painter's fate, when wiſely taught
To trace with eaſe the deepeſt lines of thought,
By hapleſs Fortune he is doom'd to rove
Thro' all the frolicks of licentious JOVE,
That ſome dark PHILIP, phlegmatic, and cold,*
(Whoſe needy TITIAN calls for ill-paid gold)

* Ver. 357. See NOTE XLVIII.

May

May with voluptuous Images enflame
The fated Paſſions of his languid frame.

Abuſe like this awakens generous Pain,
And juſt Deriſion mingles with Diſdain,
When ſuch a Pencil in a Roman hand,
While the rich Abbeſs iſſues her command,
Makes wild St. FRANCIS on the canvas ſprawl,
That ſome warm Nun in mimic Trance may fall,
Or, fondly gazing on the pious whim,
Feel faintly Love o'erload each lazy limb,
Miſtaking, in the cloiſter's dull embrace,
The Cry of Nature for the Call of Grace.

But ſee th' hiſtoric Muſe before thee ſtand,
Her nobler ſubjects court thy happier Hand!
Her Forms of reverend Age, of graceful Youth,
Of public Virtue, and of private Truth:
The ſacred power of injur'd Beauty's charms,
And Freedom, fierce in adamantine Arms;
Whence Sympathy, thro' thy aſſiſting art,
With floods of Joy may fill the human heart.

But while the bounds of Hiſt'ry you explore,
And bring new Treaſures from her fartheſt ſhore,

Thro'

Thro' all her various fields, tho' large and wide,
Still make Simplicity thy conſtant guide:
And moſt, my Friend, a Syren's wiles beware,
Ah! ſhun inſidious Allegory's ſnare!
Her Flattery offers an alluring wreath,
Fair to the eye, but poiſons lurk beneath,
By which, too lightly tempted from his guard,
Full many a Painter dies, and many a Bard.
How ſweet her voice, how dang'rous her ſpell,
Let SPENSER's Knights, and RUBENS' Tritons tell;
Judgment at colour'd riddles ſhakes his head,
And fairy Songs are prais'd, but little read;
Where, in the Maze of her unbounded Sphere,
Unbridled Fancy runs her wild Career.

In Realms where Superſtition's tyrant ſway
"Takes half the vigour of the ſoul away,"
Let Art for ſubjects the dark Legend ſearch,
Where Saints unnumber'd people every Church;
Let Painters run the wilds of OVID o'er,
To hunt for monſters which we heed no more.
But here, my ROMNEY, where, on Freedom's wings,
The towering Spirit to Perfection ſprings;
Where Genius, proud to act as heav'n inſpires,
On Taſte's pure Altars lights his ſacred Fires;

Oh!

Oh! here let Painting, as of old in GREECE,
With patriot paſſions warm the finiſh'd piece;
Set BRITAIN, happy in a gen'rous Race,
Of manly Spirit, and of female Grace,
Let this frank Parent with fond eyes explore,
Some juſt memorials of the line ſhe bore,
In tints immortal to her view recall
Her deareſt Offspring on the ſtoried Wall.

But ſome there are, who with pedantic ſcorn,
Deſpiſe the Hero, if in BRITAIN born:
For them Perfection has herſelf no charms,
Without a Roman robe, or Grecian arms:
Our ſlighted Country, for whoſe Fame they feel
No generous Intereſt, no manly Zeal,
Sees public Judgment their falſe Taſte arraign,
And treat their cold contempt with due diſdain;
To the fair Annals of our Iſle we truſt,
To prove this patriot indignation juſt,
And, nobly partial to our native earth,
Bid Engliſh Pencils honour Engliſh Worth.*

Forgive the Muſe, if haply ſhe commend
A theme ill-choſen to her ſkilful Friend;

* Ver. 424. See NOTE XLIX.

She

She, tho' its pow'r commands her willing heart,
Knows not the limits of thy lovely Art,
Yet boldly owns an eager wiſh to ſee
Her darling Images adorn'd by thee.

Shall BAYARD, glorious in his dying hour,
Of Gallic Chivalry the faireſt Flow'r,
Shall his pure Blood in Britiſh colours flow,
And BRITAIN, on her canvas fail to ſhew
Her wounded SIDNEY, BAYARD's perfect peer,*
SIDNEY, her Knight, without Reproach or Fear,
O'er whoſe pale corſe heroic Worth ſhould bend,
And mild Humanity embalm her Friend!
Oh! ROMNEY, in his hour of Death we find
A Subject worthy of thy feeling Mind;
Methinks I ſee thy rapid Hand diſplay
The field of ZUTPHEN, on that fatal day,
When arm'd for freedom, 'gainſt the guilt of SPAIN,
The Hero bled upon the Belgic plain!
In that great moment thou haſt caught the Chief,
When pitying Friends ſupply the wiſh'd relief,
While Sickneſs, Pain, and Thirſt his pow'r ſubdue,
I ſee the draught he pants for in his view:
Near him the Soldier that expiring lies,
This precious Water views with ghaſtly eyes,

* Ver. 435. See NOTE L.

With

With eyes that from their ſockets ſeem to burſt,
With eager, frantic, agonizing Thirſt:
I ſee the Hero give, oh! generous Care!
The Cup untaſted to this ſilent Pray'r;
I hear him ſay, with Tenderneſs divine,
" Thy ſtrong Neceſſity ſurpaſſes mine."

Shall Roman Charity for ever ſhare
Thro' every various School each Painter's Care?
And BRITAIN ſtill her bright examples hide
Of female Glory, and of filial Pride?
Inſtruct our eyes, my ROMNEY, to adore
Th' heroic Daughter of the virtuous MORE,*
Reſolv'd to ſave, or in th' attempt expire,
The precious relicks of her marty'd Sire:
Before the cruel Council let her ſtand,
Preſs the dear ghaſtly Head with pitying Hand,
And Plead, while Bigotry itſelf grows mild,
The ſacred duties of a grateful Child.

Oh! let the Siſters, who, with friendly aid,
The Grecian Lyre, and Grecian Pencil ſway'd,
Who join'd their rival Powers with fond delight,
To grace each other with reflected Light,

* Ver. 462. See NOTE LI.

Let

Let them in BRITAIN thus united reign,
And double luſtre from that union gain!
Not that my Verſe, adventurous, would pretend
To point each varied ſubject to my Friend;
Far nobler guides their better aid ſupply:
When mighty SHAKESPEARE to thy judging eye
Preſents that magic Glaſs, whoſe ample Round
Reflects each Figure in Creation's bound,
And pours, in floods of ſupernatural light,
Fancy's bright Beings on the charmed ſight.
This chief Inchanter of the willing breaſt,
Will teach thee all the magic he poſſeſt.
Plac'd in his Circle, mark in colours true
Each brilliant Being that he calls to view:
Wrapt in the gloomy ſtorm, or rob'd in light,
His weird Siſter or his fairy Sprite,
Boldly o'erleaping, in the great deſign,
The bounds of Nature, with a Guide divine.

Let MILTON's ſelf, conductor of thy way,
Lead thy congenial ſpirit to portray
In colours, like his Verſe, ſublimely ſtrong,
The ſcenes that blaze in his immortal ſong.

See MICHAEL drawn, by many a ſkilful Hand,
As ſuits the Leader of the Seraph-Band!

But

But oh! how poor the proſtrate SATAN lies,*
With beſtial form debas'd and goatiſh eyes!
How chang'd from him who leads the dire debate,
Fearleſs tho' fall'n, and in Ruin great!
Let thy bold Pencil, more ſublimely true,
Preſent his Arch Apoſtate to our view,
In worthier Semblance of infernal Pow'r,
And proudly ſtanding like a ſtately tow'r,
While his infernal mandate bids awake
His Legions, ſlumbering on the burning Lake.

Or paint him falling from the Realms of Bliſs,
Hurl'd in Combuſtion to the deep Abyſs!
In light terrific let the Flaſh diſplay
His Pride, ſtill proof againſt almighty Sway:
Tho' vanquiſh'd, yet immortal, let his Eye
The Lightning's flame, the Thunder's bolt defy,
And ſtill, with Looks of Execration, dare
To face the Horrors of the laſt Deſpair.

To theſe great Lords of Fancy's wide domain,
That o'er the human Soul unqueſtion'd reign,
To their ſuperior Guidance be conſign'd
Thy rival Pencil and congenial Mind.

* Ver. 497. See NOTE LII.

Yet O! let Friendſhip, ere the Verſe ſhe cloſe,
Which in juſt Tribute to thy Merit flows,
The ſanguine wiſhes of her heart expreſs,
With fond preſages of thy full Succeſs.

May Health and Joy, in happieſt union join'd,
Breathe their warm Spirit o'er thy fruitful Mind!
To nobleſt Efforts raiſe thy glowing Heart,
And ſtring thy ſinews to the toils of Art!
May Independance, burſting Faſhion's chain,
To eager Genius give the flowing rein,
And o'er thy epic Canvas ſmile to ſee
Thy Judgment active, and thy Fancy free!
May thy juſt Country, while thy bold deſign
Recalls the Heroes of her ancient Line,
Gaze on the martial Group with dear delight!
May Youth and Valour, kindling at the ſight,
O'er the bright Tints with Admiration lean,
And catch new Virtue from the moral Scene!
May Time himſelf a fond reluctance feel,
Nor from thy aged hand the Pencil ſteal,
But grant it ſtill to gain increaſing Praiſe,
In the late Period of thy lengthen'd days,
While faireſt Fortune thy long Life endears,
With RAPHAEL'S Glory join'd to TITIAN'S Years!

End of the Epiſtle to an Eminent Painter.

NOTES

NOTES

ON THE

FIRST PART.

AS there may poſſibly be ſome Readers of the foregoing Performance, who may wiſh to look into the ſources from whence the Author has borrowed ſome of his ideas, he has thrown together the ſubſequent Notes, and diſjoined them from the body of the Work, as they are intended only for the peruſal of thoſe who have leiſure and diſpoſition for ſuch kind of reading.

NOTE I. VERSE 77.

MAKE hiſtory to life new value lend.] One of the moſt elegant writers of the preſent age, has made an ingenious effort to introduce Hiſtory into the dull province of portrait-painting, "by repreſenting a whole family in a ſingle picture, under ſome intereſting hiſtorical ſubject ſuitable to their rank and character." See Fitzoſborne's Letters, p. 6. But as the beauties and advantages of this plan ſtruck forcibly on the imagination of this amiable Author, the infinite difficulties attending its execution were likewiſe fully open to his diſcernment. The ſucceſs muſt depend on the choice of ſubject: where that

is not very happily adapted, the picture will probably contain ſome moſt ridiculous abſurdities—Perhaps the Reader may recollect an unfortunate inſtance or two of this kind.

NOTE II. VERSE 100.

Not leſs abſurd to flatter Nero's eyes.] Pliny furniſhes us with this ſingular anecdote, as an inſtance of the extravagant abuſe of Portrait-painting in his days, which, as he informs us, had arrived to a degree of madneſs. "Nero had ordered himſelf to be painted under the figure of a Coloſſus, upon cloth or canvas, a hundred and twenty feet in height." The ſame author informs us, that this prepoſterous picture, when it was finiſhed, met with its fate from lightning, which conſumed it, and involved likewiſe the moſt beautiful part of the gardens where it was placed in the conflagration. The Reader may find ſome ingenious remarks upon this ſubject, in the Notes ſur l'Hiſtoire de la Peinture ancienne extraite de l'Hiſtoire naturelle de Pline. Fol. London, 1725.

NOTE III. VERSE 108.

Bleſt be the pencil! which from death can ſave.] The ſweet illuſion of this enchanting art is prettily expreſſed in a letter of Raphael's to his friend Franceſco Raiſolini, a Bologneſe painter. The two artiſts had agreed to exchange their own portraits, and Raphael, on receiving his friend's picture, addreſſes him in the following words:

"Meſſer Franceſco mio caro ricevo in queſto punto il voſtro ritratto - - - - egli è belliſſimo, e tanto vivo, che m'inganno talora, credendomi di eſſere con eſſo voi, e ſentire le voſtre parole."

Raccolta di Lettere ſulla Pittura, &c. Tom. i. pag. 82.

The

The charm of Portrait-painting is ſtill more beautifully deſcribed in verſe by a friend of Raphael's the amiable and accompliſhed Count Balthaſor Caſtiglione.

Sola tuos Vultus referens Raphaelis imago
Picta manu, curas allevat uſque meas:
Huic ego delicias facio, arriſuque jocoque
Alloquor, et tanquam reddere verba queat
Aſſenſu, nutuque mihi ſæpe illa videtur
Dicere velle aliquid, et tua verba loqui.
Agnoſcit balboque Patrem, puer ore ſalutat.
Hoc ſolor, longos decipioque dies.

Theſe elegant lines are part of an epiſtle, written in the name of his Counteſs, Hyppolyte, to her huſband. See Pope's edition of the Poemata Italorum, Vol. ii. page 248.

NOTE IV. VERSE 126.

Inſpir'd by thee the ſoft Corinthian Maid.] Pliny has tranſmitted to us the Hiſtory of the Maid of Corinth and her father. "Dibutades, a potter of Sicyon, firſt formed likeneſſes in clay at Corinth, but was indebted to his daughter for the invention; the girl being in love with a young man who was ſoon going from her into ſome remote country, traced out the lines of his face from his ſhadow upon the wall by candle-light. Her father, filling up the lines with clay, formed a buſt, and hardened it in the fire with the reſt of his earthen ware." Plin. Lib. 35.

Athenagoras, the Athenian philoſopher, gives a ſimilar account of this curious and entertaining anecdote, adding the circumſtance that the youth was ſleeping when the likeneſs was taken from his ſhadow. Περιεγραψεν αὐτου κοιμωμενου εν τοιχῳ την σκιαν.

The ſame writer, who lived in the ſecond century of the Chriſtian æra, informs us that this monument of ancient art was extant at Corinth in his time, though Pliny

ſeems to intimate that it did not ſurvive the taking of that city by Mummius.

In the Poeſies de Fontenelle there is an epiſtle from the Maid of Corinth, whom the author calls Dibutadis, to her imaginary lover Polemon. She deſcribes her own work in the following Stanzas:

Une lampe pretoit une Lumiere ſombre
Qui m' aidoit encore à rever:
Je voyois ſur un mur ſe depeindre ton ombre,
Et m' appliquois à l' obſerver:

Car tout plait, Polemon, pour peu qu'il repreſente
L' objet de notre attachement,
C'eſt aſſez pour flater les Langueurs d'une amante
Que l' ombre ſeule d'un amante.

Mais je pouſſai plus loin cette douce chimere,
Je voulus fixer en ces Lieux,
Attacher à cemur une ombre paſſagere
Pour la conſerver à mes yeux.

Alors en la ſuivant du Bout d'une baguette
Je trace une Image de toi;
Une image, il eſt vrai, peu diſtincte, imparfaite,
Mais enfin charmante pour moi.

NOTE V. VERSE 194.

'Twas then Panæus drew, with freedom's train.] Panæus was the brother of Phidias, the celebrated Sculptor, whom he is ſaid to have aſſiſted in his nobleſt works.—Pauſanias in his Fifth Book, gives an account of ſeveral pictures by this early Artiſt, and particularly of the picture here alluded to. It was painted in the celebrated portico called Ποικιλη, Pæcile.

Beſides a general repreſentation of the conflict, the flight of the barbarians, and a diſtant view of their ſhips, Theſeus, Minerva, and Hercules were, according to this author, exhibited in the piece. The moſt conſpicuous figures among the perſons engaged were Callimachus, and

and Miltiades, and a hero called Echetlus: he mentions alſo another hero, who is introduced into the picture, called Marathon, from whom, he ſays, the field had its name. Pauſanias, fol. Lip. 1696. p. 37.

From Pliny's account of the ſame picture we learn that the heads of the generals were portraits—adeo jam colorum uſus percrebuerat, adeoque ars perfecta erat ut in eo Prælio ICONICOS duces pinxiſſe tradatur.—
Plin. Lib. 35. c. 8.

Miltiades had the honour of being placed foremoſt in this illuſtrious group, as a reward for his having ſaved Athens, and all Greece.
Cor. Nep. in Vitâ Miltiadis.

Panæus flouriſhed, according to Pliny, in the 83d Olympiad, little more than forty years after the battle he painted.

NOTE VI. Verse 198.

There Polygnotus, ſcorning ſervile hire.] Of the talents of Polygnotus much honourable mention is made by many of the beſt authors of antiquity, as Ariſtotle and Plutarch, Dionyſius Halicarneſſenſis, &c. Pauſanias ſpeaks of the pictures here alluded to, and in his Tenth Book, introduces a very long deſcription of other pictures by the ſame artiſt, painted alſo from Homer in the Temple at Delphos. The paſſage however gives but a confuſed and imperfect idea of the painter's performance. How much the art is indebted to this ancient maſter, what grace and ſoftneſs he gave to the human countenance, what embelliſhments he added to the female figure and dreſs, are much more happily deſcribed by Pliny. Primus Mulieres lucidâ veſte pinxit, capita earum mitris verſicoloribus operuit, plurimumque picturæ primus contulit: ſiquidem inſtituit os adaperire, dentes oſtendere, vultum ab antiquo rigore variare. The ſame author likewiſe bears honourable teſtimony to the liberal ſpirit of this great artiſt, who refuſed any reward

reward for his ingenious labours in the portico.——— Porticum gratuito, cum partem ejus Mycon mercede pingeret. Plin. Lib. 35. cap. 8.

He flouriſhed about the 90th Olympiad.

NOTE VII. VERSE 202.

Thy tragic pencil, Ariſtides, caught.] The city of Thebes had the honour of giving birth to this celebrated Artiſt. He was the firſt, according to Pliny, who expreſſed Character and Paſſion, the Human Mind, and its ſeveral emotions; but he was not remarkable for ſoftneſs of colouring. "His moſt celebrated picture was of an infant (on the taking of a town) at the mother's breaſt, who is wounded and expiring. The ſenſations of the mother were clearly marked, and her fear leſt the child, upon failure of the milk, ſhould ſuck her blood." "Alexander the Great," continues the ſame author, "took this picture with him to Pella."

It is highly probable, according to the conjecture of Junius, (in his learned Treatiſe de Picturâ Veterum) that the following beautiful epigram of Æmilianus was written on this exquiſite picture:

Ελκε, ταλαν, πάρα μητρος ὸν ουκ ετι μαζον αμελξεις
Ελκυσον ὑσθιον ναμα καὶα φθιμενης.
Η δη γαρ ξιφεεσσι λιποπνοος· αλλα τα μητρος
Φιλτρα καὶ εἰν αἴδη παιδοκομειν εμαθον.

It is not ill tranſlated into Latin by Grotius:

Sage, miſer, nunquam quæ poſthac pocula ſuges;
Ultima ab exanimo corpore poc'la trahe!
Expiravit enim jam faucia; ſed vel ab orco
Infantem novit paſcere matris amor.

But this is far inferior, and ſo perhaps is the original itſelf, to the very elegant Engliſh verſion of it, which Mr. Webb

Webb has given us in his ingenious and animated "Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting."

Suck, little wretch, while yet thy mother lives,
Suck the laſt drop her fainting boſom gives!
She dies: her tenderneſs ſurvives her breath,
And her fond love is provident in death.

Webb, Dialogue 7. p. 161.

NOTE VIII. VERSE 206.

Correct Parrhaſius firſt to rich deſign.] The name of Parrhaſius is immortalized by many of the moſt celebrated ancient authors; and his peculiar talents are thus recorded in Pliny: Primus ſummetriam picturæ dedit, primus argutias vultus, elegantium capilli, venuſtatem oris: confeſſione artificum in lineis extremis palmam adeptus.—He is one of the four ancient painters, whoſe lives are written by Carlo Dati.—This ingenious, Italian very juſtly queſtions the truth of the ſingular ſtory concerning Parrhaſius, preſerved in Seneca where he is accuſed of purchaſing an old Olynthian captive, and expoſing him to a moſt wretched death, that he might paint from his agony the tortures of Prometheus. The ſame author contradicts on this occaſion a ſimilar falſehood concerning the great Michael Angelo, which was firſt circulated from the pulpit by an ignorant prieſt, as we learn from Gori's Hiſtorical Annotations to the Life of M. Angelo, by his ſcholar Condivi.

NOTE IX. VERSE 210.

The gay, the warm, licentious Zeuxis drew.] The Helen of Zeuxis is become almoſt proverbial: the Story of the Artiſt's having executed the picture from an aſſemblage of the moſt beautiful females is mentioned (though with ſome variation as to the place) by

by authors of great credit, Pliny, Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, and Cicero. The laſt gives a very long and circumſtantial account of it.

De Inventione, Lib. 2.

If the ſtory is true, it is perhaps one of the ſtrongeſt examples we can find of that enthuſiaſtic paſſion for the fine arts which animated the ancients. Notwithſtanding her præeminence in beauty, it ſeems ſomewhat ſingular that the painter ſhould have choſon ſuch a character as Helen, as a proper decoration for the Temple of Juno. A moſt celebrated Spaniſh Poet, though not in other reſpects famous for his judgment, has, I think, not injudiciouſly metamorphoſed this Helen of Zeuxis into Juno herſelf.

Zeuſis, Pintor famoſo, retratando
De Juno el roſtro, las faciones bellas
De cinco perfettiſſimas donzellas
Eſtuvo attentamenta contemplando.
Rimas de Lope de Vega.
Liſboa, 1605. p. 51-2.

Junius ſuppoſes this picture to have been rated a little too high.—

NOTE X. VERSE 216.

Yet oft to gain ſublimer heights he ſtrove.] Grace is the well-known excellence of Apelles, but that he ſometimes very happily attempted the ſublime, we learn both from Plutarch and Pliny, who ſpeak of his force and energy—The Alexander of Philip, ſays Plutarch was invincible, the Alexander of Apelles inimitable.

He painted, ſays Pliny, things that ſurpaſs the power of painting, quæ pingi non poſſunt, Tonitrua, fulgura fulgetraque—

NOTE

NOTE XI. VERSE 228.

While chilling damps upon the pencil hung.] That the Romans attained to no degree of excellence in Painting, or Sculpture, ſeems to be confeſt, and accounted for in the following paſſage of Tully's Tuſculan Diſputations, Lib. 1.

An cenſemus, ſi Fabio, nobiliſſimo homini, laudi datum eſſet quod pingeret, non multos etiam apud nos futuros Polycletos, et Parrhaſios fuiſſe? honos alit artes, omneſque incenduntur ad Studia Gloriâ, jacentque ea ſemper quæ apud quoſque improbantur.

The fine arts neceſſarily languiſh without public protection or encouragement: but public honours at Rome flowed in a very different channel. While the Roman boaſted his conſummate ſkill in every art of empire and government, he avowed in many works of genius and taſte, his inferiority with an air of triumph.

Excudent alii ſpirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem vivos ducent de marmore vultus:
Orabunt cauſas melius, cælique meatus
Deſcribent radio, et ſurgentia Sidera dicent.
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento:
Hæ tibi erunt artes, paciſque imponere morem:
Parcere ſubjectis et debellare ſuperbos.

Æneidos, Lib. VI.

NOTE XII. VERSE 244.

There ſtudious Vinci treaſur'd every rule.] Lionardo da Vinci was born near Florence in 1445. He was perhaps a man as univerſally accompliſhed as ever exiſted. Not only admirable beyond his Predeceſſors in his own profeſſion of Painting, but an excellent architect and muſician, and of great ſkill as an Anatomiſt. Beſides all theſe talents, he was, according to Vaſari,

Vaſari, the beſt extempore Rimer of his Time.—His Hiſtory and Works are well known.—The ſingular circumſtance of his dying in the arms of Francis the Firſt, king of France, is mentioned by a French poet of the preſent age,

"Lorſque Francois premier, Roi digne d'être heureux,
Tint Leonarad mourant dans ſes bras genereux."

And the particulars of his death are thus curiouſly recorded by Vaſari, who ſpeaks in raptures of his various and exalted talents:

Finalmente venuto vecchio, ſtette molti meſi ammalato, et vedendoſi vicino alla morte, ſi volſe diligentemente informare de le coſe catoliche, & della via buona, et ſanta religione chriſtiana, et poi con molti pianti confeſſo e contrito, ſe bene e' non poteva reggerſi in piedi, ſoſte nendoſi nelle braccie di ſuoi amici, e ſervi, volſe divotamente pigliare il ſantiſſimo ſacramento, fuor del letto: ſopragiunſeli il Rè che ſpeſſo e amerevolmente le ſoleva viſitare: per il che egli per riverenza rizzatoſi a ſedere ſul letto, contando il mal ſuo & gli accidenti di quello moſtrava tuttavia quanto aveva offeſo dio, et gli huomini del mendo, non avendo operato nel arte come ſi conveniva: onde gli venne un paroſiſmo meſſagiero della morte. Per la qual coſa rizzatoſi il Rè, et preſola la teſta per aiutarlo, & porgerli Favore, accio che il male lo allegeriſſe; lo ſpirito ſuo, che diviniſſimo era, conoſcendo non potere havere maggiore honore, ſpirò in braccio à quell rè nella etá ſua d' anni 75.

Vaſari vita di Lionardo da Vinci, p. 10, 11.

NOTE XIII. VERSE 251.

Gigantic Angelo his wonders wrought.] Michael Angelo Buonaroti was born near Florence 1474, and died at Rome 1564.

This illuſtrious man is too well known, both as an Architect and a Painter, to need any encomium: he

was

was alſo a Poet. His *Rime* were printed by the Giunto at Florence, in quarto, in 1623. The following Sonnet, which is to be found in Vaſari, to whom it is addreſſed, is at once a proof of his poetical talents, and his religious turn of mind: it may ſerve alſo as a leſſon to vanity, in ſhewing that even a genius of the ſublimeſt claſs entertained great apprehenſion concerning the mortality of his fame.

Giunti è già 'l corſo della vita mia,
Con tempeſtoſo mar per fragil barca,
Al comun porto, ov' à render ſi varca
Conto e ragion d' ogni opra triſta, e pia.

Onde l' affettuoſa fantaſia
Che l' arte mi fece idolo e monarca,
Cognoſco hor ben quant 'era d'error carca
E quel ch' a mal ſuo grado ognuni deſia.

Gli amoroſi penſier, gia vani, e lieti
Che fien or' s'a due morti mi avicino?
D'una ſo certo, e l' altra mi minaccia.
Ne pinger ne ſcolpir fia piu che queti
L' anima volta a quello amor divino
Ch' aperſe a prender noi in croce le braccia.

A letter, addreſſed to his friend Vaſari, on the death of Urbino, his old and faithful ſervant, ſhews, that he united the ſoft virtues of a moſt benevolent heart to the ſublime talents of an elevated mind.—This letter is printed both in Vaſari, and in the firſt volume of Raccolta de Lettere ſulla Pittura, &c. p. 6.

NOTE XIV. VERSE 254.

Taſte, Fancy, Judgment, all on Raphael ſmil'd.] Raffaello da Urbino was born in 1483, and died 1520. His amiable qualities as a Man were not inferior to his exalted talents as an Artiſt. The reader will not be

diſpleaſed

diſpleaſed to ſee the ſingular eulogium which the honeſt Vaſari has beſtowed on the engaging manners of this moſt celebrated Genius.

Certo fra le ſue doti ſingulari ne ſcorgo una di tal valore che in me ſteſſo ſtupiſco; che il cielo gli diede forza di poter moſtrare nell' arte noſtra uno effetto ſi contrario alle compleſſioni di noi pittori: queſto è che naturalmente gli artefici noſtri, non dico ſoli i baſſi, ma quelli che hanno umore d' eſſer grandi (come di queſto umore l'arte ne produce infiniti) lavorando nell' opere in compagnia di Raffaello, ſtavano uniti e di concordia tale che tutti i mali umori in veder lui s'amorzavano: e ogni vile e baſſo penſiero cadeva loro di mente. La quale unione mai non fu piu in altro tempo che nel ſuo. E queſto aevviva perche reſtavano vinti dalla corteſia e dall' arte ſua, ma più dal genio della ſua buona natura.

Vaſari Vita di Raff. p. 88.

To atone for the imperfect ſketch, which has been here attempted of theſe divine artiſts, (Michael Angelo and Raphael) the author intended to have preſented the reader with a long quotation from a moſt animated diſcourſe of the Preſident of the Royal Academy, in which he has placed theſe great maſters in a light of compariſon with each other. But as the diſcourſes of Sir Joſhua Reynolds are no longer ſcarce (a new edition being now publiſhed) he ſhall refer the reader to the Work itſelf. He will find this moſt happy and ingenious parallel in the diſcourſe delivered at the Royal Academy, December 10, 1772.

NOTE XV. VERSE 260.

The daring Julio, though by Raphael train'd.] Julio Romano was born at Rome 1422, and died at Mantua 1546.

His ſingular character is forcibly drawn by Vaſari. He was, according to this writer, the moſt ſucceſsful imitator

imitator of Raphael, the greater part of whoſe ſcholars became eminent, and were almoſt infinite in number. Raphael was particularly attentive to Julio, and loved him with the affection of a parent.

Vaſari Vita di Giulio.

NOTE XVI. VERSE 268.

More richly warm, the glowing Titian knew.] We find frequent cenſures thrown upon Titian by the critics, for confining himſelf "to flattering the eye by the richneſs and truth of his colouring, without a proper attention to the higher branch of his art, that of intereſting our feeling by affecting ſubjects;" the criticiſm is indeed extended to the Painters of the Lombard School in general.

Du Bos, Tom. I. Sect. 10.

Why Titian choſe not to follow the finiſhed method of his excellent cotemporaries, he declared to Franceſco de Vargas, the embaſſador of Charles the Vth at Venice.

"I fear, (replied this eminent Painter to the queſtion of Vargas, I ſhould never equal the extreme delicacy which diſtinguiſhes the pencils of Corregio, Parmegiano, and Raphael: and even though I ſhould be ſucceſsful enough to equal them, I ſhould always rank below them, becauſe I ſhould be only accounted their imitator. In a word, ambition which always attends the fine arts, has induced me to chooſe a way entirely new, in which I might make myſelf famed for ſomething, as the great Maſters have done in the route they have followed."

Antoine Perez, dans la ſoixante unieme de ſes Secondes Lettres.

This great Artiſt enjoyed a long life of uninterrupted health, and died during the plague at Venice in 1576 at the uncommon age of ninety-nine.

NOTE

NOTE XVII. VERSE 282.

Soft as Catullus ſweet Corregio play'd.] Antonio da Corregio.—Very different accounts are given by different authors of the birth and fortunes of this exquiſite Painter. His capital pictures were executed about the year 1512, according to Vaſari, who relates, in a very affecting manner, the circumſtances of his poverty and death.

Having taken a journey on foot, in extremely hot weather, he imprudently drank cold water, which brought on a fever, of which he died at about the age of forty.

His colouring was moſt exquiſitely adapted to the delicate ſoftneſs of female beauty. To form a perfect picture of Adam and Eve (ſays an Italian writer on Painting) Adam ſhould be deſigned by Michael Angelo, and coloured by Titian; Eve deſigned by Raphael, and coloured by Corregio.—

The ill fortune of Corregio, and the groſs neglect of Art, in the very city, which he had adorned with the moſt exquiſite productions of his pencil, are expreſſed with great feeling in a letter of Annibal Carracci, written while he was ſtudying the works of Corregio, at Parma, to his couſin Lodovico, in 1580.—Vide Raccolta de Lettere, &c. Tom. I. p. 88.

NOTE XVIII. VERSE 284.

Though Parma claim it for her rival ſon.] Franceſco Mazzuoli was born at Parma in 1504, and is thence uſually called Parmegiano. His character is thus diſtinctly marked by Vaſari:

"Fu dal cielo largamente dodato di tutte quelle parti, che a un excellente pittore ſono richieſte, poi che diede alle ſue figure, oltre quello, che ſi è detto di molti altri, una certa venuſta, dolcezza, e leggiadria nell attitudini, che ſu ſua propria e particolare."

—The

—The ſame author gives us a particular deſcription of the ſingular and admirable portrait, which this delicate artiſt drew of himſelf reflected from a convex mirror: he relates alſo ſome curious circumſtances of his allegorical portrait of the emperor Charles the Vth, which he painted by memory, and by the recommendation of Pope Clement the VIIth. preſented to the emperor at Bologna.—The honeſt biographer laments, with great feeling, the errors and misfortunes of this moſt promiſing painter, who being ſeiſed, early in life, with the frenzy of turning alchemiſt, impaired his health and fortune by this fatal purſuit; his attachment to which however ſome authors have queſtioned: a delirious fever put a period to his melancholy days at the age of thirty-ſix, in his native city of Parma 1540.

NOTE XIX. VERSE 290.

Till with pure judgment the Caracci came.] Lodovico Caracci, who with his couſins Annibal and Auguſtin eſtabliſhed the famous Academy of Bologna, was born in that city 1555. The circumſtance that occaſioned his death, as related by a French author, affords a ſingular proof how dangerous it is for an artiſt to confide in the partial judgment of his particular friends.

Son dernier ouvrage qui eſt une Annonciation peinte à freſque, dans une des lunettes de la Cathedrale de Bologne, ne reuſſit pas; ſon age, une vuë affoiblie, & la grande elevation de l'Egliſe furent cauſe qu'il ſe conſia à un ami pour voir d'en bas l'effet de l'ouvrage. Cet ami lui dit qu'il etoit bien, & qu'il pouvoit faire ôter les Echauſauds: il fut trompé; on critiqua fort cette peinture: Louis s'en chagrina de maniere qu'il ſe mit au lit, et Bologne perdit ce grand Homme en 1619.—Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Pientres. Paris 8vo. 1762. Tom. II. p. 50.

Auguſtin,

Auguſtin, who quitted the pencil for the engraver, and is much celebrated for his various accompliſhments, died at Parma in 1602.—Annibal, the immortal Painter of the Farneſe gallery, whom Pouſſin did not heſitate to rank with Raphael himſelf, died in a ſtate of diſtraction at Rome 1609. This melancholy event is deſcribed in a very affecting letter written by an Italian prelate, who attended him in his laſt moments.

Raccolta, Tom. II. p. 384.

NOTE XX. VERSE 295.

Young Zampieri ow'd his nobler name.] Domenico Zampieri, born at Bologna 1581, died at Naples, not without ſuſpicion of poiſon, 1640.—He entered early in life into the ſchool of the Caracci, and was there honoured with the affectionate appellation of Domenichino, from his extreme youth.—His Communion of St. Jerome was compared by the judicious Pouſſin to the Tranſfiguration of Raphael: yet Du Freſnoy has paſt a ſevere cenſure on Domenichino, and affirms that he has leſs nobleneſs in his works than any other artiſt who ſtudied in the ſchool of the Caracci. So contradictory are the opinions of the two moſt enlightened judges in this delicate art!

NOTE XXI. VERSE 297.

The learned Lanfranc in their ſchool aroſe.] Giovanni Lanfranco, born at Parma 1581, was knighted by Pope Urban the VIIIth, and died at Rome 1647.

NOTE XXII. VERSE 299.

The tender Guido caught his graceful air.] Guido Reni was born in Bologna 1595: exquiſite in grace though deficient in expreſſion, he was held during his

his life in the higheſt eſtimation. A fatal paſſion for gaming involved him in continued ſcenes of diſtreſs. His perſonal beauty was ſo great, that his maſter Lodovico Caracci is ſaid to have drawn his angels from the head of Guido.

NOTE XXIII. VERSE 303.

No mean hiſtorian to record their praiſe.] George Vaſari, to whom we are indebted for a moſt valuable hiſtory of Italian painters, was born at Arezzo in Tuſcany 1511. — Though the fame of the author ſeems to have eclipſed that of the artiſt, he roſe to conſiderable eminence as a painter, and has left us a particular and entertaining account of himſelf and his pictures in the cloſe of his great work—it is introduced with an apology, in which he ſpeaks of his own talents, and extreme paſſion for his art, in the moſt modeſt and engaging manner. — His generous deſire of doing juſtice to the merit of others is moſt happily rewarded in the following Elogy, by the great Thuanus:

"Ob excellentiam artis, quam hiſtoria accurate & eleganter ſcripta illuſtravit, Georgius Vaſarius meruit, ut inter viros ingenio & literis præſtantes accenſeretur. Is Aretii in Etruria natus, pictor & architectus noſtra ætate præſtantiſſimus, diu magno Etruriæ Duci Coſmo, omnium liberalium artium, inter quas pictura et architectura ut referrentur obtinuit, fautori eximio navavit; editis paſſim ingenii ſui ad ſtupendum omnium ſpectaculum monumentis, et tandem hoc anno climacterico ſuo v kalend Quintil, vivis exemptus eſt; exinde ſicuti teſtamento caverat, Florentia ubi deceſſit, Aretium in patriam tranſlatus; quo loco in principali ſecundum ſedem Epiſcopalem templo in ſacello ab ipſo juxta ſumptuoſo et admirando artificio exſtructo ſepultus."

Thuanus ſub ann. 1574.

NOTE XXIV. VERSE 322.

On her pure Style ſee mild Bologna claim.] The French author quoted above, under the article Caracci, not only ſpeaks with the greateſt warmth of the obligation, which Painting owes to Lodovico Caracci, for having raiſed it from that ſtate of corruption, into which it had fallen in all the ſchools of Italy; but at the ſame time points out alſo the various manieriſts who had chiefly contributed to its debaſement.

The ſtyle introduced by Lodovico is recommended by that excellent judge Sir Joſhua Reynolds (See Diſcourſe 1769) as better ſuited to grave and dignified ſubjects than the richer brilliancy of Titian.

NOTE XXV. VERSE 325.

———————*Titian's golden rays.*] This expreſſion is borrowed from the cloſe of that elegant ſentence of modern Latin, which the author of Fitzoſborne's Letters has ſo juſtly commended, "Aureo Titiani radio, qui per totam tabulam gliſcens eam verè ſuam denunciat." See his excellent letter on metaphors, p. 50.

NOTE XXVI. VERSE 333.

And Raphael's Grace muſt yield to Rembrant's Force.] Rembrant Van Pryn, born near Leyden 1606, died at Amſterdam 1674, or, according to ſome accounts, 1668. The numerous works of this great maſter, both with the engraver and pencil, have rendered him univerſally known. His ſingular ſtudies, and the pride which he ſeems to have taken in the natural force of his genius, appear ſtrongly marked in the two following paſſages of his French Biographer.

"Les murs de ſon attelier couverts de vieux habits, de piques, et d'armures extraordinaires etoient toutes

ſes

ſes etudes, ainſi qu'une armoire pleine d'etoffes anciennes, & d'autres choſes pareilles qu'il avoit coutume d'appeller ſes antiques.—Rembrant, qui ſe glorifioit de n'avoir jamais vu l'Italie, le dit un jour que Vandick l'etoit venu viſiter à Amſterdam: & qui lui repondit, "Je le vois bien." Rembrant naturellement bruſque reprit: "Qui es tu pour me parler de la ſorte?"—Vandick repondit; "Monſieur, je ſuis Vandick, pour vous ſervir."—Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Peintres, Tom. III. p. 113.

NOTE XXVII. VERSE 336.

Yet, Holland, thy unwearied labours raiſe.] There is no article of taſte, on which different writers have run more warmly into the oppoſite extremes of admiration and contempt, than in eſtimating the painters of Holland. Thoſe who are enchanted by the ſublime conceptions of the Roman ſchool, are too apt precipitately to condemn every effort of the Dutch pencil as a contemptible performance; while thoſe, who are ſatisfied with minute and faithful delineations of nature, find abſolute perfection in the very pictures, which are treated by others with the moſt ſupercilious neglect.—But ſound and impartial judgment ſeems equally to diſclaim this haſty cenſure, and this inordinate praiſe;—and ranking the moſt eminent Dutch artiſts below the great Italian maſters, yet allows them conſiderable and peculiar merit.—A French author ſays, I think not unhappily, of the Dutch painters, that they are "Dans la peinture, ce que le comique & le plaiſant ſont dans la poeſie." In deſign their ſort is certainly humour, and they have frequently carried it to great perfection.

NOTE XXVIII. VERSE 360.

Proud of the praiſe by Rubens' pencil won.] Sir Peter Paul Rubens, who is happily ſtiled by Mr. Walpole,

pole, "The Popular Painter," was born at Cologne 1577, and died of the gout at Antwerp 1640. The hiſtory of his life furniſhes a moſt ſtriking incentive to the young painter's ambition.—The many accompliſhments which he poſſeſt, the infinitude of works which he produced, the reputation and eſteem, the various honours and ample fortune, which he ſo juſtly acquired, preſent to the mind an animating idea of what may be expected from a happy cultivation of talents in a courſe of conſtant and ſpirited application. Though he viſited the court of Charles the Firſt in the public character of an ambaſſador, it does not appear how long he reſided here;—Mr. Walpole conjectures about a year.—His pictures in the cieling at Whitehall were not painted in England; which perhaps is the reaſon he has been at the pains of finiſhing them ſo neatly, that they will bear the neareſt inſpection; for he muſt have well known how greatly the reputation of any work depends on its firſt happy impreſſion on the public, and concluded his pictures would be viewed by the king and court inſtantly on their arrival, and that the critics would not be candid enough to delay their remarks on them till they were elevated to their intended height. This noble work was falling into decay, from which ſtate it has been lately reſcued by that excellent artiſt Mr. Cipriani, to whoſe care it has been moſt judiciouſly committed to be cleaned and repaired.—Rubens received for this work £3000.

NOTE XXIX. VERSE 368.

Her ſoft Vandyke, while graceful portraits pleaſe.] Sir Anthony Vandyke, the celebrated ſcholar of Rubens, died of the ſame diſorder which proved fatal to his maſter, and at a much earlier period of life. He was born at Antwerp 1598, expired in Black Fryars 1641, and was buried in St. Paul's, near the tomb of John of Gaunt. On his firſt viſit to England he received

received no encouragement from the Court, but Charles, becoming ſoon afterwards acquainted with his merit, ſent him an invitation to return. Vandyke embraced the offer with joy, and the king, who ſhewed him, by frequent ſittings, the moſt flattering marks of eſteem, conferred on him the honour of knighthood in 1632, rewarding him alſo with the grant of an annuity of £.200 for life.

NOTE XXX. VERSE 371.

From Flanders firſt the ſecret power ſhe caught.] The Low Countries, though little celebrated for inventive genius, have given to mankind the two ſignal diſcoveries, which have imparted, as it were, a new vital ſpirit both to Literature and to Painting. This honour however has been brought into queſtion—Germany made a ſtrong, but unſucceſsful effort to rob Holland of the glory which ſhe derives from the firſt invention of Printing: and Painting in oil (it has been ſaid) was known in Italy before the time of John Van Eyck, or John of Bruges, as he is commonly called; to whom that diſcovery is generally aſcribed, about the year 1410.——But Vaſari, in his Life of Antonello da Meſſina, relates very particularly the circumſtances of Van Eyck's invention, and the ſubſequent introduction of the ſecret into Italy. A moſt learned antiquarian and entertaining writer of our own time has ſuppoſed that Van Eyck might poſſibly "learn the ſecret of uſing oil in England, and take the honour of the invention to himſelf, as we were then a country little known to the world of arts, nor at leiſure, from the confuſion of the times, to claim the diſcovery of ſuch a ſecret." ——Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, Vol. I. p. 29. ——The conjecture is not without ſome little foundation,—but the conjectural claims which either Italy or England can produce to this excellent invention,

are

are by no means ſufficiently ſtrong to annihilate the glory of the happy and ingenious Fleming.

NOTE XXXI. VERSE 375.

Where ſumptuous Leo courted every Muſe.] The name of Medicis is familiar to every lover of the fine arts. John de Medicis, the Cardinal, was raiſed to the papal See 1513. He continued that liberal patronage and encouragement to learning, which had before diſtinguiſhed his illuſtrious family. He was profuſe and magnificent. The various, and celebrated productions of taſte and genius under his pontificate, clearly mark the age of Leo the Xth. as one of the great æras of literature.

NOTE XXXII. VERSE 385.

The ſage Pouſſin, with pureſt fancy fraught.] Nicolas Pouſſin was born at Andely in Normandy 1594: one of his firſt patrons was the whimſical Italian poet Marino, who being ſtruck with ſome freſco works of the young painter at Paris, employed him in ſome deſigns from his own poem l'Adone, and enabled him to undertake an expedition to Rome. He was recalled from thence by Cardinal Richelieu in 1640, but upon the death of Richelieu and the king he returned to Rome, where he ended a life of primitive ſimplicity and patient application in 1665.

NOTE XXXIII. VERSE 393.

Then roſe Le Brun, his ſcholar, and his friend.] Charles Le Brun, univerſally known by his Battles of Alexander, and his treatiſe on the paſſions, was born in Paris 1619: having preſided over the French Academy, with great reputation, more than forty years, he died in 1690, partly, as the author of the Abrégé aſſures us, from the chagrin which he received

ceived from a cabal raiſed againſt him in favour of his rival Mignard: but neither his own works, nor the partial favour of his patron Louvois, nor the friendſhip of Moliere, who has written a long poem in his praiſe, have been able to raiſe Mignard to the level of Le Brun.

NOTE XXXIV. VERSE 399.

Thy dawn, Le Sueur, announc'd a happier taſte.] Euſtache Le Sueur, (who, without the advantage of ſtudying in Italy, approached nearer than any of his countrymen to the manner of Raphael) was a native of Paris. Le Brun, who came to viſit him in his laſt moments, is reported to have ſaid on quitting his chamber, "Que la mort alloit lui tirer une groſſe epine du Pied." If he was capable of uttering ſuch a ſentiment, at ſuch a time, he thoroughly deſerved the fate, which is mentioned in the preceding Note.

NOTE XXXV. VERSE 405.

Though Freſnoy teaches, in Horatian ſong.] Charles Alfonſe du Freſnoy, author of the celebrated Latin poem de Arte graphicâ, very haſtily tranſlated into Engliſh proſe by Dryden, was himſelf a painter of ſome eminence, and the intimate friend of Mignard. He died in a village near Paris, at the age of forty-four, in 1665.

NOTES

ON THE

SECOND PART.

NOTE XXXVI. VERSE 15.

THOUGH foreign Theoriſts, with Syſtem blind.] The vain and frivolous ſpeculations of ſome eminent French authors, concerning our national want of genius for the fine arts, are refuted with great ſpirit in an ingenious eſſay by Mr. Barry; entitled, "An Enquiry into the real and imaginary Obſtructions to the Acquiſition of the Arts in England." As this work highly diſtinguiſhes the elegance of his pen, his Venus riſing from the ſea does equal honour to his pencil.

NOTE XXXVII. VERSE 33.

Fierce Harry reign'd, who, ſoon with pleaſure cloy'd.] In this ſhort account of the influence which the different characters of our ſovereigns have had on the progreſs of national Art, the Author is indebted principally to Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.

NOTE XXXVIII. VERSE 45.

Untaught the moral force of Art to feel.] An accompliſhed Critic of our own time has touch'd on *the moral*

moral efficacy of Picture, with his uſual elegance and erudition. After having illuſtrated the ſubject from the writings of Ariſtotle and Xenophon, he concludes his remarks with the following reflection:—"Yet, conſidering its vaſt power in morals, one cannot enough lament the ill deſtiny of this divine art, which, from the chaſte handmaid of Virtue, hath been debauched, in violence of her nature, to a ſhameleſs proſtitute of Vice, and procureſs of pleaſure."—Hurd's Note on the following line of Horace:

"*Suſpendit picta vultum mentemque tabella.*"

To this let me add one obſervation for the honour of our Engliſh artiſts!—The proſtitution of the pencil, ſo juſtly lamented by this amiable writer, is perhaps leſs frequent in this kingdom, than in any country whatever, in which Painting has been known to riſe to an equal degree of perfection.

NOTE XXXIX. VERSE 93.

Yet to thy Palace Kneller's ſkill ſupplied.] Sir Godfrey Kneller, born at Lubec 1646, ſettled in England 1674, was knighted by King William, created a Baronet by George the Firſt, and died 1723.—No Painter was ever more flattered by the Muſes; who gave him credit for talents which he never diſplayed. Dryden ſays, in his enchanting Epiſtle to Kneller:

Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dares deſign
A more exalted work, and more divine.

But the drudgery of the Poet aroſe from the moſt cruel neceſſity; that of the Painter, from avarice, the bane of excellence in every profeſſion!—If Sir Godfrey had any talents for hiſtory, which is ſurely very doubtful, we have, as Mr. Walpole well obſerves, no reaſon to regret that he was confined to portraits, as his pencil has faithfully tranſmitted to us "*ſo many ornaments of an illuſtrious age.*"

Though

Though I have partly ſubſcribed to the general idea, that William, in whoſe reign this Painter principally flouriſhed, "contributed nothing to the advancement of arts," yet I muſt obſerve, that his employing Kneller to paint the Beauties at Hampton Court, his rewarding him with knighthood, and the additional preſent of a gold medal and chain, weighing £.300, may juſtify thoſe lines of Pope, which deſcribe "The Hero, William" as an encourager of Painting.

NOTE XL. VERSE 97.

While partial taſte from modeſt Riley turn'd.] John Riley was born in London 1646: Mr. Walpole relates an anecdote of his being much mortified by Charles the Second; who looking at his own picture, exclaim'd, "Is this like me? then, Ods-fiſh, I am an ugly fellow."—The ſame author ſays happily of this artiſt, "With a quarter of Sir Godfrey's vanity, he might have perſuaded the world he was as great a maſter." Notwithſtanding his extreme modeſty, he had the good fortune to be appointed Principal Painter, ſoon after the Revolution, but died an early martyr to the gout 1691.

NOTE XLI. VERSE 101.

And Thornhill's blaze of Allegory gilt.] Sir James Thornhill, born in Dorſetſhire 1676, was nephew to the celebrated Sydenham, and educated by the liberality of that great phyſician. He afterwards acquired a very ample fortune by his own profeſſion; was in parliament for Weymouth, knighted by George the Second, and died 1732.—His talents, as a Painter, are univerſally known, from his principal works at Greenwich, St. Paul's, &c.

NOTE

NOTE XLII. VERSE 111.

The youthful Noble, on a princely plan.] About twenty years ago, the preſent Duke of Richmond opened, in his houſe at Whitehall, a gallery for artiſts, completely filled with a ſmall but well-choſen collection of caſts from the antique, and engaged two eminent artiſts to ſuperintend and direct the ſtudents.—This noble encouragement of art, though ſuperſeded by a royal eſtabliſhment, is ſtill entitled to remembrance and honour: it not only ſerved as a prelude to more extenſive inſtitutions, but contributed much towards forming ſome capital artiſts of the preſent time. The name of Mortimer is alone ſufficient to reflect a conſiderable luſtre on this early ſchool.

NOTE XLIII. VERSE 134.

Teach but thy tranſient tints no more to fly.] Although the ſuperior excellencies of this admirable artiſt make us peculiarly regret the want of durability in his exquiſite productions; yet he is far from being the only artiſt, whoſe pictures ſoon diſcover an appearance of precipitate decay. Fugitive colouring ſeems indeed to be the chief defect among our preſent painters in oil; and it muſt be the moſt ardent wiſh of every lover of art, that ſo great an evil may be effectually remedied. As the Royal Academy is a ſociety of enlightened artiſts, eſtabliſhed for the improvement of every branch of painting, it may be hoped, that they will pay attention to this mechanical point, as well as to the nobler acquirements of art, and employ ſome perſon, who has patience and abilities for ſuch an office, to diſcover, by a courſe of experiments, to what cauſe this important evil is owing. If it be found to ariſe from the adulteration of colours, oils, and varniſhes, might it not be eligible for

for the Academy to follow the example of another profeſſion, who, where health and life are concerned, obviate the difficulty of getting their articles genuine from the individual trader, by opening a ſhop at the expence of the Society, to prepare and ſell the various ingredients, free from thoſe adulterations which private intereſt might otherwiſe produce?

But there may be no juſt ground of complaint againſt the integrity of the colourman, and this failure may perhaps ariſe from the artiſt's mixing his colours, and their vehicles in improper proportions to each other; that is, inſtead of painting with oil properly thickened with colour, uſing oil only fully ſtained with it, to which a proper conſiſtence (or body as the painters call it) is given by ſtrong gum varniſhes; in ſhort, uſing more vehicle than colour; by which, although moſt brilliant and tranſparent effects may be produced, yet the particles of colour are too much attenuated, and divided from each other, and conſequently leſs able to withſtand the deſtructive action of light. If the deficiency complained of originates from this ſource, the Academy, by a careful courſe of experiments, may be able clearly to aſcertain what preparations of the more delicate colours are moſt durable; what oils and varniſhes will beſt preſerve the original brilliancy of the paint; what are the beſt proportions for this purpoſe in which they can be uſed; and how far glazing (that almoſt irreſiſtible temptation to oil-painters) may or may not be depended on. All theſe points are at preſent ſo far from being known with certainty, that perhaps there are not two painters, who think perfectly alike on any one of them. The author hopes, that the gentlemen of the pencil will pardon his preſuming to offer a hint on this delicate ſubject, with which he does not pretend to be intimately acquainted. The ideas, which he has thus ventured to addreſs to them, ariſe only from the moſt ardent wiſh, that future ages may have a juſt and adequate ſenſe of the flouriſhing ſtate of painting

ing in England in the reign of George the Third, and that our preſent excellent artiſts may not be reduced to depend on the uncertain hand of the engraver for the eſteem of poſterity.

A very liberal Critic, * in his flattering remarks on the Poem, ſeems, in ſpeaking of this note, to miſtake a little the meaning of its author, who alluded only to that defect in colouring, where the finer tints are ſo managed, for the ſake of an immediate and ſhort-liv'd brilliancy, that they ſink very ſoon into no colour at all. He did not mean to touch on thoſe changes in Painting, where the colours all grow darker, the lights become brown, and the ſhadows one maſs of black. This is likewiſe a great evil, and calls aloud for redreſs. Perhaps the Critic above mentioned has pointed out the true cauſe of this defect, viz. the indiſcriminate blending of the colours, and the not uſing pure, ſimple, uncompounded tints.

NOTE XLIV. VERSE 138.

The leading principles of liberal Art.] I embrace with pleaſure the opportunity of paying this tribute to the great artiſt here mentioned, who is not only at the head of his own profeſſion, but may juſtly be ranked among the firſt writers of the age. His diſcourſes, not merely calculated for the improvement of the young artiſts to whom they are addreſſed, contain all the principles of true and univerſal taſte, embelliſhed with great brilliancy of imagination, and with equal force of expreſſion.

NOTE XLV. VERSE 151.

Thy Ugolino, &c.] As the ſubject of this admirable picture is taken from a poet ſo little known to the Engliſh reader as Dante, it may not perhaps be impertinent to ſay, that in Richardſon's diſcourſe on

* Vide the Gentleman's Magazine for November 1778, p. 526.

the

the Science of a Connoiſſeur, there is a tranſlation of the ſtory in Engliſh blank verſe. A young and noble author, now living, has obliged the world with a tranſlation of it in rhyme.—As to the picture, no artiſt could expreſs more happily the wild and ſublime ſpirit of the poet from whom he drew. We may juſtly apply to him the compliment which a lively Italian addreſſed to a great man of his own country, but of far inferior expreſſion.

"Fabro gentil, ben ſai,
Ch' ancor tragico caſo e' caro Oggetto,
E che ſpeſſo l' Horror va col Diletto."

Marino.

NOTE XLVI. Verse 165.

Now Art exults with annual triumphs gay.] While we are delighted with the increaſing ſplendor of theſe annual entertainments, it is but juſt to remember, that we are indebted to the Society of Arts and Sciences for our firſt public exhibition of Paintings. The different ſocieties of artiſts ſoon followed ſo excellent an example; and our rapid and various improvements in this lovely art reflect the higheſt honour on this happy inſtitution. Our exhibitions at once afford both the beſt nurſery for the protection of infant genius, and the nobleſt field for the diſplay of accompliſhed merit: nor do they only adminiſter to the benefit of the artiſt, and the pleaſure of the public: they have ſtill a more exalted tendency; and when national ſubjects are painted with dignity and force, our exhibitions may juſtly be regarded as ſchools of public virtue. Perhaps the young ſoldier can never be more warmly animated to the ſervice of his country, than by gazing, with the delighted public, on a ſublime picture of the expiring hero, who died with glory in her defence. But, not to dwell on their power of inſpiring martial enthuſiaſm, our exhibitions may be ſaid to have a happy influence on the manners and morals of thoſe, who fill the different departments

partments of more tranquil life. In ſupport of this ſentiment I beg leave to tranſcribe the following judicious remark from an anonymous author, who has lately obliged the public with two little volumes of elegant and ſpirited eſſays.—"They, whoſe natural feelings have been properly improved by culture, nor have yet become callous by attrition with the world, know from experience, how the heart is mollified, the manners poliſhed, and the temper ſweetened, by a well-directed ſtudy of the arts of imitation. The ſame ſenſibility of artificial excellence, extends itſelf to the perception of natural and moral beauty; and the ſtudent returns from the artiſts gallery to his ſtation in ſociety, with a breaſt more diſpoſed to feel and to reverberate the endearments of ſocial life, and of reciprocal benevolence."——Knox's Eſſays, moral and literary, 1778, p. 264, on Sculpture.

NOTE XLVII. VERSE 243.

Thy Talents, Hogarth! &c.] William Hogarth was born in London, 1698, and put apprentice to an engraver of the moſt ordinary Claſs; but his comic talents, which are ſaid to have appeared firſt in the prints to Hudibras, ſoon raiſed him to fame and fortune.—He married a daughter of Sir James Thornhill, and died 1764.—The peculiar merits of his pencil are unqueſtionable. His Analyſis of Beauty has been found more open to diſpute; but however the greater adepts in the ſcience may differ on its principles, it may certainly be called an honourable monument of his genius and application.

NOTE XLVIII. VERSE 357.

Whoſe needy Titian calls for ill-paid Gold.] Richardſon has fallen into a miſtake concerning the famous Danae, and other pictures of Titian, which he ſays (in quoting a letter of Titian's without conſidering its addreſs)

addreſs) were painted for Henry the VIIIth. of England, a tyrant indeed, voluptuous, and cruel, but ſtill leſs deteſtable than the ſullen and unnatural Philip the IId of Spain, who filled up the meaſure of his ſuperior guilt by the horrid aſſaſſination of his ſon. Philip, on his marriage with Mary, aſſumed the title of King of England; and to him Titian addreſſed the letter, which ſpeaks of the pictures in queſtion: the painter frequently mentions his attachment to his unworthy patron.

His ſolicitude to enſure his protection and favour is ſtrongly marked in the following ſhort paſſage of a letter which he addreſſed to one of Philip's attendants. "Mando ora la poeſia di venere e Adone, nella quale V. S. vedrà, quanto ſpirito e amore ſo mettere nell' opere di ſua Maeſta."——Raccolta, tom. ii. p. 21.

How poorly this great artiſt was rewarded for his ill-directed labour, appears very forcibly in a long letter of complaint, which he had ſpirit enough to addreſs to the king on the many hardſhips he ſuffered in being unable to obtain the payment of the penſion which had been granted to him by the emperor Charles the Vth.——Raccolta, tom. ii. p. 379.

NOTE XLIX. VERSE 424.

Bid Engliſh pencils honour Engliſh worth.] The great encouragement given our painters to ſelect ſubjects from Engliſh hiſtory, has of late years been very obſervable. Many individuals of rank and fortune have promoted this laudable plan with ſpirit and effect; and the Society of Arts and Sciences have confined their premiums to ſubjects taken from the Britiſh Annals.

NOTE L. VERSE 435.

Her wounded Sidney, Bayard's perfect Peer.] The gallant, the amiable and accompliſhed Sir Philip Sidney may be juſtly placed on a level with the noble Bayard, "Le Chevalier ſans peur & ſans reproche," whoſe glory has of late received new luſtre from the pen of Robertſon and the pencil of Weſt. The ſtriking ſcene here alluded to, which preceded the death of Sidney, has not yet, I believe, appeared upon canvas, but is forcibly deſcribed by the noble and enthuſiaſtic friend of Sidney, the Lord Brooke.—— See Biograph. Britan. Art. Sidney.

The particulars alſo are minutely deſcribed, and with great feeling, in a letter from his uncle Leiceſter to Sir Thomas Heneage, quoted in Collins's Memoirs of the Sidnies. The tide of national admiration flowed very ſtrong in favour of Sidney, when Mr. Walpole, in ſpeaking of Lord Brooke, appeared to check the current; but the merits of Sidney are ſufficient to bear down all oppoſition.—Inſtead of joining the elegant author I have mentioned, in conſidering Sir Philip Sidney as "an aſtoniſhing object of temporary admiration," I am ſurprized that ſo judicious an author ſhould ever queſtion ſo fair a title to univerſal regard. The learning and munificence, the courage and courteſy of Sidney endeared him to every rank, and he juſtly challenges the laſting affection of his country from the cloſing ſcene of his life, in which heroiſm and humanity are ſo beautifully blended. I never can think this accompliſhed character any ways degraded by his having written a tedious romance (in which however there are many touches of exquiſite beauty and ſpirit) to amuſe a moſt amiable ſiſter, whom he tenderly loved; or by his having threatened an unworthy ſervant of his father's with death in a haſty billet, merely to intimidate and deter him from the future

future commiſſion of an infamous breach of truſt, in opening his letters.

NOTE LI. VERSE 462.

Th' heroic Daughter of the virtuous More.] Margaret, eldeſt daughter of the celebrated Sir Thomas More. The ſcene which I have propoſed for the ſubject of a picture, is taken from the following paſſage in Ballard:

"After Sir Thomas More was beheaded, ſhe took care for the burial of his body in the chapel of St. Peter's ad Vincula, within the precincts of the Tower, and afterwards ſhe procured his corpſe to be removed, and buried in the chancel of the church of Chelſea, as Sir Thomas More, in his life-time, had appointed. His head having remained about fourteen days upon London Bridge, and being to be caſt into the Thames to make room for others, ſhe bought it. For this ſhe was ſummoned before the council, as the ſame author relates, and behaved with the greateſt firmneſs, juſtifying her conduct upon principles of humanity and filial piety. She was, however, impriſoned, but ſoon releaſed, and dying nine years after her father, at the age of thirty-ſix, was buried at St. Dunſtan's, in Canterbury. The head of her father, which ſhe had preſerved with religious veneration, in a box of lead, was, at her particular requeſt, committed with her to the grave. It was ſeen ſtanding on her coffin in the year 1715, when the vault of the Roper (her huſband's) family was opened."——See Ballard's Memoirs of Learned Ladies, p. 36.

The character of this amiable woman is happily drawn both by Addiſon and Walpole.—She married, at the age of twenty, William Roper, Eſquire, of Kent, to the infinite ſatisfaction of her father; for ſhe ſeems to have been the deareſt object of his paternal affection, which is very ſtrongly marked in his letters addreſſed to her. She was indeed moſt eminently diſtinguiſhed

tinguiſhed by her learning, in an age, when the graces of the mind were regarded as an eſſential article in female education: but the beauty and force of her filial piety reflects a ſtill ſuperior luſtre on this accompliſhed woman.—There is more than one paſſage in her life, which would furniſh an admirable ſubject for the pencil. Her interview with her father, on his return to the Tower, is mentioned as ſuch by Mr. Walpole.

NOTE LII. VERSE 497.

But, O! how poor the proſtrate Satan lies.] It is remarkable, that the greateſt painters have failed in this particular. Raphael, Guido, and Weſt, are all deficient in the figure of Satan. Richardſon obſerves, in his deſcription of the pictures of Italy,—"Je n'ai jamais vu d'aucun Maître une repreſentation du Diable, prince des Diables, qui me ſatisfit." Page 500.

In recommending this ſubject to the pencil, it may be proper to obſerve, that it is not only extremely difficult, but even attended with danger, if we credit the following curious anecdote, in a medical writer of great reputation:—Spinello fameux Peintre Toſcan ayant peint la chute des anges rebelles donna des traits ſi terribles à Lucifer, qu'il en fut lui meme ſaiſi d'horreur, & tout le reſte de ſa vie il crut voir continuellement ce Demon lui reprocher de l'avoir repreſenté ſous une figure ſi hidieuſe.

Tiſſot de la Santé des Gens de Lettres.

THE END OF THE NOTES.

EPISTLE

TO

A FRIEND,

ON THE DEATH OF

JOHN THORNTON, Esq.

CUJUS EGO INTERITU TOTA DE MENTE FUGAVI
HÆC STUDIA, ATQUE OMNES DELICIAS ANIMI.

— — — — — — — —

NOTESCATQUE MAGIS MORTUUS ATQUE MAGIS.

CATULLUS.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

EPISTLE, &c.

IN vain, dear Monitor, thy kind deſire
To wake the embers of poetic fire!
To clear the mind, where Grief's dark ſhadows lower,
And Fancy dies by Sorrow's freezing power!
In vain would Friendſhip's chearing voice ſuggeſt
Her flattering viſions to the Poet's breaſt;
That public favour calls, with juſt demand,
Th' expected volume from his lingering hand:
Loſt are thoſe anxious hopes, that eager pride,
With thee, my THORNTON, they declin'd, they died.
Friend of my opening ſoul! whoſe love began
To hail thy Poet, ere he rank'd as man!
Whoſe praiſe, like dew-drops, which the early morn
Sheds with mild virtue on the vernal thorn,

Taught

'Taught his young mind each ſwell of thought to ſhew,
And gave the germs of fancy ſtrength to blow!
Dear, firm aſſociate of his ſtudious hour,
Who led his idler ſtep to Learning's bower!
Tho' young, imparting to his giddier youth
Thy thirſt of ſcience, and thy zeal for truth!

Ye towers of Granta, where our friendſhip grew,
And that pure mind expanded to my view,
Our love fraternal let thy walls atteſt,
Where Attic joys our letter'd evening bleſt;
Where midnight, from the chains of ſleep reliev'd,
Stole on our ſocial ſtudies unperceiv'd!

But not, my THORNTON! in that calm alone
Was thy mild genius, thy warm virtue known:
When manhood mark'd the hour for buſy ſtrife,
And led us to the crowded maze of life,
From whence to ſweet retirement's ſoothing ſhade,
Love and the Muſe thy willing friend convey'd;
Thy ſoul, more firm to join the ſtruggling crowd,
To nobler Themis toilſome homage vow'd,
With zeal, devoting to her ſacred throne
A heart as uncorrupted as her own.
Still as thy mind, with manly powers endued,
The opening path of active life purſued,

And round the ripening field of buſineſs rang'd,
Thy heart, unwarp'd, unharden'd, uneſtrang'd,
To early fiendſhip ſtill retain'd its truth,
With all the warm integrity of youth.

Whene'er affliction's force thy friend oppreſt,
Thou wer't the rock on which his cares might reſt;
From thy kind words his riſing hopes would own
The charm of reaſon in affection's tone.
Where is the ſoothing voice of equal power,
To take it's anguiſh from the preſent hour?
Beneath the preſſure of a grief ſo juſt,
The lenient aid of books in vain I truſt:
They, that could once the war of thought controul,
And baniſh diſcord from the jarring ſoul,
Now irritate the mind they uſed to heal,
They ſpeak too loudly of the loſs I feel.

Thou faithful cenſor of the Poet's ſtrain,
No more ſhalt thou his ſinking hope ſuſtain,
No more, with ardent zeal's enlivening fire,
Call from inglorious ſhades his ſilent lyre:
No more, as in our days of pleaſure paſt,
The eye of judgment o'er his labours caſt;
Keen to diſcern the blemiſhes, that lurk
In the looſe texture of his growing work;

Eager to praiſe, yet reſolute to blame,
Kind to his verſe, but kinder to his fame.

How may the Muſe, who proſper'd by thy care,
Now meet the public eye without deſpair?
Now, if harſh cenſures on her failings pour,
Her warmeſt advocate can ſpeak no more:
Cold are thoſe lips, which breath'd the kind defence,
If ſpleen's proud cavil ſtrain'd her tortur'd ſenſe;
Which bade her ſong to public praiſe aſpire,
And call'd attention to her trembling lyre.
Ah! could ſhe now, thus petrified with grief,
Find in ſome lighter lay a vain relief,
Still muſt ſhe deem ſuch verſe, if ſuch could be,
A wound to friendſhip, and a crime to thee;
Profanely utter'd at this ſacred time,
When thy pale corſe demands her plaintive rhime,
And Virtue, weeping whom ſhe could not ſave,
Calls the juſt mourner to thy recent grave.

Hail hallow'd vault! whoſe darkſome caverns hold
A frame, though mortal, of no common mould;
A heart ſcarce ſullied with a human flaw,
Which ſhun'd no duty, and tranſgreſs'd no law;
In joy ſtill guarded, in diſtreſs ſerene,
Thro' life a model of the golden mean,

Which

Which friendſhip only led him to tranſgreſs,
Whoſe purer ſpirit ſanctifies exceſs.

Pure mind! whoſe meekneſs, in thy mortal days,
Purſuing virtue, ſtill retir'd from praiſe;
Nor wiſh'd that friendſhip ſhould on marble give
That perfect image of thy worth to live,
Which 'twas thy aim alone to leave impreſt
On the cloſe tablet of her faithful breaſt.
If now her verſe againſt thy wiſh rebel,
And ſtrive to blazon, what ſhe lov'd ſo well,
Forgive the tender thought, the moral ſong,
Which would thy virtues to the world prolong;
That, reſcued from the grave's oblivious ſhade,
Their uſeful luſtre may be ſtill ſurvey'd,
Dear to the penſive eye of fond regret,
As light ſtill beaming from a ſun that's ſet.
Oft to our giddy Muſe thy voice has taught
The juſt ambition of poetic thought;
Bid her bold view to lateſt time extend,
And ſtrive to make futurity her friend.
If any verſe, her little art can frame,
May win the partial voice of diſtant fame,
Be it the verſe, whoſe fond ambition tries
To paint thy mind in truth's unfading dyes,

Tho' firm, yet tender, ardent, yet refin'd;
With Roman ſtrength and Attic grace combin'd.

What tho' undeck'd with titles, power, and wealth,
Great were thy generous deeds, and done by ſtealth;
For thy pure bounty from obſervance ſtole,
Nor wiſh'd applauſe, but from thy conſcious ſoul.
Tho' thy plain tomb no ſculptur'd form may ſhew,
No boaſtful witneſs of ſuſpected woe;
Yet heavenly ſhapes, that ſhun the glare of day,
To that dear ſpot ſhall nightly viſits pay:
Pale Science there ſhall o'er her votary ſtrew
Her flow'rs, yet moiſt with ſorrow's recent dew.
There Charity, Compaſſion's lovely child,
In ruſtic notes pathetically wild,
With grateful bleſſings bid thy name endure,
And mourn the patron of her village-poor.
E'en from the midnight ſhew with muſic gay,
The ſoul of Beauty to thy tomb ſhall ſtray,
In ſweet diſtraction ſteal from preſent mirth,
To ſigh unnotic'd o'er the hallow'd earth,
Which hides thoſe lips, that glow'd with tender fire,
And ſung her praiſes to no common lyre:
But Friendſhip, wrapt in ſorrow's deepeſt gloom,
Shall keep the longeſt vigils at thy tomb;

Her

Her wounded breaſt, diſdainful of relief,
There claims a fond præeminence in grief.

Short was thy life, but ah! its thread how fine!
How pure the texture of the finiſh'd line!
What tho' thy opening manhood could not gain
Thoſe late rewards, maturer toils attain;
Hope's firmeſt promiſes 'twas thine to raiſe,
That merit's brighteſt meed would grace thy lengthen'd days;
For thine were Judgment's patient powers, to draw
Entangled juſtice from the nets of law;
Thine firm Integrity, whoſe language clear
Ne'er ſwell'd with arrogance, or ſhook with fear.
Reaſon's mild power, unvex'd by mental ſtrife,
Sway'd the calm current of thy uſeful life;
Whoſe even courſe was in no ſeaſon loſt,
Nor rough with ſtorms, nor ſtagnated by froſt.
In ſcenes of public toil, or ſocial eaſe,
'Twas thine by firm ſincerity to pleaſe;
Sweet as the breath of ſpring thy converſe flow'd,
As ſummer's noon-tide warmth thy friendſhip glow'd.
O'er thy mild manners, by no art conſtrain'd,
A penſive, pleaſing melancholy reign'd,
Which won regard, and charm'd th' attentive eye,
Like the ſoft luſtre of an evening ſky:

Yet if perchance excited to defend
The injur'd merit of an abſent friend,
That gentle ſpirit, rous'd to virtuous ire,
Indignant flaſh'd reſentment's noble fire.

Tho' juſt obſervance in thy life may trace
A lovely model of each moral grace,
Thy laſt of days the nobleſt leſſon taught:
Severe inſtruction! and too dearly bought!
Whoſe force from memory never can depart,
But while it mends, muſt agonize the heart.
Tho' thy ſhrunk nerves were deſtin'd to ſuſtain
Th' increaſing horrors of ſlow-waſting pain;
Thoſe ſpirit-quenching pangs, whoſe baſe controul
Cloud the clear temper, and exhauſt the ſoul;
Yet in that hour, when Death aſſerts his claim,
And his ſtrong ſummons ſhakes the conſcious frame;
When weaker minds, by frantic fear o'erthrown,
Shrink in wild horror from the dread Unknown,
Thy firmer ſoul, with Chriſtian ſtrength renew'd,
Nor loſt in languor, nor by pain ſubdued,
(While thy cold graſp the hand of Friendſhip preſt,
And her vain aid in fault'ring accents bleſt)
With awe, but not as Superſtition's ſlave,
Survey'd the gathering ſhadows of the grave;

And

And to thy God, in death, devoutly paid
That calm obedience which thy life diſplay'd.

Thou friend! yet left me of the choicer few,
Whom grief's fond eyes with growing love review;
O thou! whom mutual ſorrow will incline
To mix thy ſympathetic ſighs with mine;
Still be it ours to pay, with juſt regret,
At Friendſhip's ſacred ſhrine our common debt!
Tho' doom'd (ſo Heaven ordains) to ſee no more
The gentle Being, whom we both deplore;
Painting ſhall ſtill, ſweet ſoothing art! ſupply
A form ſo precious in affection's eye.
Ah! little thought we, in that happier hour,
When our gay Muſe rehears'd the Pencil's power;
To mourn that form in cold obſtruction laid,
And ſee him only by the Pencil's aid!
Bleſt be that pencil, every art be bleſt,
That ſtamps his image deeper on our breaſt!

Oft let us loiter on his favourite hill,
Whoſe ſhades the ſadly-pleaſing thought inſtill;
Recount his kindneſs, as we fondly rove,
And meet his ſpirit in the lonely grove.
At evening's penſive hour, or opening day,
He yet ſhall ſeem the partner of our way.

Bleſt Spirit! ſtill thro' fancy's ear impart
The calm of virtue to the troubled heart!
Correct each ſordid view, each vain deſire,
And touch the mortal with celeſtial fire!
So may we ſtill, in this dark ſcene of earth,
Hold ſweet communion with thy living worth;
And while our purer thoughts thy merit ſcan,
Revere the Angel, as we lov'd the Man.

End of the Epiſtle to a Friend.

O D E,

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN HOWARD, Esq. F.R.S.

AUTHOR OF

"*The State of Engliſh and Foreign Priſons.*"

Πογεσιν ευσεβης ποιος. EURIPIDES.

O D E, &c.

FAV'RITE of Heaven, and friend of Earth!
Philanthropy, benignant Power!
Whoſe ſons diſplay no doubtful worth,
The pageant of the paſſing hour!
Teach me to paint, in deathleſs ſong,
Some darling from thy filial throng,
Whoſe deeds no party-rage inſpire,
But fill th' agreeing world with one deſire,
To echo his renown, reſponſive to my lyre!

Ah! whither lead'ſt thou? whence that ſigh?
What ſound of woe my boſom jars?
Why paſs, where Miſery's hollow eye
Glares wildly thro' thoſe gloomy bars?

Is Virtue ſunk in theſe abodes,
Where keen Remorſe the heart corrodes;
Where Guilt's baſe blood with frenzy boils,
And Blaſphemy the mournful ſcene embroils?—
From this infernal gloom my ſhudd'ring ſoul recoils.

But whence thoſe ſudden ſacred beams?
Oppreſſion drops his iron rod!
And all the bright'ning dungeon ſeems
To ſpeak the preſence of a God.
Philanthropy's deſcending ray
Diffuſes unexpected day!
Loveliеſt of angels!— at her ſide
Her favourite votary ſtands;— her Engliſh pride,
Thro' Horror's manſions led by this celeſtial guide.

Hail! generous HOWARD! tho' thou bear
A name which Glory's hand ſublime
Has blazon'd oft, with guardian care,
In characters that fear not Time;
For thee ſhe fondly ſpreads her wings,
For thee from Paradiſe ſhe brings,
More verdant than her laurel bough,
Such wreaths of ſacred Palm, as ne'er till now
The ſmiling Seraph twin'd around a mortal brow.

That Hero's * praiſe ſhall ever bloom,
Who ſhielded our inſulted coaſt;
And launch'd his light'ning to conſume
The proud Invader's routed hoſt.
Brave perils rais'd his noble name:
But thou deriv'ſt thy matchleſs fame
From ſcenes, where deadlier danger dwells;
Where fierce Contagion, with affright, repels
Valour's advent'rous ſtep from her malignant cells.

Where in the dungeon's loathſome ſhade,
The ſpeechleſs Captive clanks his chain,
With heartleſs hope to raiſe that aid
His feeble cries have call'd in vain:
Thine eye is dumb complaint explores;
Thy voice his parting breath reſtores;
Thy cares his ghaſtly viſage clear
From Death's chill dew, with many a clotted tear,
And to his thankful ſoul returning life endear.

What precious Drug, or ſtronger Charm,
Thy conſtant fortitude inſpires
In ſcenes, whence, muttering her alarm,
Med'cine †, with ſelfiſh dread, retires?

Nor

* CHARLES HOWARD, Earl of Nottingham.

† Muſſabat tacito Medicina timore. LUCRETIUS.

Nor Charm, nor Drug, diſpel thy fears:
Temperance, thy better guard, appears:
For thee I ſee her fondly fill
Her cryſtal cup from Nature's pureſt rill;
Chief nouriſher of life! beſt antidote of ill!

I ſee the hallow'd ſhade of HALES *,
Who felt, like thee, for human woe,
And taught the health-diffuſing gales
Thro' Horror's murky cells to blow,
As thy protecting angel wait,
To ſave thee from the ſnares of Fate,
Commiſſion'd

* STEPHEN HALES, miniſter of Teddington: he died at the age of 84, 1761; and has been juſtly called "An "ornament to his profeſſion, as a clergyman, and to his "country, as a philoſopher." I had the happineſs of knowing this excellent man, when I was very young; and well remember the warm glow of benevolence which uſed to animate his countenance, in relating the ſucceſs of his various projects for the benefit of mankind. I have frequently heard him dwell with great pleaſure on the fortunate incident which led him to the diſcovery of his Ventilator, to which I have alluded.—He had ordered a new floor for one of his rooms; his carpenter not having prepared the work ſo ſoon as he expected, he thought the ſeaſon improper for laying down new boards, when they were brought to his houſe, and gave orders for their being depoſited in his barn;—from their accidental poſition in that place, he caught his firſt idea of this uſeful invention.

Commiſſion'd from the Eternal Throne:
I hear him praiſe, in wonder's warmeſt tone,
The virtues of thy heart, more active than his own.

Thy ſoul ſupplies new funds of health
That fail not, in thy trying hour,
Above Arabia's ſpicy wealth
And Pharmacy's reviving power.
The tranſports of the generous mind,
Feeling its bounty to mankind,
Inſpirit every mortal part;
And, far more potent than precarious art,
Give radiance to the eye, and vigour to the heart.

Bleſt HOWARD! who like thee can feel
This vital ſpring in all its force?
New ſtar of philanthropic zeal;
Enlight'ning nations in thy courſe!
And ſhedding Comfort's heavenly dew
On meagre Want's deſerted crew!
Friend to the wretch, whom friends diſclaim,
Who feels ſtern Juſtice, in his famiſh'd frame,
A perſecuting fiend beneath an angel's name.

Authority! unfeeling power,
Whoſe iron heart can coldly doom
The Debtor, drag'd from Pleaſure's bower,
To ſicken in the dungeon's gloom!
O might thy terror-ſtriking call,
Profuſion's ſons alone inthrall!
But thou canſt Want with Guilt confound:
Thy bonds the man of virtuous toil ſurround,
Driven by malicious Fate within thy dreary bound.

How ſavage are thy ſtern decrees?
Thy cruel miniſter I ſee
A weak, laborious victim ſeize,
By worth entitled to be free!
Behold, in the afflicting ſtrife,
The faithful partner of his life,
In vain thy ruthleſs ſervant court,
To ſpare her little children's ſole ſupport
Whom this terrific form has frighten'd from their ſport.

Nor weeps ſhe only from the thought,
Thoſe infants muſt no longer ſhare
His aid, whoſe daily labour bought
The pittance of their ſcanty fare.
The horrors of the loathſome jail
Her inly-bleeding heart aſſail:

E'en

E'en now her fears, from fondleſs bred,
See the loſt partner of her faithful bed
Drop, in that murd'rous ſcene, his pale, expiring head.

Take comfort yet in theſe keen pains,
Fond mourner! check thy guiſhing tears!
The dungeon now no more contains
Thoſe perils which thy fancy fears:
No more Contagion's baleful breath
Speaks it the hideous cave of Death:
HOWARD has planted ſafety there;
Pure miniſter of light! his heavenly care
Has purg'd the damp of Death from that polluted air.

His Care, exulting BRITAIN found
Here firſt diſplay'd, not here confin'd!
No ſingle tract of earth could bound
The active virtues of his mind.
To all the lands, where'er the tear,
That mourn'd the Priſoner's wrongs ſevere,
Sad Pity's gliſt'ning cheek impearl'd,
Eager he ſteer'd, with every ſail unfurl'd,
A friend to every clime! a Patriot of the World!

Ye nations thro' whoſe fair domain
Our flying ſons of joy have paſt,
By Pleaſure driven with looſen'd rein,
Aſtoniſh'd that they flew ſo faſt!
How did the heart-improving ſight
Awake your wonder and delight,
When, in her unexampled chace,
Philanthropy outſtript keen Pleaſure's pace,
When with a warmer ſoul ſhe ran a nobler race!

Where'er her generous Briton went,
Princes his ſupplicants became:
He ſeem'd the enquiring angel, ſent
To ſcrutinize their ſecret ſhame*.
Captivity, where he appear'd,
Her languid head with tranſport rear'd;
And gazing on her godlike gueſt,
Like thoſe of old, whom Heaven's pure ſervant bleſt
E'en by his ſhadow ſeem'd of demons diſpoſſeſt.

* I am credibly informed that ſeveral Princes, or at leaſt perſons in authority, requeſted Mr. Howard not to publiſh a minute account of ſome priſons, which reflected diſgrace on their government.

Amaz'd

Amaz'd her foreign children cry,
Seeing their patron paſs along;
"O! who is he, whoſe daring eye
Can ſearch into our hidden wrong?
What monarch's Heaven-directed mind,
With royal bounty unconfin'd,
Has tempted Freedom's ſon to ſhare
Theſe perils; ſearching with an angel's care
Each cell of dire Diſeaſe, each cavern of Deſpair?"

No monarch's word, nor lucre's luſt,
Nor vain ambition's reſtleſs fire,
Nor ample power, that ſacred truſt!
His life-diffuſing toils inſpire:
Rous'd by no voice, ſave that whoſe cries
Internal bid the ſoul ariſe
From joys, that only ſeem to bleſs,
From low purſuits, which little minds poſſeſs,
To Nature's nobleſt aim, the Succour of Diſtreſs!

Taught by that God, in Mercy's robe,
Who his cœleſtial throne reſign'd,
To free the priſon of the globe
From vice, th' oppreſſor of the mind!

For thee, of miſery's rights bereft,
For thee, Captivity! he left
Fair Fortune's lap, who, far from coy,
Bade him with ſmiles his golden hours employ
In her delicious bower, the feſtive ſcene of joy!

While to thy virtue's utmoſt ſcope
I boldly ſtrive my aim to raiſe
As high as mortal hand may hope
To ſhoot the glittering * ſhaft of Praiſe!
Say! HOWARD, ſay! what may the Muſe,
Whoſe melting eye thy merit views,
What guerdon may her love deſign?
What may ſhe aſk for thee, from Power Divine,
Above the rich rewards which are already thine?

Sweet is the joy when Science flings
Her light on philoſophic thought;
When Genius, with keen ardour, ſprings
To claſp the lovely truth he fought:

* . . . . ανδρα δ' εγω κειτον
Αινησαι μενοινων, ελπομαι
Μη χαλκοπαραον ακονθ' ωσει τ' αγω-
νος βαλειν ἐξω παλαμα δονεων. PINDAR.

Sweet

Sweet is the joy, when Rapture's fire
Flows from the ſpirit of the lyre;
When Liberty and Virtue roll
Spring-tides of fancy o'er the poet's ſoul,
That waft his flying bark thro' ſeas above the pole.

Sweet the delight, when the gall'd heart
Feels Conſolation's lenient hand
Bind up the wound from Fortune's dart
With Friendſhip's life-ſupporting band!
And ſweeter ſtill, and far above
Theſe fainter joys, when pureſt Love
The ſoul his willing captive keeps!
When he in bliſs the melting ſpirit ſteeps,
Who drops delicious tears, and wonders that he weeps!

But not the brighteſt joy, which Arts,
In floods of mental light, beſtow;
Nor what firm Friendſhip's zeal imparts,
Bleſt antidote of bittereſt woe!
Nor thoſe that Love's ſweet hours diſpenſe,
Can equal the ecſtatic ſenſe,
When, ſwelling to a fond exceſs,
The grateful praiſes of reliev'd diſtreſs,
Re-echoed thro' the heart, the ſoul of Bounty bleſs.

Theſe tranſports, in no common ſtate,
Supremely pure, ſublimely ſtrong,
Above the reach of envious fate,
Bleſt HOWARD! theſe to thee belong:
While years encreaſing o'er thee roll,
Long may the ſunſhine of thy ſoul
New vigour to thy frame convey!
Its radiance thro' thy noon of life diſplay,
And with ſereneſt light adorn thy cloſing day!

And when the Power, who joys to ſave,
Proclaims the guilt of earth forgiven;
And calls the priſoners of the grave
To all the liberty of Heaven:
In that bright day, whoſe wonders blind
The eye of the aſtoniſh'd mind;
When life's glad angel ſhall reſume
His ancient ſway, announce to Death his doom,
And from exiſtence drive that tyrant of the tomb:

In that bleſt hour, when Seraphs ſing
The triumphs gain'd in human ſtrife;
And to their new aſſociates bring
The wreaths of everlaſting life:

May'ſt thou, in Glory's hallow'd blaze,
Approach the Eternal Fount of Praiſe,
With thoſe who lead the angelic van,
Thoſe pure adherence to their Saviour's plan,
Who liv'd but to relieve the Miſeries of Man!

FINIS.

AN ESSAY ON HISTORY.

EPISTLE

THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT

OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

Introduction.—Relation between History and Poetry.—Decline of the latter.—Subject of the present Poem slightly touched by the Ancients.—DIONYSIUS—LUCIAN.—*Importance and advantage of History—its origin—subsequent to that of Poetry—disguised in its infancy by Priestcraft and Superstition—brought from* EGYPT *into* GREECE.—*Scarcity of great Historians—Address to History, and Characters of many ancient Historians*—HERODOTUS—THUCYDIDES—XENOPHON—POLYBIUS—SALLUST—LIVY—TACITUS.—*Biography*—PLUTARCH.—*Baleful influence of despotic power*—AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS—ANNA COMNENA.

EPISTLE I.

HIGH in the world of Letters, and of Wit,
Enthron'd like JOVE, behold Opinion ſit!
As ſymbols of her ſway, on either hand
Th' unfailing urns of Praiſe and Cenſure ſtand;*
Their mingled ſtreams her motley ſervants ſhed
On each bold Author's ſelf-devoted head.

ON thee, O GIBBON! in whoſe ſplendid page
ROME ſhines majeſtic 'mid the woes of age,
Miſtaken Zeal, wrapt in a prieſtly pall,
Has from the baſer urn pour'd darkeſt gall:
Theſe ſtrains to Learning would a Bard efface
With tides of glory from the golden vaſe,
But that he feels this nobler taſk require
A ſpirit glowing with congenial fire—
A VIRGIL only may uncenſur'd aim
To ſing in equal verſe a LIVY's fame:

* Ver. 4. See NOTE I.

Yet while Polemics, in fierce league combin'd,
With ſavage diſcord vex thy feeling mind;
And with a pure Religion's juſt defence,
Blend groſs detraction and perverted ſenſe;
Thy wounded ear may haply not refuſe
The ſoothing accents of an humbler Muſe.

THE lovely Science, whoſe attractive air
Derives new charms from thy devoted care,
Is near ally'd to that bewitching Art,
Which reigns the idol of the Poet's heart.
Tho' ſiſter Goddeſſes, thy guardian maid
Shines in the robe of freſher youth array'd,
Like PALLAS recent from the brain of JOVE,
When Strength with Beauty in her features ſtrove;
While elder Poeſy, in every clime
The flower of earlieſt fall, has paſs'd her prime:
The bloom, which her autumnal cheeks ſupply,
Palls on the Public's philoſophic eye.
But tho' no more with Fancy's ſtrong controul
Her Epic wonders faſcinate the ſoul;
With humbler hopes, ſhe wiſhes ſtill to pleaſe
By moral elegance, and labour'd eaſe:
Like other Prudes, leaves Beauty's loſt pretence,
And ſtrives to charm by Sentiment and Senſe.
Yet deaf to Envy's voice, and Pride's alarms,
She loves the rival, who eclips'd her charms;

Safe

Safe in thy favour, she would fondly stray
Round the wide realm, which owns that Sister's sway,
Sing the just fav'rites of historic fame,
And mark their purest laws and noblest aim.

My eyes with joy this pathless field explore,
Cross'd by no ROMAN Bard, no GREEKS of yore.
Those mighty Lords of literary sway
Have pass'd this province with a slight survey:
E'en He, whose bold and comprehensive mind
Immortal rules to Poesy assign'd,
High Priest of Learning! has not fix'd apart
The laws and limits of historic Art:
Yet one excelling *GREEK in later days,
The happy teacher of harmonious phrase,
Whose patient fingers all the thread untwine,
Which in the mystic chain of Music join;
Strict DIONYSIUS, of severest Taste,
Hast justly some historic duties trac'd,
And some pure precepts into practice brought,
Th' Historian proving what the Critic taught.
And †LUCIAN! thou, of Humour's sons supreme!
Hast touch'd with liveliest art this tempting theme.
When in the ROMAN world, corrupt and vain,
Historic Fury madden'd every brain;
When each base GREEK indulg'd his frantic dream,
And rose a ‡XENOPHON in self-esteem;

Thy

* Ver. 55. See NOTE II.
† Ver. 63. See NOTE III.
‡ Ver. 68. See NOTE IV.

Thy Genius ſatyriz'd the ſcribbling ſlave,
And to the liberal pen juſt leſſons gave:
O ſkill'd to ſeaſon, in proportion fit,
Severer wiſdom with thy ſportive wit!
Breathe thy ſtrong power! thy ſprightly grace infuſe
In the bold efforts of no ſervile Muſe,
If ſhe tranſplant ſome lively flower, that throws
Immortal ſweetneſs o'er thy Attic Proſe!

In Egypt * once a dread tribunal ſtood;
Offſpring of Wiſdom! ſource of Public Good!
Before this Seat, by holy Juſtice rear'd,
The mighty Deed, in ſolemn pomp, appear'd;
For 'till its ſentence had their rights expos'd,
The hallow'd portals of the tomb were clos'd;
A ſculptur'd form of Truth the Judges wore,
A ſacred emblem of the charge they bore!
The claims of Virtue their pure voice expreſt,
And bade the opening grave receive its honor'd gueſt.
In ſuch a court, array'd in Judgment's robe,
With powers extenſive as the peopled Globe;
To her juſt bar impartial Hiſt'ry brings
The gorgeous group of Stateſmen, Heroes, Kings;
With all whoſe minds, out-ſhining ſplendid birth,
Attract the notice of th' enlighten'd earth.
From artful Pomp ſhe ſtrips the proud diſguiſe
That flaſh'd deluſion in admiring eyes;

T

* Ver. 77. See NOTE V.

To injur'd Worth gives Glory's wiſh'd reward,
And blazons Virtue in her bright record:
Nature's clear Mirror! Life's inſtructive Guide!
Her Wiſdom ſour'd by no preceptive Pride!
Age from her leſſon forms its wiſeſt aim,
And youthful Emulation ſprings to Fame.

YET thus adorn'd with nobleſt powers, deſign'd
To charm, correct, and elevate mankind,
From darkeſt Time her humble Birth ſhe drew,
And ſlowly into Strength and Beauty grew;
As mighty ſtreams, that roll with gather'd force,
Spring feebly forth from ſome ſequeſter'd ſource.

THE fond deſire to paſs the nameleſs crowd,
Swept from the earth in dark Oblivion's cloud;
Of tranſient life to leave ſome little trace,
And win remembrance from the riſing race,
Led early Chiefs to make their proweſs known
By the rude ſymbol on the artleſs ſtone:
And, long ere man the wondrous ſecret found
To paint the voice, and fix the fleeting ſound,
The infant Muſe, ambitious at her birth,*
Roſe the young herald of heroic worth.
The tuneful record of her oral praiſe,
The Sire's atchievements to the Son conveys:

Keen

* Ver. 115. See NOTE VI.

Keen Emulation, rapt in trance ſublime,
Drinks with retentive ear the potent rhyme;
And faithful Memory, from affection ſtrong,
Spreads the rich torrent of her martial ſong.
Letters at length ariſe; but envious Night
Conceals their bleſt Inventor from our ſight.
O'er the wide earth his ſpreading bounty flew,
And ſwift thoſe precious ſeeds of Science grew;
Thence quickly ſprang the Annal's artleſs frame,
Time its chief boaſt! and brevity its aim!
The Temple-wall preſerv'd a ſimple date,
And mark'd in plaineſt form the Monarch's fate.

But in the center of thoſe vaſt abodes,*
Whoſe mighty maſs the land of Egypt loads;
Where, in rude triumph over years unknown,
Gigantic Grandeur, from his ſpiry throne,
Seems to look down diſdainful, and deride
The poor, the pigmy toils of modern Pride;
In the cloſe covert of thoſe gloomy cells,
Where early Magic fram'd her venal ſpells,
Combining prieſts, from many an ancient tale,
Wove for their hallow'd uſe Religion's veil;
A wondrous texture! ſupple, rich, and broad,
To dazzle Folly, and to ſhelter Fraud!
This, as her ceſtus, Superſtition wore;
And ſaw th' enchanted world its powers adore:

For

* Ver. 131. See NOTE VII.

For in the myſtic web was every charm,
To lure the timid, and the bold diſarm;
To win from eaſy Faith a blind eſteem,
And lull Devotion in a laſting dream.
The Sorcereſs, to ſpread her empire, dreſt
Hiſtory's young form in this illuſive veſt,
Whoſe infant voice repeated, as ſhe taught,
The motley fables on her mantle wrought;
Till Attic Freedom brought the Foundling home
From the dark cells of her Egyptian dome;
Drew by degrees th' oppreſſive veil aſide,
And, ſhewing the fair Nymph in nature's pride,
Taught her to ſpeak, with all the fire of youth,
The words of Wiſdom in the tone of Truth;
To catch the paſſing ſhew of public life,
And paint immortal ſcenes of Grecian ſtrife.
Inchanting Athens! oft as Learning calls
Our fond attention to thy foſt'ring walls,
Still with freſh joy thy glories we explore,
With new idolatry thy charms adore.
Bred in thy boſom, the Hiſtorian caught
The warmeſt glow of elevated thought.
Yet while thy triumphs to his eye diſplay,
The nobleſt ſcene his pencil can pourtray;
While thy rich language, grac'd by every Muſe,
Supplies the brighteſt tints, his hand can uſe;
How few, O Athens! can thy genius raiſe
To the bright ſummit of hiſtoric praiſe!

But ſuch hard fortunes human hopes attend:
Tho' to each Science many myriads bend,
Each gives, and with a coy, reluctant hand,
Her badge of honour to a choſen band.

PURE, faultleſs writing, like tranſmuted gold,
Mortals may wiſh, but never ſhall behold:
Let Genius ſtill this glorious object own,
And ſeek Perfection's philoſophic ſtone!
For while the mind, in ſtudy's toilſome hours,
Tries on the long reſearch her latent powers,
New wonders riſe, to pay her patient thought,
Inferior only to the prize ſhe ſought.

BUT idle Pride no arduous labor ſees,
And deems th' Hiſtorian's toil a taſk of eaſe;
Yet, if ſurvey'd by Judgment's ſteady lamp,
How few are juſtly grac'd with Glory's ſtamp!
Tho' more theſe volumes, than the ruthleſs mind
Of the fierce OMAR to the flames conſign'd,*
When Learning ſaw the ſavage with a ſmile
Devote her offspring to the blazing pile!

O HISTORY! whoſe pregnant mines impart
Unfailing treaſures to poetic art;
The Epic gem, and thoſe of darker hues,
Whoſe trembling luſtre decks the tragic Muſe:

If

* Ver. 190. See NOTE VIII.

If juſtly conſcious of thy powers, I raiſe
A votive tablet to record thy praiſe,
That ancient temple to my view unfold,
Where thy firſt Sons, on Glory's liſt enroll'd,
To Fancy's eye, in living forms, appear,
And fill with Freedom's nots the raptur'd ear!—
The dome expands!—Behold th' Hiſtoric Sire! *
Ionic roſes mark his ſoft attire;
Bold in his air, but graceful in his mein
As the fair figure of his favour'd Queen, †
When her proud galley ſham'd the Perſian van,
And grateful XERXES own'd her more than man!

SOFT as the ſtream, whoſe dimpling waters play, ‡
And wind in lucid lapſe their pleaſurable way,
His rich, Homeric elocution flows,
For all the Muſes modulate his proſe:
Tho' blind Credulity his ſtep miſleads
Thro' the dark miſt of her Egyptian meads,
Yet when return'd, with patriot paſſions warm,
He paints the progreſs of the Perſian ſtorm,
In Truth's illumin'd field, his labours rear
A trophy worthy of the Spartan ſpear:
His eager country, in th' Olympic vale,
Throngs with proud joy to catch the martial tale.
Behold!

* Ver. 203. See NOTE IX.
† Ver. 206. See NOTE X.
‡ Ver. 209. See NOTE XI.

Behold! where Valour, reſting on his lance,
Drinks the ſweet ſound in rapture's ſilent trance,
Then, with a grateful ſhout of fond acclaim,
Hails the juſt herald of his country's fame!—
But mark the Youth, in dumb delight immers'd! *
See the proud tear of emulation burſt!
O faithful ſign of a ſuperior ſoul!
Thy prayer is heard:—'tis thine to reach the goal.
See! bleſt OLORUS! ſee the palm is won!
Sublimity and Wiſdom crown thy Son:
His the rich prize, that caught his early gaze,
Th' eternal treaſure of increaſing praiſe!
Pure from the ſtain of favour, or of hate,
His nervous line unfolds the deep Debate;
Explores the ſeeds of War; with matchleſs force
Draws Diſcord, ſpringing from ambition's ſource,
With all her Demagogues, who murder Peace,
In the fierce ſtruggles of contentious Greece.
Stript by ingratitude of juſt command—
Above reſentment to a thankleſs land,
Above all envy, rancour, pride, and ſpleen,
In exile patient, in diſgrace ſerene,
And proud to celebrate as Truth inſpires,
Each patriot Hero, that his ſoul admires—
The deep-ton'd trumpet of renown he blows,
In ſage retirement 'mid the Thracian ſnows.

But

* Ver. 225. See NOTE XII.

But to untimely ſilence Fate devotes
Thoſe lips, yet trembling with imperfect notes,
And baſe Oblivion threatens to devour
Ev'n this firſt offspring of hiſtoric power.
A generous guardian of a rival's fame,*
Mars the dark Fiend in this malignant aim:
Accompliſh'd XENOPHON! thy truth has ſhewn
A brother's glory ſacred as thy own:
O rich in all the blended gifts, that grace
Minerva's darling ſons of Attic race!
The Sage's olive, the Hiſtorian's palm,
The Victor's laurel, all thy name embalm!
Thy ſimple diction, free from glaring art,
With ſweet allurement ſteals upon the heart,
Pure, as the rill, that Nature's hand refines;
Clear, as thy harmony of ſoul, it ſhines.
Two paſſions there by ſoft contention pleaſe,
The love of martial Fame, and learned Eaſe:
Theſe friendly colours, exquiſitely join'd,
Form the inchanting picture of thy mind.
Thine was the praiſe, bright models to afford
To CÆSAR'S rival pen, and rival ſword:
Bleſt, had Ambition not deſtroy'd his claim
To the mild luſtre of thy purer fame!
Thou pride of Greece! in thee her triumphs end:
And Roman chiefs in borrow'd pomp aſcend.

Rome's

* Ver. 251. See NOTE XXI.

Rome's haughty genius, who enſlav'd the Greek,*
In Grecian language deigns at firſt to ſpeak:
By ſlow degrees her ruder tongue ſhe taught
To tell the wonders that her valour wrought;
And her hiſtoric hoſt, with envious eye,
View in their glittering van a Greek ally.
Thou Friend of SCIPIO! vers'd in War's alarms!†
Torn from thy wounded country's ſtruggling arms!
And doom'd in Latian boſoms to inſtil
Thy moral virtue, and thy martial ſkill!
Pleas'd, in reſearches of elaborate length,
To trace the fibres of the Roman ſtrength!
O highly perfect in each nobler part,
The Sage's wiſdom, and the Soldier's art!
This richer half of Grecian praiſe is thine:
But o'er thy ſtyle the ſlighted Graces pine,
And tir'd Attention toils thro' many a maze,
To reach the purport of thy doubtful phraſe:
Yet large are his rewards, whoſe toils engage
To clear the ſpirit of thy cloudy page;
Like Indian fruit, its rugged rind contains
Thoſe milky ſweets that pay the ſearcher's pains.

BUT Rome's proud Genius, with exulting claim,
Points to her rivals of the Grecian name!

Sen-

* Ver. 273. See NOTE XIV.
† Ver. 279. See NOTE XV.

Sententious SALLUST leads her lofty train;*
Clear, tho' conciſe, elaborately plain,
Poiſing his ſcale of words with frugal care,
Nor leaving one ſuperfluous atom there!
Yet well diſplaying, in a narrow ſpace,
Truth's native ſtrength, and Nature's eaſy grace;
Skill'd to detect, in tracting Action's courſe,
The hidden motive, and the human ſource.
His lucid brevity the palm has won,
By Rome's deciſion, from OLORUS' Son.

OF mightier ſpirit, of majeſtic fame,
With powers proportion'd to the Roman fame,
When Rome's fierce Eagle his broad wings unfurl'd,
And ſhadow'd with his plumes the ſubject world,
In bright pre-eminence, that Greece might own,
Sublimer LIVY claims th' Hiſtoric throne;†
With that rich Eloquence, whoſe golden light
Brings the full ſcene diſtinctly to the ſight;
That Zeal for Truth, which Intereſt cannot bend,
That Fire, which Freedom ever gives her friend.
Immortal artiſt of a work ſupreme!
Delighted Rome beheld, with proud eſteem,
Her own bright image, of Coloſſal ſize,
From thy long toils in pureſt marble riſe,

But

* Ver. 297. See NOTE XVI.
† Ver. 312. See NOTE XVII.

But envious Time, with a malignant ſtroke,
This ſacred ſtatue into fragments broke;
In Lethe's ſtream its nobler portion ſunk,
And left Futurity the wounded trunk.
Yet, like the matchleſs, mutilated frame,*
To which great ANGELO bequeath'd his name,
This glorious ruin, in whoſe ſtrength we find
The ſplendid vigour of the Sculptor's mind,
In the fond eye of Admiration ſtill
Rivals the finiſh'd forms of modern ſkill.

NEXT, but, O LIVY! as unlike to thee,
As the pent river to th' expanding ſea,
Sarcaſtic TACITUS, abrupt and dark,†
In moral anger forms the keen remark;
Searching the ſoul with microſcopic power,
To mark the latent worm that mars the flower.
His Roman voice, in baſe degenerate days,
Spoke to Imperial Pride in Freedom's praiſe;
And with indignant hate, ſeverely warm,
Shew'd to gigantic Guilt his ghaſtly form!
There are, whoſe cenſures to his Style aſſign
A ſubtle ſpirit, rigid and malign;
Which magnified each monſter that he drew,
And gave the darkeſt vice a deeper hue:

Yet

* Ver. 325. See NOTE XVIII.
† Ver. 333. See NOTE XIX.

Yet his ſtrong pencil ſhews the gentleſt heart,
In one ſweet ſketch of Biographic art,
Whoſe ſofteſt tints, by filial love combin'd,
Form the pure image of his Father's mind.

O BLEST Biography! thy charms of yore,
Hiſtoric Truth to ſtrong Affection bore,
And foſt'ring Virtue gave thee as thy dower,
Of both thy Parents the attractive power;
To win the heart, the wavering thought to fix,
And fond delight with wiſe inſtruction mix.
Firſt of thy votaries, peerleſs, and alone,
Thy PLUTARCH ſhines, by moral beauty known:*
Enchanting Sage! whoſe living leſſons teach,
What heights of Virtue human efforts reach.
Tho' oft thy Pen, eccentrically wild,
Ramble, in Learning's various maze beguil'd;
Tho' in thy Style no brilliant graces ſhine,
Nor the clear conduct of correct Deſign,
Thy every page is uniformly bright
With mild Philanthropy's diviner light.
Of gentleſt manners, as of mind elate,
Thy happy Genius had the glorious fate
To regulate, with Wiſdom's ſoft controul,
The ſtrong ambition of a TRAJAN's ſoul.
But O! how rare benignant Virtue ſprings,
In the blank boſom of deſpotic kings!

* Ver. 356. See NOTE XX.

THOU bane of liberal knowledge! Nature's curſe!
Parent of Miſery! pamper'd Vice's nurſe!
Plunging, by thy annihilating breath,
The ſoul of Genius in the trance of death!
Unbounded Power! beneath thy baleful ſway,
The voice of Hiſt'ry ſinks in dumb decay.

STILL in thy gloomy reign one martial Greek,
In Rome's corrupted language dares to ſpeak;
Mild MARCELLINUS! free from ſervile awe!*
A faithful painter of the woes he ſaw;
Forc'd by the meanneſs of his age to join
Adulterate Colours with his juſt Deſign!
The ſlighted Attic Muſe no more ſupplies
Her pencil, dipt in Nature's pureſt dies;
And Roman Emulation, at a ſtand,
Drops the blurr'd pallet from her palſy'd hand.

BUT while Monaſtic Night, with gathering ſhades,
The ruin'd realm of Hiſtory invades;
While, pent in CONSTANTINE's ill-fated walls,
The mangled form of Roman Grandeur falls;
And, like a Gladiator on the ſand,
Props his faint body with a dying hand;
While ſavage Turks, or the fierce Sons of Thor,
Wage on the Arts a wild Titanian war;

While

* Ver. 379. See NOTE XXI.

While manly Knowledge hides his radiant head,
As Jove in terror from the Titans fled;
See! in the lovely charms of female youth,
A ſecond Pallas guards the throne of Truth!
And, with COMNENA's royal name impreſt,*
The zone of Beauty binds her Attic veſt!
Fair ſtar of Wiſdom! whoſe unrival'd light
Breaks thro' the ſtormy cloud of thickeſt night;
Tho' in the purple of proud miſery nurſt,
From thoſe oppreſſive bands thy ſpirit burſt;
Pleas'd, in thy public labours, to forget
The keen domeſtic pangs of fond regret!
Pleas'd to preſerve, from Time's deſtructive rage,
A Father's virtues in thy faithful page!
Too pure of ſoul to violate, or hide
Th' Hiſtorian's duty in the Daughter's pride!
Tho' baſe Oblivion long with envious hand
Hid the fair volume which thy virtue plann'd,
It ſhines, redeem'd from Ruin's darkeſt hour,
A wond'rous monument of female power;
While conſcious Hiſt'ry, careful of thy fame,
Ranks in her Attic band thy filial name,
And ſees, on Glory's ſtage, thy graceful mien
Cloſe the long triumph of her ancient ſcene:

* Ver. 399. See NOTE XXII.

END OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

EPISTLE

THE SECOND.

****

Sunt et alii Scriptores boni: ſed nos genera deguſtamus, non bibliothecas excutimus. QUINTIL. Lib. x.

ARGUMENT

OF THE SECOND EPISTLE.

Defects of the Monkish Historians—our obligations to the best of them.—Contrast between two of the most fabulous, and two of the most rational.—Indulgence due to Writers of the dark Ages.—Slow progress of the human Mind.—Chivalry.—FROISSART.—*Revival of ancient Learning under* LEO X.—*Historians in Italy,* MACHIAVEL, GUICCIARDIN, DAVILA, *and Father* PAUL—*in Portugal,* OSORIUS—*in Spain,* MARIANA—*in France,* THUANUS.—*Praise of Toleration.*—VOLTAIRE.—*Address to England.*—CLARENDON—BURNET—RAPIN--HUME--LYTTLETON.—*Reasons for not attempting to describe any living Historian.*

EPISTLE II.

AS eager Foſſiliſts with ardour pore
On the flat margin of the pebbled ſhore,
Hoping ſome curious Shell, or Coral-root,
May pay the labours of their long purſuit;
And yield their hand the pleaſure to diſplay
Nature's neglected Gems in nice array:
So, GIBBON! toils the mind, whoſe labour wades
Thro' the dull Chronicle's monaſtic ſhades,
To pick from that drear coaſt, with learned care,
New ſhells of Knowledge, thinly ſcatter'd there;
Who patient hears, while cloiſter'd Dullneſs tells
The lying legend of her murky cells;
Or ſtrangely mingles, in her phraſe uncouth,
Diſguſting Lies with unimportant Truth:
How Biſhops give (each tort'ting Fiend o'ercome)
Life to the faint, and language to the dumb:
How fainted Kings renounce, with holy dread,*
The chaſte endearments of their marriage-bed:

How

* Ver. 17. See NOTE I.

How Nuns, entranc'd, to joys celeſtial mount,*
Made drunk with rapture from a ſacred fount:
How cunning Prieſts their dying Lord cajole,
And take his riches to enſure his ſoul:
While he endows them, in his pious will,
With thoſe dear gifts, the Meadow, and the Mill,†
They wiſely chronicle his Spirit's health,
And give him Virtue in return for Wealth.
So Hiſt'ry ſinks, by Hypocrites depreſt;
In the coarſe habit of the cloiſter dreſt;
While her weak Sons that noxious air imbibe,
Such are the tales of their monaſtic tribe!

But let not Pride, with blind contempt, arraign
Each early Writer in that humble train!
No! let the Muſe, a friend to every claim,
That marks the Candidates for honeſt fame,
Be juſt to patient Worth, ſeverely ſunk,
And paint the merits of the modeſt Monk!

Ye purer minds! who ſtopt, with native force,
Barbaric Ignorance's brutal courſe;
Who, in the field of Hiſt'ry, dark and waſte,
Your ſimple path with ſteady patience trac'd;
Bleſt be your labours! and your virtues bleſt!
'Tho' paid with inſult, and with ſcorn oppreſt,

Ye

* Ver. 19. See NOTE II.
† Ver. 24. See NOTE III.

Ye reſcu'd Learning's lamp from total night,
And ſav'd with anxious toil the trembling light,
In the wild ſtorm of that tempeſtuous time,
When Superſtition cheriſh'd every crime;
When meaner Prieſts pronounc'd with falt'ring tongue,
Nor knew to read the jargon which they ſung;
When Nobles, train'd like blood-hounds to deſtroy,
In ruthleſs rapine plac'd their ſavage joy;
And Monarchs wanted ev'n the ſkill to frame
The letters that compos'd their mighty name.
How ſtrong the mind, that, try'd by ills like theſe,
Could write untainted with the Time's diſeaſe!
That, free from Folly's lie, and Fraud's pretence,
Could riſe to ſimple Truth, and ſober Senſe!
Such minds exiſted in the darkeſt hour
Of blind Barbarity's debaſing power.

If mitred TURPIN told, in wildeſt ſtrain,*
Of giant-feats atchiev'd by CHARLEMAIN;
Of ſpears, that bloſſom'd like the flowery thorn,
Of ROLAND's magic ſword, and ivory horn,
Whoſe ſound was waſted by an angel's wing,
In notes of anguiſh, to his diſtant king;
Yet modeſt ÆGINHARD, with grateful care,†
In purer colours, and with Nature's air,
Has drawn diſtinctly, in his clear record,
A juſter portrait of this mighty Lord,

Whoſe

* Ver. 59. See NOTE IV.
† Ver. 65. See NOTE V.

Whoſe forceful lance, againſt the Pagan hurl'd,
Shone the bright terror of a barbarous world.
Nor on his maſter does he idly ſhower
The prieſtly gifts of ſupernat'ral Power:
This candid Scribe of Gratitude and Truth,
Correctly paints the Patron of his youth,
Th' imperial Savage, whoſe unletter'd mind
Was active, ſtrong, beneficent, and kind;
Who, tho' he lov'd the Learned to requite,
Knew not that ſimpleſt art, the art to write.

If Britiſh GEFFREY fill'd his motley page *
With MERLIN's ſpells, and UTHER's amorous rage;
With fables from the field of Magic glean'd,
Giant and Dragon, Incubus and Fiend;
Yet Life's great drama, and the Deeds of men,
Sage Monk of Malm'ſbury! engag'd thy pen. †
Nor vainly doſt thou plead, in modeſt phraſe,
Thy manly paſſion for ingenuous praiſe:
'Twas thine the labours of thy Sires to clear
From Fiction's harden'd ſpots, with toil ſevere;
To form, with eyes intent on public life,
Thy bolder ſketches of internal ſtrife;
And warmly celebrate, with love refin'd,
The rich endowments of thy GLO'STER's mind;

May

* Ver. 79. See NOTE VI.
† Ver. 84. See NOTE VII.

May this, thy Praiſe, the Monkiſh pen exempt
From the ungenerous blame of blind Contempt!

THO' Truth appear to make thy works her care,
The lurking Prodigy ſtill lingers there:
But let not cenſure on thy name be thrown,
For errors, ſpringing from thy age alone!
Shame on the Critic! who, with idle ſcorn,
Depreciates Authors, in dark periods born,
Becauſe they want, irregularly bright,
That equal Knowledge, and that ſteadier Light,
Which Learning, in its wide meridian blaze,
Has haply laviſh'd on his luckier days!

IN all its various paths, the human Mind
Feels the firſt efforts of its ſtrength confin'd;
And in the field, where Hiſt'ry's laurels grow,
Winds its long march ſuperlatively ſlow:
Like Fruit, whoſe taſte to ſweet luxuriance runs
By conſtant ſuccour from autumnal ſuns,
This lovely Science ripens by degrees,
And late is faſhion'd into graceful eaſe.

IN thoſe enlivening days, when Europe roſe
From the long preſſure of lethargic woes;
When the Provençal lyre, with roſes dreſt,
By ardent Love's extatic fingers preſt,
Wak'd into Life the Genius of the Weſt;

When

When Chivalry, her banners all unfurl'd,
Fill'd with heroic fire the ſplendid world;
In high-plum'd grandeur held her gorgeous reign,
And rank'd each brilliant Virtue in her train;
When ſhe imparted, by her magic glove,
To Honour ſtrength, and purity to Love;
New-moulded Nature on her nobleſt plan,
And gave freſh ſinews to the ſoul of man;
When the chief model of her forming hand,
Our ſable EDWARD, on the Gallic ſtrand,
Diſplay'd that ſpirit which her laws beſtow,
And ſhone the idol of his captive foe:
Unbleſt with Arts, th' unletter'd age could yield
No ſkilful hand, to paint from Glory's field
Scenes, that Humanity with pride muſt hear,
And Admiration honour with a tear.

YET Courteſy, with generous Valour join'd,
Fair Twins of Chivalry! rejoic'd to find
A faithful Chronicler in plain FROISSART;*
As rich in honeſty as void of art.
As the young Peaſant, led by ſpirits keen
To ſome great city's gay and gorgeous ſcene,
Returning, with increaſe of proud delight,
Dwells on the various ſplendor of the ſight;
And gives his tale, tho' told in terms uncouth,
The charm of Nature, and the force of Truth,

Tho'

* Ver. 136. See NOTE VIII.

Tho' rude engaging; ſuch thy ſimple page
Seems, O FROISSART! to this enlighten'd age.
Proud of their ſpirit, in thy writings ſhewn,
Fair Faith and Honour mark thee for their own;
Tho' oft the dupe of thoſe deluſive times,
Thy Genius, foſter'd with romantic rhymes,
Appears to play the legendary Bard,
And treſpaſs on the Truth it meant to guard.
Still ſhall thy Name, with laſting glory, ſtand
High on the liſt of that advent'rous band,
Who, bidding Hiſtory ſpeak a modern Tongue,
From her cramp hand the Monkiſh fetters flung,
While yet depreſs'd in Gothic night ſhe lay,
Nor ſaw th' approaching dawn of Attic day.

ON the bleſt banks of Tiber's honour'd ſtream
Shone the firſt glance of that reviving beam;
Enlighten'd Pontiffs, on the very ſpot
Where Science was proſcrib'd, and Senſe forgot;
Bade Learning ſtart from out her mould'ring tomb,
And taught new laurels on her brow to bloom;
Their Magic voice invok'd all Arts, and all
Sprung into Glory at the potent call.

As in Arabia's waſte, where Horror reigns,
Gigantic tyrant of the burning plains!
The glorious bounty of ſome Royal mind,
By Heaven inſpir'd, and friend to human kind,

Bids

Bids the rich Structure of refreſhment riſe,
To chear the Traveller's deſpairing eyes;
Who ſees with rapture the new fountains burſt,
And, as he ſlakes his ſoul-ſubduing thirſt,
Bleſſes the hand which all his pains beguil'd,
And rais'd an Eden in the dreary wild:
Such praiſes, LEO! to thy name are due,
From all, who Learning's cultur'd field review,
And to its Fountain, in thy liberal heart,
Trace the diffuſive Stream of modern Art.
'Twas not thy praiſe to animate alone
The ſpeaking Canvaſs, and the breathing Stone,
Or tides of Bounty round Parnaſſus roll,
To quicken Genius in the Poet's ſoul;
Thy Favour, like the Sun's prolific ray,
Brought the keen SCRIBE OF FLORENCE into Day;*
Whoſe ſubtle Wit diſcharg'd a dubious ſhaft,
Call'd both the Friend and Foe of Kingly Craft.
Tho', in his maze of Politics perplext,
Great Names have differ'd on that doubtful text;
Here crown'd with praiſe, as true to Virtue's ſide,
There view'd with horror, as th' Aſſaſſin's guide;
High in a purer ſphere, he ſhines afar,
And Hiſt'ry hails him as her Morning-ſtar.

NOR leſs, O LEO! was it thine to raiſe
The great Hiſtoric Chief of modern days, †

The

* Ver. 185. See NOTE IX.
† Ver. 195. See NOTE X.

The ſolemn GUICCIARDIN, whoſe pen ſevere,
Unſway'd by favour, nor reſtrain'd by fear,
Mark'd in his cloſe of life, with keen diſdain,
Each fatal blemiſh in thy motley reign;
Who, like OLORUS' Son, of ſpirit chaſte,
And form'd to martial toils, minutely trac'd
The woes he ſaw his bleeding country bear,
And wars, in which he claim'd no trivial ſhare.

WITH equal wreaths let DAVILA be crown'd,*
Alike in letters and in arms renown'd!
Who, from his country driv'n by dire miſchance,
Plung'd in the civil broils of bleeding France,
Maintaining ſtill, in Party's raging ſea,
His judgment ſteady, and his ſpirit free;
Save when the fierce religion of his Sires
Drown'd the ſoft zeal Humanity inſpires:
Who boldly wrote, with ſuch a faithful hand,
The tragic ſtory of that foreign land,
The hoary Gallic Chief, whoſe tranquil age
Liſten'd with joy to his recording page,
Tracing the ſcenes familiar to his youth,
Gave his ſtrong ſanction to th' Hiſtorian's truth.

OH Italy! tho' drench'd with civil blood,
Tho' drown'd in Bigotry's ſoul-quenching flood,

Hiſtoric

* Ver. 204. See NOTE XI.

Hiſtoric Genius, in thy troubles nurſt,
Ev'n from the darkneſs of the Convent burſt.
Venice may boaſt eternal Honour, won
By the bright labours of her dauntleſs Son,
Whoſe hand the curtains of the Conclave drew,
And gave each prieſtly art to public view.

SARPI, bleſt name! from every foible clear,*
Not more to Science than to virtue dear.
Thy pen, thy life, of equal praiſe ſecure!
Both wiſely bold, and both ſublimely pure!
That Freedom bids me on thy merits dwell,
Whoſe radiant form illum'd thy letter'd cell;
Who to thy hand the nobleſt taſk aſſign'd,
That earth can offer to a heavenly mind;
With Reaſon's arms to guard invaded laws,
And guide the pen of Truth in Freedom's cauſe.
Too firm of heart at Danger's cry to ſtoop,
Nor Lucre's ſlave, nor vain Ambition's dupe,
Thro' length of days invariably the ſame,
Thy Country's liberty thy conſtant aim!
For this thy ſpirit dar'd th' Aſſaſſin's knife,
That with repeated guilt purſu'd thy life;
For this thy fervent and unweary'd care
Form'd, ev'n in death, thy patriotic prayer,
And, while his ſhadows on thine eye-lids hung,
" Be it immortal!" trembled on thy tongue.

BUT

* Ver. 226. See NOTE XII.

But not reſtricted, by the partial Fates,
To the bright cluſter of Italian States,
The light of Learning, and of liberal Taſte,
Diffuſely ſhone o'er Europe's Gothic waſte.

On Tagus' ſhore, from whoſe admiring ſtrand
Great Gama ſail'd, when his advent'rous hand
The flag of glorious enterprize unfurl'd,
To purchaſe with his toils the Eaſtern world,
To clear Osorius, in his claſſic phraſe,*
Pourtray'd the Heroes of thoſe happier days,
When Luſitania, once a mighty name,
Outſtripp'd each rival in the chace of Fame:
Mild and majeſtic, her Hiſtorian's page
Shares in the glory of her brighteſt age.
Iberia's Genius bids juſt Fame allow
An equal wreath to Mariana's brow:†
Skill'd to illuminate the diſtant ſcene,
In diction graceful, and of ſpirit keen,
His labour, by his country's love endear'd,
The gloomy chaos of her Story clear'd.
He firſt aſpir'd its ſcatter'd parts to claſs,
And bring to juſter form the mighty maſs;
As the nice hand of Geographic art
Draws the vaſt globe on a contracted chart,
Where Truth uninjur'd ſees, with glad ſurprize,
Her ſhape ſtill perfect, tho' of ſmaller ſize.

* Ver. 254. See NOTE XIII.
† Ver. 261. See NOTE XIV.

Exalted Mind! who felt the People's right,
In climes, where ſouls are cruſh'd by Kingly might;
And dar'd, unaw'd before a tyrant's throne,
To make the ſanctity of Freedom known!

BUT ſhort, O Genius! is thy tranſient hour,
In the dark regions of deſpotic Power.
As the faint ſtruggle of the ſolar beam,
When vapours intercept the golden ſtream,
Pouring thro' parted clouds a glancing fire,
Plays, in ſhort triumph, on ſome glittering ſpire;
But while the eye admires the partial ray,
The pale and watery luſtre melts away:
Thus gleams of literary ſplendor play'd,
And thus on Spain's o'erclouded realm decay'd:
While happier France, with longer glory bright,
Caught richer flaſhes of the flying light.

THERE, with the dignity of virtuous Pride,
Thro' painful ſcenes of public ſervice try'd,
And keenly conſcious of his country's woes,
The liberal ſpirit of THUANUS roſe:*
O'er Earth's wide ſtage a curious eye he caſt,
And caught the living pageant as it paſt:
With patriot care moſt eager to advance
The rights of Nature, and the weal of France!
His language noble, as his temper clear
From Faction's rage, and Superſtition's fear!

In

* Ver. 291. See NOTE XV.

In Wealth laborious! amid Wrongs ſedate!
His Virtue lovely, as his Genius great!
Ting'd with ſome marks, that from his climate ſpring,
He priz'd his Country, but ador'd his King;
Yet with a zeal from ſlaviſh awe refin'd,
Shone the clear model of a Gallic mind.
Thou friend of Science! 'twas thy ſignal praiſe,
A juſt memorial of her Sons to raiſe;
To blazon firſt, on Hiſt'ry's brighter leaf,
The laurel'd Writer with the laurel'd Chief!

But O! pure Spirit! what a fate was thine!
How Truth and Reaſon at thy wrongs repine!
How blame thy King, tho' rob'd in Honour's ray,
Who left thy Fame to ſubtle Prieſts a prey,
And tamely ſaw their murky wiles o'erwhelm
Thy works, the light of his reviving realm!

Tho' Pontiffs execrate, and Kings betray,
Let not this fate your generous warmth allay,
Ye kindred Worthies! who ſtill dare to wield
Reaſon's keen ſword, and Toleration's ſhield,
In climes where Perſecution's iron mace
Is rais'd to maſſacre the human race!
The heart of Nature will your virtue feel,
And her immortal voice reward your zeal:
Firſt in her praiſe her fearleſs champions live,
Crown'd with the nobleſt palms that earth can give.

Firm in this band, who to her aid advance,
And high amid th' Hiſtoric ſons of France,
Delighted Nature ſaw, with partial care,
The lively vigour of the gay VOLTAIRE;
And fondly gave him, with ANACREON's fire,
To throw the hand of Age acroſs the lyre:
But mute that vary'd voice, which pleas'd ſo long!
Th' Hiſtorian's tale is clos'd, the Poet's ſong!
Within the narrow tomb behold him lie,
Who fill'd ſo large a ſpace in Learning's eye!
Thou Mind unweary'd! thy long toils are o'er;
Cenſure and Praiſe can touch thy ear no more:
Still let me breathe with juſt regret thy name,
Lament thy foibles, and thy powers proclaim!

ON the wide ſea of Letters 'twas thy boaſt
To croud each ſail, and touch at every coaſt:
From that rich deep how often haſt thou brought
The pure and precious pearls of ſplendid Thought!
How didſt thou triumph on that ſubject-tide,
Till Vanity's wild guſt, and ſtormy Pride,
Drove thy ſtrong bark, in evil hour, to ſplit
Upon the fatal rock of impious Wit!
But be thy failings cover'd by thy tomb!
And guardian laurels o'er thy aſhes bloom!

FROM the long annals of the world thy art,
With chemic proceſs, drew the richer part;

To Hiſt'ry gave a philoſophic air,
And made the intereſt of mankind her care;
Pleas'd her grave brow with garlands to adorn,
And from the roſe of Knowledge ſtrip the thorn.

THY lively Eloquence, in proſe, in verſe,
Still keenly bright, and elegantly terſe,
Flames with bold ſpirit; yet is idly raſh:
Thy promis'd light is oft a dazzling flaſh;
Thy Wiſdom verges to ſarcaſtic ſport,
Satire thy joy! and ridicule thy *fort!*
But the gay Genius of the Gallic ſoil,
Shrinking from ſolemn taſks of ſerious toil,
Thro' every ſcene his playful air maintains,
And in the light Memoir unrival'd reigns.
Thy Wits, O France! (as e'en thy Critics own)*
Support not Hiſtory's majeſtic tone;
They, like thy Soldiers, want, in feats of length,
The perſevering ſoul of Britiſh ſtrength.

HAIL to thee, Britain! hail! delightful land!
I ſpring with filial joy to reach thy ſtrand:
And thou, bleſt nouriſher of Souls, ſublime
As e'er immortaliz'd their native clime,
Rich in Poetic treaſures, yet excuſe
The trivial offering of an humble Muſe,
Who pants to add, with fears by love o'ercome,
Her mite of Glory to thy countleſs ſum!

With

* Ver. 364. See NOTE XVI.

With vary'd colours, of the richeſt die,
Fame's brilliant banners o'er thy Offspring fly:
In native Vigour bold, by Freedom led,
No path of Honour have they ſail'd to tread:
But while they wiſely plan, and bravely dare,
Their own atchievements are their lateſt care.
Tho' CAMDEN, rich in Learning's various ſtore,
Sought in Tradition's mine Truth's genuine ore,
The waſte of Hiſt'ry lay in lifeleſs ſhade,
Tho' RALEIGH's piercing eye that world ſurvey'd.
Tho' mightier Names there caſt a caſual glance,
They ſeem'd to ſaunter round the field by chance,
Till CLARENDON aroſe, and in the hour
When civil Diſcord wak'd each mental Power,
With brave deſire to reach the diſtant Goal,
Strain'd all the vigour of his manly ſoul.
Nor Truth, nor Freedom's injur'd Powers, allow
A wreath unſpotted to his haughty brow:
Friendſhip's firm ſpirit ſtill his fame exalts,
With ſweet atonement for his ſmaller faults.
His Pomp of Phraſe, his Period of a mile,
And all the maze of his bewilder'd Style,
Illum'd by Warmth of Heart, no more offend:
What cannot Taſte forgive, in FALKLAND'S friend?
Nor flow his praiſes from this ſingle ſource;
One province of his art diſplays his force:
His Portraits boaſt, with features ſtrongly like,
The ſoft preciſion of the clear VANDYKE:

Tho',

Tho', like the Painter, his faint talents yield,
And ſink embarraſs'd in the Epic field;
Yet ſhall his labours long adorn our Iſle,
Like the proud glories of ſome Gothic pile:
They, tho' conſtructed by a Bigot's hand,
Nor nicely finiſh'd, nor correctly plann'd,
With ſolemn Majeſty, and pious Gloom,
An awful influence o'er the mind aſſume;
And from the alien eyes of every Sect
Attract obſervance, and command reſpect.

In following years, when thy great name, NASSAU!
Stampt the bleſt deed of Liberty and Law;
When clear, and guiltleſs of Oppreſſion's rage,
There roſe in Britain an Auguſtan age,
And cluſter'd Wits, by Emulation bright,
Diffus'd o'er ANNA's reign their mental light;
That Conſtellation ſeem'd, tho' ſtrong its flame,
To want the ſplendor of Hiſtoric fame:
Yet BURNET's page may laſting glory hope,
Howe'er inſulted by the ſpleen of POPE.
Tho' his rough Language haſte and warmth denote,
With ardent Honeſty of Soul he wrote;
Tho' critic cenſures on his work may ſhower,
Like Faith, his Freedom has a ſaving power.

NOR ſhalt thou want, RAPIN! thy well-earn'd praiſe;
The ſage POLYBIUS thou of modern days!

Thy

Thy Sword, thy Pen, have both thy name endear'd;
This join'd our Arms, and that our Story clear'd:
Thy foreign hand diſcharg'd th' Hiſtorian's truſt,
Unſway'd by Party, and to Freedom juſt.
To letter'd Fame we own thy fair pretence,
From patient Labour, and from candid Senſe.
Yet Public Favour, ever hard to fix,
Flew from thy page, as heavy and prolix.
For ſoon, emerging from the Sophiſts' ſchool,
With Spirit eager, yet with Judgment cool,
With ſubtle ſkill to ſteal upon applauſe,
And give falſe vigour to the weaker cauſe;
To paint a ſpecious ſcene with niceſt art,
Retouch the whole, and varniſh every part;
Graceful in Style, in Argument acute;
Maſter of every trick in keen Diſpute!
With theſe ſtrong powers to form a winning tale,
And hide Deceit in Moderation's veil,
High on the pinnacle of Faſhion plac'd,
HUME ſhone the idol of Hiſtoric Taſte.
Already, pierc'd by Freedom's ſearching rays,
The waxen fabric of his fame decays.—
Think not, keen Spirit! that theſe hands preſume
To tear each leaf of laurel from thy tomb!
Theſe hands! which, if a heart of human frame
Could ſtoop to harbour that ungenerous aim,
Would ſhield thy Grave, and give, with guardian care,
Each type of Eloquence to flouriſh there!

But Public Love commands the painful taſk,
From the pretended Sage to ſtrip the maſk,
When his falſe tongue, averſe to Freedom's cauſe,
Profanes the ſpirit of her antient laws.
As Aſia's ſoothing opiate Drugs, by ſtealth,
Shake every ſlacken'd nerve, and ſap the health;
Thy Writings thus, with noxious charms refin'd,
Seeming to ſoothe its ills, unnerve the Mind.
While the keen cunning of thy hand pretends
To ſtrike alone at Party's abject ends,
Our hearts more free from Faction's Weeds we feel,
But they have loſt the Flower of Patriot Zeal.
Wild as thy feeble Metaphyſic page,
Thy Hiſt'ry rambles into Sceptic rage;
Whoſe giddy and fantaſtic dreams abuſe
A HAMPDEN'S Virtue, and a SHAKESPEARE'S Muſe.

WITH purer Spirit, free from Party ſtrife,
To ſoothe his evening hour of honour'd life,
See candid LYTTLETON at length unfold
The deeds of Liberty in days of old!
Fond of the theme, and narrative with age,
He winds the lengthen'd tale thro' many a page;
But there the beams of Patriot Virtue ſhine;
There Truth and Freedom ſanctify the line,
And laurels due to Civil Wiſdom, ſhield
This noble Neſtor of th' Hiſtoric field.

The living Names, who there diſplay their power,
And give its glory to the preſent hour,
I paſs with mute regard; in fear to fail,
Weighing their worth in a ſuſpected ſcale:
Thy right, Poſterity! I ſacred hold,
To fix a ſtamp on literary Gold;
Bleſt! if this lighter Ore, which I prepare
For thy ſupreme Aſſay, with anxious care,
Thy current ſanction unimpeach'd enjoy,
As only tinctur'd with a ſlight alloy!

END OF THE SECOND EPISTLE.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE

THE THIRD.

Ventum eſt ad partem operis deſtinati longe graviſſimam--- nunc quoque, licet major quam unquam moles premat, tamen proſpicienti finem mihi conſtitutum eſt vel deficere potius, quam deſperare---noſtra temeritas etiam mores ei conabitur dare, et aſſignabit officia.

QUINTIL. Lib. xii.

ARGUMENT

OF THE THIRD EPISTLE.

The ſources of the chief defects in Hiſtory—Vanity national and private—Flattery, and her various arts—Party-ſpirit, Superſtition, and falſe Philoſophy.—Character of the accompliſh'd Hiſtorian.—The Laws of Hiſtory—Style—Importance of the ſubject—Failure of KNOLLES *from a ſubject ill choſen—Danger of dwelling on the diſtant and minute parts of a ſubject really intereſting—Failure of* MILTON *in this particular.—The worſt defect of an Hiſtorian, a ſyſtem of tyranny—Inſtance in* BRADY.*—Want of a General Hiſtory of England: Wiſh for its accompliſhment.—Uſe and delight of other Hiſtories—of Rome.—Labour of the Hiſtorian—Cavils againſt him.—Concern for* GIBBON'S *irreligious ſpirit—The idle cenſure of his paſſion for Fame—Defence of that paſſion.—Concluſion.*

EPISTLE III.

SAY thou! whoſe eye has, like the Lynx's beam,
Pierc'd the deep windings of this mazy ſtream,
Say, from what ſource the various Poiſons glide,
That darken Hiſtory's diſcolour'd tide;
Whoſe purer waters to thy mind diſpenſe
The wealth of Virtue, and the fruits of Senſe!
Theſe Poiſons flow, collective and apart,
From Public Vanity, and Private Art.
At firſt Deluſion built her ſafe retreat
On the broad baſe of National Conceit:
Nations, like Men, in Flattery confide,
The ſlaves of Fancy, and the dupes of Pride.
Each petty region of the peopled earth,
Howe'er debas'd by intellectual dearth,
Still proudly boaſted of her claims to ſhare
The richeſt portion of celeſtial care:
For her ſhe ſaw the rival Gods engage,
And Heaven convuls'd with elemental rage.

To

To her the thunder's roar, the lightning's fire,
Confirm'd their favour, or denounc'd their ire.
To ſeize this foible, daring Hiſt'ry threw
Illuſive terrors o'er each ſcene ſhe drew;
Nor would her ſpirit, in the heat of youth,
Watch, with a Veſtal's care, the lamp of Truth;
But, wildly mounting in a Witch's form,
Her voice delighted to condenſe the ſtorm;
With ſhowers of blood th' aſtoniſh'd earth to drench,
The frame of Nature from its baſe to wrench;
In Horror's veil involve her plain events,
And ſhake th' affrighted world with dire portents.*
Still ſofter arts her ſubtle ſpirit try'd,
To win the eaſy faith of Public Pride:
She told what Powers, in times of early date,
Gave conſecration to the infant ſtate;
Mark'd the bleſt ſpot by ſacred Founders trod,
And all th' atchievements of the guardian God.
Thus while, like Fame, ſhe reſts upon the land,
Her figure grows; her magic limbs expand;
Her tow'ring head, towards Olympus toſt,
Pierces the ſky, and in that blaze is loſt.

YET bold Philoſophy at length deſtroy'd
The brilliant phantoms of th' Hiſtoric void;
Her ſcrutinizing eye, whoſe ſearch ſevere
Rivals the preſſure of Ithuriel's ſpear,

Lets

* Ver. 30. See NOTE I.

Lets neither dark nor ſplendid Fraud eſcape,
But turns each Marvel to its real ſhape.
The blazing meteors fall from Hiſt'ry's ſphere;
Her darling Demi-gods no more appear;
No more the Nations, with heroic joy,
Boaſt their deſcent from Heaven-deſcended Troy:
On FRANCIO now the Gallic page is mute,*
And Britiſh Story drops the name of BRUTE.
What other failings from this fountain flow'd,
Ill-meaſur'd fame on martial feats beſtow'd,
And heaps, enlarg'd to mountains of the ſlain,
The miracles of valour, ſtill remain.
But of all faults, that injur'd Truth may blame,
Thoſe proud miſtakes the firſt indulgence claim,
Where Public Zeal the ardent Pen betrays,
And Patriot Paſſions ſwell the partial praiſe.
Ev'n private Vanity may pardon find,
When built on worth, and with Inſtruction join'd:
In Britiſh Annaliſts more rarely found,
This venial foible ſprings on foreign ground;
'Tis theirs, who ſcribble near the Seine or Loire,
Thoſe lively Heroes of the light Memoir!

DEFECTS more hateful to ingenuous eyes,
In Adulation's ſervile arts ariſe:
Mean Child of Int'reſt! as her Parent baſe!
Her charms Deformity! her wealth Diſgrace!
Dimm'd

* Ver. 51. See NOTE II.

Dimm'd by her breath, the light of Learning fades;
Her breath the wiſeſt of mankind degrades,
And BACON's ſelf, for mental glory born,*
Meets, as her ſlave, our pity, or our ſcorn.
Unhappy Genius! in whoſe wond'rous mind
The ſordid Reptile and the Seraph join'd;
Now traverſing the world on Wiſdom's wings,
Now baſely crouching to the laſt of Kings:
Thy fault, which Freedom with regret ſurveys,
This uſeful Truth, in ſtrongeſt light, diſplays;
That not ſufficient are thoſe ſhining parts,
Which ſhed new radiance o'er concenter'd arts;
To reach with glory the Hiſtoric goal
Demands a firm, and independent ſoul,
An eagle-eye, that with undazzled gaze
Can look on Majeſty's meridian blaze.
But Adulation, in the worſt of times,
Throws her broad mantle o'er imperial crimes;
In Hiſt'ry's field, her abject toils delight
To ſhut the ſcenes of Nature from our ſight,
Each human Virtue in one maſs to fling,
And of that mountain make the ſtatue of a King.†
Yet oft their labours, ſlighted or abhorr'd,
Receive in preſent ſcorn their juſt reward;
Scorn from that Idol, at whoſe feet ſhe lays
The ſordid offering of her venal praiſe.

As

* Ver. 73. See NOTE III.
† Ver. 92. See NOTE IV.

As crown'd with Indian laurels, nobly won, *
His conqueſt ended, Philip's warlike Son
Sail'd down th' Hydaſpes in a voyage of ſport,
The chief Hiſtorian of his ſumptuous court
Read his deſcription of a ſingle fight,
Where Porus yielded to young Ammon's might;
And, like a Scribe in courtly arts adroit,
Moſt largely magnify'd his Lord's exploit:
Tho' ever on the ſtretch to Glory's goal,
Fame the firſt paſſion of his fiery ſoul!
Fierce from his ſeat the indignant Hero ſprung,
And o'er the veſſel's ſide the volume flung;
Then, as he ſaw the fawning Scribbler ſhrink,
" Thus ſhould the Author with his Writing ſink,
" Who ſtifles Truth in Flattery's diſguiſe,
" And buries honeſt Fame beneath a load of Lies."

But modern Princes, having leſs to loſe,
Rarely theſe inſults on their name accuſe:
In Dedications quietly inurn'd, †
They take more lying Praiſe than Ammon ſpurn'd;
And Learning's pliant Sons, to flattery prone,
Bend with ſuch blind obeiſance to the throne,
The baſeſt King that ever curſt the earth,
Finds many a witneſs to atteſt his worth:
Tho' dead, ſtill flatter'd by ſome abject ſlave,
He ſpreads contagious poiſon from his grave,

* Ver. 97. See NOTE V.
† Ver. 115. See NOTE VI.

While ſordid hopes th' Hiſtorian's hand entice
To varniſh ev'n the tomb of Royal Vice.

THO' Nature wept with deſolated Spain,
In tears of blood, the ſecond Philip's reign;
Tho' ſuch deep ſins deform'd his ſullen mind,
As merit execration from mankind:
A mighty empire by his crimes undone;
A people maſſacred; a murder'd ſon:
Tho' Heaven's diſpleaſure ſtopt his parting breath,
To bear long loathſome pangs of hideous death;
Flattery can ſtill the Ruffian's praiſe repeat,
And call this waſter of the earth diſcreet:
Still can HERRERA, mourning o'er his urn,*
His dying pangs to bliſsful rapture turn,
And paint the King, from earth by curſes driven,
A Saint, accepted by approving Heaven!

BUT arts of deeper guile, and baſer wrong,
To Adulation's ſubtle Scribes belong:
They oft, their preſent idols to exalt,
Profanely burſt the conſecrated vault;
Steal from the buried Chief bright Honour's plume,
Or ſtain with Slander's gall the Stateſman's tomb:
Stay, ſacrilegious ſlaves! with reverence tread
O'er the bleſt aſhes of the worthy dead!
See! where, uninjur'd by the charnel's damp,
The Veſtal, Virtue, with undying lamp,

Fond

* Ver. 135. See NOTE VII.

Fond of her toil, and jealous of her truſt,
Sits the keen Guardian of their ſacred duſt,
And thus indignant, from the depth of earth,
Checks your vile aim, and vindicates their worth;
" Hence ye! who buried excellence belied,
" To ſoothe the ſordid ſpleen of living Pride;
" Go! gild with Adulation's feeble ray
" Th' imperial pageant of your paſſing day!
" Nor hope to ſtain, on baſe Detraction's ſcroll,
" A TULLY's morals, or a SIDNEY's ſoul!"—*
Juſt nature will abhor, and Virtue ſcorn,
That Pen, tho' eloquence its page adorn,
Which, brib'd by Intereſt, or from vain pretence
To ſubtler Wit, and deep-diſcerning Senſe,
Would blot the praiſe on public toils beſtow'd,
And Patriot paſſions, as a jeſt, explode.

LESS abject failings ſpring from Party-rage,
The peſt moſt frequent in th' Hiſtoric page;
That common jaundice of the turbid brain,
Which leaves the heart unconſcious of a ſtain,
Yet ſuffers not the clouded mind to view
Or men, or actions, in their native hue:
For Party mingles, in her feveriſh dreams,
Credulity and Doubt's moſt wild extremes:
She gazes thro' a glaſs, whoſe different ends
Reduce her foes, and magnify her friends:

* Ver. 158. See NOTE VIII.

Deluſion ever on her ſpirit dwells;
And to the worſt exceſs its fury ſwells,
When Superſtition's raging paſſions roll
Their ſavage frenzy thro' the Bigot's ſoul.

Nor leſs the blemiſh, tho' of different kind,*
From falſe Philoſophy's conceits refin'd!
Her ſubtile influence, on Hiſtory ſhed,
Strikes the fine nerve of Admiration dead,
(That nerve deſpis'd by ſceptic ſons of earth,
Yet ſtill a vital ſpring of human worth.)
This artful juggler, with a ſkill ſo nice,
Shifts the light forms of Virtue and of Vice,
That, ere this wakens ſcorn, or that delight,
Behold! they both are vaniſh'd from the ſight;
And Nature's warm affections, thus deſtroy'd,
Leave in the puzzled mind a lifeleſs void.

Far other views the liberal Genius fire,
Whoſe toils to pure Hiſtoric praiſe aſpire;
Nor Moderation's dupe, nor Faction's brave,
Nor Guilt's apologiſt, nor Flattery's ſlave:
Wiſe, but not cunning; temperate, not cold;
Servant of Truth, and in that ſervice bold;
Free from all biaſs, ſave that juſt controul
By which mild Nature ſways the manly ſoul,
And Reaſon's philanthropic ſpirit draws
To Virtue's intereſt, and Freedom's cauſe;

Thoſe

* Ver. 179. See NOTE IX.

Thoſe great ennoblers of the human name,
Pure ſprings of Power, of Happineſs, and Fame!
To teach their influence, and ſpread their ſway,
The juſt Hiſtorian winds his toilſome way;
From ſilent darkneſs, creeping o'er the earth,
Redeems the ſinking trace of uſeful worth;
In Vice's boſom marks the latent thorn,
And brands that public peſt with public ſcorn.
A lively teacher in a moral ſchool!
In that great office ſteady, clear, and cool!
Pleas'd to promote the welfare of mankind,
And by informing meliorate the mind!
Such the bright taſk committed to his care!
Boundleſs its uſe; but its completion rare.

Critics have ſaid, "Tho' high th'Hiſtorian's charge,
His Law's as ſimple as his Province large;
Two obvious rules enſure his full ſucceſs—
To ſpeak no Falſehood; and no Truth ſuppreſs:*
Art muſt to other works a luſtre lend,
But Hiſtory pleaſes, howſoe'er it's penn'd."

It may in ruder periods; but in thoſe,
Where all the luxury of Learning flows,
To Truth's plain fare no palate will ſubmit,
Each reader grows an Epicure in Wit;
And Knowledge muſt his nicer taſte beguile
With all the poignant charms of Attic ſtyle.

The

* Ver. 218. See NOTE X.

The curious Scholar, in his judgment choice,
Expects no common Notes from Hiſtory's voice;
But all the tones, that all the paſſions ſuit,
From the bold Trumpet to the tender Lute:
Yet if thro' Muſic's ſcale her voice ſhould range,
Now high, now low, with many a pleaſing change,
Grace muſt thro' every variation glide,
In every movement Majeſty preſide:
With eaſe not careleſs, tho' correct not cold;
Soft without langour, without harſhneſs bold.

Tho' Affectation can all works debaſe,
In Language, as in Life, the bane of Grace!
Regarded ever with a ſcornful ſmile,
She moſt is cenſur'd in th' Hiſtoric ſtyle:
Yet her inſinuating power is ſuch,
Not ev'n the Greeks eſcap'd her baleful touch;
And hence th' unutter'd Speech, and long Harangue,
Too oft, like weights, on ancient Story hang.
Leſs fond of labour, modern Pens deviſe
Affected beauties of inferior ſize:
They in a narrower compaſs boldly ſtrike
The fancied Portrait, with no feature like;
And Nature's ſimple colouring vainly quit,
To boaſt the brilliant glare of fading Wit.
Thoſe works alone may that bleſt fate expect
To live thro' time, unconſcious of neglect,

That

That catch, in ſpringing from no ſordid ſource,
The eaſe of Nature, and of Truth the force.

But not ev'n Truth, with bright Expreſſion grac'd,
Nor all Deſcription's powers, in lucid order plac'd,
Not even theſe a fond regret engage,
Or bind attention to th' Hiſtoric page,
If diſtant tribes compoſe th' ill-choſen Theme,
Whoſe ſavage virtues wake no warm eſteem;
Where Faith and Valour ſpring from Honour's grave,
Only to form th' Aſſaſſin and the Slave.
From Turkiſh tyrants, ſtain'd with ſervile gore,
Enquiry turns; and Learning's ſighs deplore,
While o'er his name Neglect's cold ſhadow rolls,
A waſte of Genius in the toil of Knolles.*
There are, we own, whoſe magic power is ſuch,
Their hands embelliſh whatſoe'er they touch:
Their bright Moſaic ſo enchants our eyes,
By nice Arrangement, and contraſted Dies,
What mean materials in the texture lurk,
Serve but to raiſe the wonder of the work.
Yet from th' Hiſtorian (as ſuch power is rare)
The choice of Matter claims no trifling care.

'Tis not alone collected Wealth's diſplay,
Nor the proud fabric of extended Sway,
That mark (tho' both the eye of Wonder fill)
The happy Subject for Hiſtoric ſkill:

Wherever

* Ver. 266. See NOTE XI.

Wherever Nature, tho' in narrow ſpace,
Foſters, by Freedom's aid, a liberal race;
Sees Virtue ſave them from Oppreſſion's den,
And cries, with exultation, "Theſe are Men;"
Tho' in Bœotia or Batavia born,
Their deeds the Story of the World adorn.

THE Subject fix'd, with force and beauty fraught,
Juſt Diſpoſition claims yet deeper thought;
To caſt enlivening Order's lucid grace
O'er all the crouded fields of Time and Space;
To ſhew each wheel of Power in all its force,
And trace the ſtreams of Action from their ſource;
To catch with ſpirit and preciſion join'd,
The varying features of the human Mind;
The Grace, the Strength, that Nature's children draw
From Arts, from Science, Policy, and Law;
Opinion's faſhion, Wiſdom's firmer plan,
And all that marks the character of Man.
Of all the parts, that Hiſtory's volume fill,
The juſt Digreſſion claims the niceſt ſkill;
As the ſwift Hero, in the Olympic race,
Ran with leſs toil along the open ſpace;
But round the Goal to form the narrow curve,
Call'd forth his utmoſt ſtrength from every nerve.

THE Subject's various powers let Study tell!
And teach th' Hiſtorian on what points to dwell!

How

How in due ſhades to ſink each meaner part,
And pour on nobler forms the radiance of his art!
Tho' Patriot Love the curious ſpirit fires
With thirſt to hear th' atchievements of his Sires;
And Britiſh ſtory wins the Britiſh mind
With all the charms that fond attention bind;
Its early periods, barbarous and remote,
Pleaſe not, tho' drawn by pens of nobleſt note:
O'er thoſe rude ſcenes Confuſion's ſhadows dwell,
Beyond the Power of Genius to diſpel;
Miſts! which ev'n MILTON's ſplendid mind enſhroud;
Loſt in the darkneſs of the Saxon cloud!

NEGLECT alone repays their ſlight offence,
Whoſe wand'ring wearies our bewilder'd ſenſe:
But juſt Abhorrence brands his guilty name,
Who dares to vilify his Country's fame;
With Slander's rage the pen of Hiſtory graſp,
And pour from thence the poiſon of the Aſp;
The murd'rous falſehood, ſtifling Honour's breath!
The ſlaviſh tenet, Public Virtue's death!
With all that undermines a Nation's health,
And robs the People of their richeſt wealth!
Ye tools of Tyranny! whoſe ſervile guile
Would thus pollute the records of our iſle,
Behold your Leader curſt with public hate,
And read your juſt reward in BRADY's fate! *

O SACRED

* Ver. 330. See NOTE XII.

O SACRED Liberty! ſhall Faction's train
Pervert the reverend archives of thy reign?
Shall ſlaves traduce the blood thy votaries ſpilt,
Blaſpheming Glory with the name of Guilt?
And ſhall no Son of thine their wiles o'erwhelm,
And clear the ſtory of thy injur'd realm?
To this bright taſk ſome Britiſh ſpirit raiſe,
With powers ſurpaſſing ev'n a LIVY's praiſe!
Thro' this long wilderneſs his march inſpire,
And make thy temperate flame his leading fire!
Teach his keen eye, and comprehenſive ſoul,
To pierce each darker part, and graſp the whole!
Let Truth's undoubted ſignet ſeal his page,
And Glory guard the work from age to age!
That Britiſh minds from this pure ſource may draw
Senſe of thy Rights, and paſſion for thy Law,
Wiſdom to prize, and Honour, that inſpires
To reach that virtue which adorn'd our Sires!

BUT not alone our native land attracts;
Far different Nations boaſt their ſplendid facts:
In ancient Story the rich fruits unite
Of civil Wiſdom and ſublime Delight:
At Rome's proud name Attention's ſpirits riſe,
Rome, the firſt idol of our infant eyes!
Uſe and Importance mark the vaſt deſign,
Clearly to trace her periods of Decline.

Yet

Yet here, O GIBBON! what long toils enſue?
How winds the labyrinth? how fails the clue?
Tho' rude materials Time's deep trenches fill,
A radiant ſtructure riſes from thy ſkill;
Whoſe ſplendor, ſpringing from a dreary waſte,
Enchants the wondering eye of Public Taſte.
Thus to the ancient traveller, whoſe way
Acroſs the hideous ſands of Syria lay,
The Deſart blaz'd with ſudden glory bright;
And rich Palmyra ruſh'd upon his ſight.

BUT O! what foes beſet each honour'd Name,
Advancing in the path of letter'd fame!
To ſtop thy progreſs, and inſult thy pen,
The fierce Polemic iſſues from his den.

THINK not my Verſe means blindly to engage
In raſh defence of thy profaner page!
Tho' keen her ſpirit, her attachment fond,
Baſe ſervice cannot ſuit with Friendſhip's bond;
Too firm from Duty's ſacred path to turn,
She breathes an honeſt ſigh of deep concern,
And pities Genius, when his wild career
Gives Faith a wound, or Innocence a fear.
Humility herſelf, divinely mild,
Sublime Religion's meek and modeſt child,
Like the dumb Son of CROESUS, in the ſtrife,*
Where Force aſſail'd his Father's ſacred life,

Breaks

* Ver. 381. See NOTE XIII.

Breaks ſilence, and with filial duty warm,
Bids thee revere her Parent's hallow'd form!

FAR other ſounds the ear of Learning ſtun,
From proud Theology's contentious Son;
Rage in his voice! and Rancour in his ſtyle!
Leſs eager to correct, than to revile,*
His idle ſcoffs with coarſe reproof deride
Thy generous thirſt of Praiſe, and liberal Pride;
Becauſe thy ſpirit dares that wiſh avow,
Which Reaſon owns, and Wiſdom muſt allow!
The noble Inſtinct, Love of laſting Fame,†
Was wiſely planted in the human frame:
From hence the brighteſt rays of Hiſtory flow;
To this their Vigour and their Uſe they owe.
Nor ſcorns fair Virtue this untainted ſource,
From hence ſhe often draws her lovely force:
For Heaven this paſſion with our life combin'd,
Which, like a central power, impels the languid mind.
When, clear from Envy's cloud, that general peſt!
It burns moſt brightly in the Author's breaſt,
Its ſoothing hopes his various pains beguile,
And give to Learning's face her ſoothing ſmile:
What joy, to think his Genius may create
Exiſtence far beyond the common date!

His

* Ver. 387. See NOTE XIV.
† Ver. 393. See NOTE XV.

His Wealth of Mind to lateſt ages give,
And in Futurity's affection live!
From unborn Beauty, ſtill to Fancy dear,
Draw with ſoft magic the delightful tear;
Or thro' the boſom of far diſtant Youth,
Spread the warm glow of Liberty and Truth!

O GIBBON! by thy frank ambition taught,
Let me like thee maintain th' enlivening thought,
That, from Oblivion's killing cloud ſecure,
My Hope may proſper, and my Verſe endure:
While thy bright Name, on Hiſtory's car ſublime,
Rolls in juſt triumph o'er the field of Time,
May I, unfaltering, thy long march attend,
No flattering Slave! but an applauding Friend!
Diſplay th' imperfect ſketch I fondly drew,
Of that wide province, where thy laurels grew;
And, honour'd with a wreath of humble bays,
Join the loud Pæan of thy laſting praiſe!

NOTES

N O T E S.

Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti.

NOTES

TO THE

FIRST EPISTLE.

NOTE I. Verse 4.

Th' unfailing urns of Praiſe and Cenſure ſtand.]

Δοιοὶ γαρ τε πίθοι κατακεῖνται ἐν Διὸς ἤδει
Δώρων, οἷα δίδωσι, κακῶν. ἕτερος δὲ ἑάων.

Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever ſtood,
The ſource of evil one, and one of good.

Pope's Iliad xxiv. v. 663.

NOTE II. Verse 55.

Yet one excelling Greek, &c.] Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, the celebrated hiſtorian and critic of the Auguſtan age, who ſettled in Italy, as he himſelf informs us, on the cloſe of the civil war. He has addreſſed a little treatiſe, containing a critique on the elder hiſtorians, to his friend Cnæus Pompeius, whom the French critics ſuppoſe to be Pompey the Great; but Reiſke, the laſt editor of Dionyſius, has ſunk him into a petty Greek grammarian, the client or freedman of the illuſtrious Roman.

In this treatiſe of Dionyſius, and in one ſtill longer, on the character of Thucydides, there are ſome excellent hiſtorical precepts, which Mr. Spelman has judiciouſly thrown together in the preface to his admirable tranſlation of the Roman Antiquities.——He introduces them by the following

obſervation, which may ſerve perhaps to recommend the ſubject of the preſent poem. " So much has been ſaid, both by the antients and the moderns, in praiſe of the advantages reſulting from the ſtudy of Hiſtory, particularly by Diodorus Siculus among the former, in the noble preface to his Hiſtorical Collections; and by the late Lord Bolingbroke, among the moderns, in his admirable letter on that ſubject; that I am aſtoniſhed no treatiſe has ever yet appeared in any age, or any language, profeſſedly written to preſcribe rules for writing Hiſtory, a work allowed to be of the greateſt advantage of all others to mankind, the repoſitory of truth, fraught with leſſons both of public and private virtue, and enforced by ſtronger motives than precepts—by examples. Rules for Poetry and Rhetoric have been written by many authors, both antient and modern, as if delight and eloquence were of greater conſequence than inſtruction: however, Rhetoric was a part of Hiſtory, as treated by the antients; not the principal part indeed, but ſubſervient to the principal; and calculated to apply the facts exhibited by the narration. I know it may be ſaid, that many antient Hiſtories are ſtill preſerved, and that theſe models are ſufficient guides for modern Hiſtorians, without particular rules: ſo had the Greeks Poets of all denominations in their hands, and yet Ariſtotle thought it neceſſary to preſcribe particular rules to his countrymen applying thoſe examples to every branch of poetry: I wiſh he had done the ſame in Hiſtory; if he had, it is very probable that his precepts would have rendered the beſt of our modern Hiſtories more perfect, and the worſt, leſs abominable.—Since the reſurrection of letters, the want of ſuch a guide has been complained of by many authors, and particularly by Rapin, in the preface to his Hiſtory of England."——Spelman, page 15. But this ingenious and learned writer ſpeaks a little too ſtrongly, in ſaying no treatiſe has ever appeared in any age or language, containing rules for Hiſtory. There is one in Latin by the celebrated Voſſius, entitled Ars Hiſtorica; another by Hubertus Folieta, an elegant Latin writer, of the 16th century, on whom Thuanus beſtows the higheſt commendation; and Maſcardi, an Italian critic, patronized by Cardinal Mazarine, has written alſo dell Arte Hiſtorica. The curious reader may find a ſingular anecdote relating to the publication of this work in Bayle, under the article Maſcardi. But to return to Dionyſius, in comparing Herodotus and Thucydides,

tylides, he cenſures the latter with a degree of ſeverity unwarranted by truth and reaſon: indeed this ſeverity appeared ſo ſtriking to the learned Fabricius, that he ſeemed to conſider it as a kind of proof, that the critical works of Dionyſius were compoſed in the haſty fervor of youth. They are however in general, to uſe the words of the ſame ingenious author, eximia & lectu digna; and a valuable critic of our own country, who reſembles Dionyſius in elegance of compoſition, and perhaps in ſeverity of judgment, has ſpoken yet more warmly in their favour.——See Warton's Eſſay on Pope, 3d edition, page 175.

NOTE III. VERSE 63.

And Lucian! thou, of Humour's ſons ſupreme!] The little treatiſe of Lucian "How Hiſtory ſhould be written," may be conſidered as one of the moſt valuable productions of that lively author; it is not only written with great vivacity and wit, but is entitled to the ſuperior praiſe of breathing moſt exalted ſentiments of liberty and virtue. There is a peculiar kind of ſublimity in his deſcription of an accompliſhed Hiſtorian.

Τοιυτος ουν μοι ο συγγραφευς εστω, ωφοβος, αδεκαστος, ελευθερος, παρρησιας και αληθειας φιλος, ως ο Κωμικος φησι, τα συκα, την σκαφην δε σκαφην ονομαζων, υ μισει, υδε φιλια νεμων, υδε φειδομενος, η ελεων, η αισχυνομενος, η δυσωπυμενος· ισος δικαστης, ευνυς απασιν, αχρι του μη θατερω τι απονειμαι πλειον τυ δεοντος· ξενος εν τοις βιβλιοις, και απολις, αυτονομος, αβασιλευτος, ου τι τωδε, η τωδε δοξει λογιζομενος, αλλα τι πεπρακται λεγων.

It is a piece of juſtice due to our own country to remark, that in the 3d volume of the World, there is a ludicrous eſſay on Hiſtory by Mr. Cambridge, which is written with all the ſpirit and all the humour of Lucian.

NOTE IV. VERSE 68.

And roſe a Xenophon in ſelf-eſteem.] Ουδεις ος τις υχ ιστοριαν συγγραφει· μαλλον δε Θυκυδιδαι, και Ηροδοτοι, και Ξενοφωντες ημιν απαντες. LUCIAN edit. Riollay, p. 6.

NOTE V. VERSE 77.

In Egypt once a dread tribunal ſtood.] This ſingular inſtitution, which is alluded to by many of our late authors, is related at large in the Firſt Book of Diodorus Siculus; and as the paſſage is curious, the following free tranſlation of it may afford entertainment to the Engliſh reader—"Thoſe who prepare to bury a relation, give notice of the day intended for the ceremony to the judges, and to all the friends of the deceaſed; informing them, that the body will paſs over the lake of that diſtrict to which the dead belonged: when, on the judges being aſſembled, to the number of more than forty, and ranging themſelves in a ſemicircle on the farther ſide of the lake, the veſſel is ſet afloat, which thoſe who ſuperintend the funeral have prepared for this purpoſe. This veſſel is managed by a pilot, called in the Egyptian language Charon; and hence they ſay, that Orpheus, travelling in old times into Egypt, and ſeeing this ceremony, formed his fable of the infernal regions, partly from what he ſaw, and partly from invention. The veſſel being launched on the lake, before the coffin which contains the body is put on board, the law permits all, who are ſo inclined, to produce an accuſation againſt it.——If any one ſteps forth, and proves that the deceaſed has led an evil life, the judges pronounce ſentence, and the body is precluded from burial; but if the accuſer is convicted of injuſtice in his charge, he falls himſelf under a conſiderable penalty. When no accuſer appears, or when the accuſer is proved to be an unfair one, the relations, who are aſſembled, change their expreſſions of ſorrow into encomiums on the dead: yet do not, like the Greeks, ſpeak in honour of his family, becauſe they conſider all Egyptians as equally well-born; but they ſet forth the education and manners of his youth, his piety and juſtice in maturer life, his moderation and every virtue by which he was diſtinguiſhed; and they ſupplicate the infernal Deities to receive him as an aſſociate among the bleſt. The multitude join their acclamations of applauſe in this celebration of the dead, whom they conſider as going to paſs an eternity among the juſt below *."—Such is the deſcription which Diodorus gives of this funeral judicature, to which even the kings of Egypt were ſubject. The ſame author aſſerts, that many ſovereigns had

* Diodor. Siculi Lib. i. Τὸν δὲ μέλλοντος θάπτεσθαι, &c.

had been thus judicially deprived of the honours of burial by the indignation of their people: and that the terrors of ſuch a fate had the moſt ſalutary influence on the virtue of their kings.

The Abbé Terraſſon has drawn a ſublime picture of this ſepulchral proceſs, and indeed of many Egyptian Myſteries, in his very learned and ingenious romance, The Life of Sethos.

NOTE VI. VERSE 115.

The infant Muſe, ambitious at her birth,
Roſe the young herald of heroic worth.] "Not only the Greek writers give a concurrent teſtimony concerning the priority of hiſtorical Verſe or Proſe; but the records of all nations unite in confirming it. The oldeſt compoſitions among the Arabs are in Rythm or rude Verſe; and are often cited as proofs of the truth of their ſubſequent Hiſtory. The accounts we have of the Peruvian ſtory confirm the ſame fact; for Garcilaſſo tells us, that he compiled a part of his Commentaries from the antient ſongs of the country—Nay, all the American tribes, who have any compoſitions, are found to eſtabliſh the ſame truth—Northern Europe contributes its ſhare of teſtimony: for there too we find the Scythian or Runic ſongs (many of them hiſtorical) to be the oldeſt compoſitions among theſe barbarous nations."

BROWNE's Diſſertation on Poetry, &c. Page 50.

NOTE VII. VERSE 131.

But in the center of thoſe vaſt abodes,
Whoſe mighty maſs the land of Egypt loads.] This account of the Pyramids I have adopted from the very learned Mr. Bryant, part of whoſe ingenious obſervation upon them I ſhall here preſent to the reader.—

One great purpoſe in all eminent and expenſive ſtructures is to pleaſe the ſtranger and traveller, and to win their admiration. This is effected ſometimes by a mixture of magnificence and beauty: at other times ſolely by immenſity and grandeur. The latter ſeems to have been the objects in the erecting of thoſe celebrated buildings in Egypt: and they certainly have anſwered the deſign. For not only the vaſtneſs of

of their ſtructure, and the area which they occupy, but the ages they have endured, and the very uncertainty of their hiſtory, which run ſo far back into the depths of antiquity, produce altogether a wonderful veneration; to which buildings more exquiſite and embelliſhed are ſeldom entitled. Many have ſuppoſed, that they were deſigned for places of ſepulture: and it has been affirmed by Herodotus, and other antient writers. But they ſpoke by gueſs: and I have ſhewn by many inſtances, how uſual it was for the Grecians to miſtake temples for tombs. If the chief Pyramid were deſigned for a place of burial, what occaſion was there for a well, and for paſſages of communication which led to other buildings? Near the Pyramids are apartments of a wonderful fabric, which extended in length one thouſand four hundred feet, and about thirty in depth. They have been cut out of the hard rock, and brought to a perpendicular by the artiſt's chiſſel; and through dint of labour faſhioned as they now appear. They were undoubtedly deſigned for the reception of prieſts; and conſequently were not appendages to a tomb, but to a temple of the Deity. . . . . The prieſts of Egypt delighted in obſcurity; and they probably came by the ſubterraneous paſſages of the building to the dark chambers within; where they performed their luſtrations, and other nocturnal rites. Many of the ancient temples in this country were caverns in the rock, enlarged by art, and cut out into numberleſs dreary apartments: for no nation upon earth was ſo addicted to gloom and melancholy as the Egyptains.

BRYANT'S Analyſis, Vol. III. Page 529.

NOTE VIII. VERSE 190.

Of the fierce Omar, &c.] The number of volumes deſtroyed in the plunder of Alexandria is ſaid to have been ſo great, that although they were diſtributed to heat four thouſand baths in that city, it was ſix months before they were conſumed. When a petition was ſent to the Chalip'h Omar for the preſervation of this magnificent library, he replied, in the true ſpirit of bigotry, "What is contained in theſe books you mention, is either agreeable to what is written in the book of God (meaning the Alcoran) or it is not: if it be, then the Alcoran is ſufficient without them: if otherwiſe, 'tis fit they ſhould be deſtroyed.'

OCKLEY'S Hiſtory of the Saracens, Vol. I. page 313.

NOTE

NOTE IX. VERSE 203.

The dome expands!—Behold th' Hiſtoric Sire!—] Herodotus, to whom Cicero has given the honourable appellation of The Father of Hiſtory, was born in Halicarnaſſus, a city of Caria, four years before the invaſion of Xerxes, in the year 404 before Chriſt. The time and place of his death are uncertain; but his countryman Dionyſius informs us, that he lived to the beginning of the Peloponneſian war; and Marcellinus, the Greek author who wrote a life of Thucydides, affirms there was a monument erected to theſe two great Hiſtorians in a burial-place belonging to the family of Miltiades.

There is hardly any author, antient or modern, who has been more warmly commended, or more vehemently cenſured, than this eminent Hiſtorian. But even the ſevere Dionyſius declares, he is one of thoſe enchanting writers, whom you peruſe to the laſt ſyllable with pleaſure, and ſtill wiſh for more.—Plutarch himſelf, who has made the moſt violent attack on his veracity, allows him all the merit of beautiful compoſition. From the heavy charges brought againſt him by the antients, the famous Henry Stephens, and his learned friend Camerarius, have defended their favourite Hiſtorian with great ſpirit. But Herodotus has found a more formidable antagoniſt in a learned and animated writer of our own times, to whom the public have been lately indebted for his having opened to them new mines of Oriental learning.—If the ingenious Mr. Richardſon could effectually ſupport his Perſian ſyſtem, the great Father of the Grecian ſtory muſt ſink into a fabuliſt as low in point of veracity as Geoffrey of Monmouth. It muſt be owned, that ſeveral eminent Writers of our country have treated him as ſuch. Another Orientaliſt, who, in his elegant Preface to the Life of Nader Shaw, has drawn a ſpirited and judicious ſketch of many capital Hiſtorians, declares, in paſſing judgment on Herodotus, that "his accounts of the Perſian affairs are at leaſt doubtful, if not fabulous."—Hume, I think, goes ſtill further, and ſays, in one of his eſſays—"The firſt page of Thucydides is, in my opinion, the commencement of real Hiſtory." For my own part, I confeſs myſelf more credulous: the relation, which Herodotus has given of the repulſe of Xerxes from Greece, is ſo delightful to the mind,

and

and ſo animating to public virtue, that I ſhould be ſorry to number it among the Grecian fables.

——Et madidis cantat quæ Soſtratus alis.

NOTE X. VERSE 206.

As the fair figure of his favour'd Queen.] Artemiſia of Halicarnaſſus, who commanded in perſon the five veſſels, which ſhe contributed to the expedition of Xerxes. On hearing that ſhe had ſunk a Grecian galley in the ſea-fight at Salamis, he exclaimed, that his men had proved women, and his women men.

HEROD. Lib. VIII. p. 660. Edit. Weſſ.

NOTE XI. VERSE 209.

Soft as the ſtream, whoſe dimpling waters play.] Sine ullis ſalebris quaſi ſedatus amnis fluit. CICERO in Oratore.

NOTE XII. VERSE 225.

Bnt mark the Youth, in dumb delight immers'd.] Thucydides, the ſon of Olorus, was born at Athens in the year 471 before Chriſt, and is ſaid, at the age of fifteen, to have heard Herodotus recite his Hiſtory of the Olympic games.—The generous youth was charmed even to tears, and the Hiſtorian congratulated Olorus on theſe marks of genius, which he diſcovered in his ſon.—Being inveſted with a military command, he was baniſhed from Athens at the age of 48, by the injuſtice of faction, becauſe he had unfortunately failed in the defence of Amphipolis.—He retired into Thrace, and is reported to have married a Thracian lady poſſeſſed of valuable mines in that country.—At the end of 20 years his ſentence of baniſhment was revoked. Some authors affirm that he returned to Athens, and was treacherouſly killed in that city. But others aſſert that he died in Thrace, at the advanced age of 80, leaving his Hiſtory unfiniſhed.

MARCELLINUS; and DODWELL. Annales Thucydid.

NOTE XIII. VERSE 251.

A generous guardian of a rival's fame.] It is ſaid by Diogenes Laertius, that Xenophon firſt brought the Hiſtory of Thucydides

Thucydides into public reputation, though he had it in his power to aſſume to himſelf all the glory of that work. This amiable Philoſopher and Hiſtorian was born at Athens, and became early a diſciple of Socrates, who is ſaid by Strabo to have ſaved his life in battle. About the 50th year of his age, according to the conjecture of his admirable tranſlator Mr. Spelman, he engaged in the expedition of Cyrus, and accompliſhed his immortal retreat in the ſpace of 15 months. The jealouſy of the Athenians baniſhed him from his native city, for engaging in the ſervice of Sparta and of Cyrus.—On his return therefore he retired to Scillus, a town of Elis, where he built a temple to Diana, which he mentions in his Epiſtles, and devoted his leiſure to philoſophy and rural ſports But commotions ariſing in that country, he removed to Corinth, where he is ſuppoſed to have written his Grecian Hiſtory, and to have died at the age of ninety, in the year 360 before Chriſt. By his wife Phileſia he had two ſons, Diodorus and Gryllus. The latter rendered himſelf immortal by killing Epaminondas in the famous battle of Mantinea, but periſhed in that exploit, which his father lived to record.

NOTE XIV. VERSE 273.

Rome's haughty genius, who enſlav'd the Greek,
In Grecian language deigns at firſt to ſpeak.] Some of the moſt illuſtrious Romans are known to have written Hiſtories in Greek. The luxuriant Lucullus, when he was very young, compoſed in that language a Hiſtory of the Marſi, which, Plutarch ſays, was extant in his time—Cicero wrote a Greek Commentary on his own conſulſhip—and the elegant Atticus produced a ſimilar work on the ſame ſubject, that did not perfectly ſatisfy the nice ear of his friend, as we learn from the following curious paſſage in a letter concerning the Hiſtory in queſtion:—" Quanquam tua illa (legi enim libenter) horridula mihi atque incompta viſa ſunt: ſed tamen erant ornata hoc ipſo, quod ornamenta neglexerant, et ut mulieres, ideo bene olere, quia nihil olebant, videbantur."

Epiſt. ad ATTICUM. Lib. II. Ep. 1.

NOTE XV. VERSE 279.

Thou friend of Scipio! vers'd in War's alarms.] Polybius, born at Megalopolis in Arcadia, 205 years before Chriſt

He was trained to arms under the celebrated Philopœmen, and is deſcribed by Plutarch carrying the urn of that great but unfortunate General in his funeral proceſſion. He aroſe to conſiderable honours in his own country, but was compelled to viſit Rome with other principal Achæans, who were detained there as pledges for the ſubmiſſion of their ſtate. From hence he became intimate with the ſecond Scipio Africanus, and was preſent with him at the demolition of Carthage. He ſaw Corinth alſo plundered by Mummius, and thence paſſing through the cities of Achaia, reconciled them to Rome. He extended his travels into Egypt, France, and Spain, that he might avoid ſuch geographical errors as he has cenſured in other writers of Hiſtory. He lived to the age of 82, and died of an illneſs occaſioned by a fall from his horſe.

FABRICIUS, Bibliotheca Græca.

In cloſing this conciſe account of the capital Greek Hiſtorians, I cannot help obſerving, that our language has been greatly enriched, in the courſe of the preſent century, by ſuch tranſlations of theſe Authors as do great honour to our country, and are at leaſt equal to any which other nations have produced.

In the chief Roman Hiſtorians we ſeem to have been leſs fortunate; but from the ſpecimen which Mr. Aikins has lately given the public in the ſmaller pieces of Tacitus, we may hope to ſee an excellent verſion of that valuable author, who has been hitherto ill treated in our language, and among all the antients there is none perhaps whom it is more difficult to tranſlate with fidelity and ſpirit.

NOTE XVI. VERSE 297.

Sententious Salluſt leads her lofty train.] This celebrated Hiſtorian, who from the irregularity of his life, and the beauty of his writings, has been called, not unhappily, the Bolingbroke of Rome, was born at Amiternum, a town of the Sabines. For the profligacy of his early life he was expelled the ſenate, but reſtored by the intereſt of Julius Cæſar, who gave him the command of Numidia, which province he is ſaid to have plundered by the moſt infamous extortion, purchaſing with part of this treaſure thoſe rich and extenſive poſſeſſions on the Quirinal Hill, ſo celebrated by the name of the Horti Salluſtiani.—He died in the 70th year of his age, four

four years before the battle of Actium, and 35 before the Chriſtian æra. His enmity to Cicero is well known, and perhaps it had ſome influence on the peculiarity of his diction—perſonal animoſity might make him endeavour to form a ſtyle as remote as poſſible for the redundant language of the immortal Orator, whoſe turbulent wife, Terentia, he is ſaid to have married after her divorce. This extraordinary woman is reported to have lived to the age of 103, to have married Meſſala, her third huſband, and Vibius Rufus her fourth. The latter boaſted, with the joy of an Antiquarian, that he poſſeſſed two of the greateſt curioſities in the world, namely Terentia, who had been Cicero's wife, and the chair in which Cæſar was killed.——St. Jerom; and Dio Cassius, quoted by Middleton in his life of Cicero.——But to return to Salluſt.—His Roman Hiſtory, in ſix books, from the death of Sylla to the conſpiracy of Catiline, the great work from which he chiefly derived his glory among the Antients, is unfortunately loſt, excepting a few fragments; but his two detached pieces of Hiſtory, which happily remain entire, are ſufficient to juſtify the great encomiums he has received as a writer.——He has had the ſingular honour to be twice tranſlated by a royal hand—firſt by our Elizabeth, according to Camden; and ſecondly, by the preſent Infant of Spain, whoſe verſion of this elegant Hiſtorian, lately printed in folio, is one of the moſt beautiful books that any country has produced ſince the invention of printing.

NOTE XVII. Verse 311.

In bright pre-eminence, that Greece might own,
Sublimer Livy claims th' Hiſtoric throne.] All the little perſonal account, that can be collected of Livy, amounts only to this———that he was born at Patavium, the modern Padua; that he was choſen by Auguſtus to ſuperintend the education of the ſtupid Claudius; that he was rallied by the Emperor for his attachment to the cauſe of the Republic; and that he died in his own country in the 4th year of Tiberius, at the age of 76.—There is a paſſage in one of Pliny's letters, which, as it ſhews the high and extenſive reputation of our Hiſtorian during his life, I ſhall preſent to the reader in the words of Pliny's moſt elegant tranſlator. "Do you remember to have read of a certain inhabitant of the city of Cadiz, who was ſo ſtruck with the illuſtrious character of Livy, that he travelled

travelled to Rome on purpoſe to ſee that great Genius; and as ſoon as he ſatisfied his curioſity, returned home again?" MELMOTH's Pliny, Vol. I. page 71.—A veneration ſtill more extraordinary was paid to this great author by Alphonſo King of Naples, who in 1451 ſent Panormita as his Ambaſſador to the Venetians, in whoſe dominion the bones of Livy had been lately diſcovered, to beg a relic of this celebrated Hiſtorian. They preſented him with an arm-bone, and the preſent is recorded in an inſcription preſerved at Padua, which the curious reader may find in Voſſius de Hiſtoricis Latinis. This ſingular anecdote is alſo related in Bayle, under the article Panormita.—Learning perhaps never ſuſtained a greater loſs, in any ſingular author, than by the deſtruction of the latter and more intereſting part of Livy. Several eminent moderns have indulged the pleaſing expectation that the entire work of this noble Hiſtorian might yet be recovered. It has been ſaid to exiſt in an Arabic verſion: and even a compleat copy of the original is ſuppoſed to have been extant as late as the year 1631, and to have periſhed at that time in the plunder of Magdeburgh. That munificent patron of learning, Leo the Xth, exerted the moſt generous zeal to reſcue from oblivion the valuable treaſure, which one of his moſt bigotted predeceſſors, Gregory the Great, had expelled from every Chriſtian library.—Bayle has preſerved under the article Leo, two curious original letters of that Pontiff, concerning his hopes of recovering Livy; which afford moſt honourable proofs of his liberality in the cauſe of letters.

NOTE XVIII. VERSE 325.

Yet, like the matchleſs, mutilated frame,
To which great Angelo bequeath'd his name.] The trunk of a ſtatue of Hercules by Apollonius the Athenian, univerſally called the Torſo of Michael Angelo, from its having been the favourite ſtudy of that divine Artiſt. He is ſaid to have made out the compleat figure in a little model of wax ſtill preſerved at Florence, and repreſenting Hercules repoſing after his labours. The figure is ſitting in a penſive poſture, with an elbow reſting on the knee.

NOTE XIX. VERSE 333.

Sarcaſtic Tacitus, abrupt and dark.] Tacitus was born, according to the conjecture of Lipſius, in the cloſe of the reign

reign of Claudius: paſſing through various public honours, he roſe at length to the conſular dignity, under Nerva, in the year of Chriſt 97. The date of his death is unknown, but he is ſaid to have lived happily to an advanced age with his wife, the amiable daughter of the virtuous Agricola, whoſe life he has ſo beautifully written. By this lady he is ſuppoſed to have left children; and the emperor Tacitus is conjectured to have been a remote deſcendant from the hiſtorian, to whoſe works and memory he paid the higheſt regard. It is reported by Sidonius Apollinaris, that Tacitus recommended the province of writing Hiſtory to Pliny the Younger, and that he did not himſelf engage in that employment, till his friend had declined it. This is not mentioned, indeed, in any of the beautiful letters ſtill remaining from Pliny to Tacitus; but it is an inſtance of delicacy unparallel'd among the Antients, as will appear from the following remark by one of the moſt elegant and liberal of modern critics. "The Roman Poet, who was not more eminent by his genius than amiable in his moral character, affords perhaps, the moſt remarkable inſtance that any where occurs, of the conceſſions which a mind ſtrongly impregnated with the ſentiments of genuine amity, is capable of making. Virgil's ſuperior talents rendered him qualified to excel in all the nobler ſpecies of poetical compoſition: nevertheleſs, from the moſt uncommon delicacy of friendſhip, he ſacrificed to his intimacy with Horace, the unrivall'd reputation he might have acquired by indulging his lyric vein; as from the ſame refined motive he forbore to exerciſe his dramatic powers, that he might not obſcure the glory of his friend Varius.

Aurum et opes et rura, frequens donabit amicus:
Qui velit *ingenio cedere*, rarus erit."

MART. VIII. 18.

MELMOTH's Remarks on LÆLIUS, page 292.

As to Tacitus, it is clear, I think, from the letters of Pliny, as well as from his own moſt pleaſing Life of Agricola, that he poſſeſſed all the refined and affectionate feelings of the heart in a very high degree, though the general caſt of his hiſtorical works might lead us to imagine, that auſterity was his chief characteriſtic. It would be eaſy to fill a volume in tranſcribing the great encomiums, and the violent cenſures, which have been laviſhed by modern writers of almoſt every country on this profound Hiſtorian. The laſt critic

critic of eminence, who has written againſt him, in Britain, is, I believe, the learned Author of The Origin and Progreſs of Language; who, in his third volume of that work, has made many curious remarks on the compoſition of the antient Hiſtorians, and is particularly ſevere on the diction of Tacitus. He repreſents him as the defective model, from which modern writers have copied, what he is pleaſed to call, "*the "ſhort and priggiſh cut of ſtyle ſo much in uſe now.*"

NOTE XX. Verse 356.

Thy Plutarch ſhines, by moral beauty known.] It is to be wiſhed, that this moſt amiable Moraliſt and Biographer had added a Life of himſelf, to thoſe which he has given to the world: as the particulars, which other writers have preſerved of his perſonal Hiſtory, are very doubtful and imperfect. According to the learned Fabricius, he was born under Claudius, 50 years after the Chriſtian æra, raiſed to the conſular dignity under Trajan, whoſe preceptor he is ſaid to have been, and made Procurator of Greece in his old age by the Emperor Adrian——in the 5th year of whoſe reign he is ſuppoſed to have died, at the age of 70. He was married to a moſt amiable woman of his own native town Chæronea, whoſe name was Timoxena, and to whoſe ſenſe and virtue he has borne the moſt affectionate teſtimony in his moral works; of which it may be regretted that we have no elegant tranſlation. Indeed, even the Lives of Plutarch, the moſt popular of all the antient hiſtorical compoſitions, were chiefly known to the Engliſh reader by a motley and miſerable verſion, till a new one, executed with fidelity and ſpirit, was preſented to the public by the Langhornes in 1770.

NOTE XXI. Verse 379.

Mild Marcellinus! free from ſervile awe!] Ammianus Marcellinus, a Grecian and a Soldier, as he calls himſelf, flouriſhed under Conſtantius and the ſucceeding emperors, as late as Theodoſius. He ſerved under Julian in the Eaſt, and wrote a Hiſtory from the reign of Nerva to the death of Valens, in 31 books, of which 18 only remain.—The time and circumſtances of his own death are unknown.—Bayle has an article on Marcellinus, in which he obſerves, that he has introduced a moſt bitter invective againſt the Practitioners of Law into his Hiſtory —— He ſhould have added, that the Hiſtorian

Hiſtorian beſtows great encomiums on ſome illuſtrious characters of that profeſſion, and even mentions the peculiar hardſhip to which Advocates are themſelves expoſed.—The curious reader may find this paſſage, Lib. xxx. Cap. 4.

NOTE XXII. VERSE 399.

And, with Comnena's royal name impreſt.] Anna Comnena was the eldeſt daughter of the emperor Alexius Comnenus, and the empreſs Irene, born 1083.—She wrote the Hiſtory of her father, in 15 books, firſt publiſhed, very imperfectly by Hæſchelius, in 1610, and ſince printed in the collection of the Byzantine Hiſtorians, with a diffuſe and incorrect Latin verſion by the Jeſuit Poſſinus, but with excellent notes by the learned Du Freſne.

Conſidering the miſeries of the time in which ſhe lived, and the merits of her work—which ſome Critics have declared ſuperior to every other in that voluminous collection—this Lady may be juſtly regarded as a ſingular phænomenon in the literary world: and, as this mention of her may poſſibly excite the curioſity of my fair Readers, I ſhall cloſe the Notes to this Epiſtle with preſenting to them a Tranſlation of the Preface to her Hiſtory, as I believe no part of her Works have yet appeared in any modern language. I found that I could not abridge it without injuring its beauty, and though long, I flatter myſelf it will eſcape the cenſure of being tedious, as ſhe feelingly diſplays in it the misfortunes of her life, and the character of her mind.

THE PREFACE OF THE PRINCESS ANNA COMNENA.

FROM THE GREEK.

Prefixed to her ALEXIAD, or Hiſtory of her Father the Emperor ALEXIUS.

TIME, which flows irreſiſtibly, ever encroaching, and ſtealing ſomething from human life, ſeems to bear away all that is mortal into a gulph of darkneſs; ſometimes deſtroying ſuch things as deſerve not utterly to be forgotten, and ſometimes, ſuch as are moſt noble, and moſt worthy of remembrance. Now (to uſe the words of the tragic poet*)

Diſcovering things inviſible; and now
Sweeping each preſent object from our ſight.

But

* Sophocles.

But Hiſtory forms the ſtrongeſt barrier againſt this tide of Time: it withſtands, in ſome meaſure, the violence of the torrent, and, by collecting and cementing ſuch things as appear worthy of preſervation, while they are hurried along the ſtream, it allows them not to ſink into the abyſs of oblivion.

On this conſideration, I Anna, the daughter of the emperor Alexius, and his conſort Irene, born and educated in imperial ſplendor—not utterly void of literature, and ſolicitous to diſtinguiſh myſelf by that Grecian characteriſtic—as I have already applied myſelf to Rhetoric, and having thoroughly ſtudied the Principles of Ariſtotle and the Dialogues of Plato, have endeavoured to adorn my mind with the * four uſual branches of education (for I think it incumbent on me, even at the riſque of appearing vain, to declare what qualifications for the preſent taſk I have received from nature, or gained by application; what Providence has beſtowed upon me, or time and opportunity ſupplied.) On theſe accounts I am deſirous of commemorating, in my preſent work, the actions of my father, as they deſerve not to be buried in ſilence, or to be plunged, as it were, by the tide of Time, into the ocean of Oblivion: both thoſe actions which he performed after he obtained the diadem, and thoſe before that period, while he was himſelf a ſubject of other Princes. I engage in this narration, not ſo much to diſplay any little talent for compoſition, as to prevent tranſactions of ſuch importance from periſhing unrecorded: ſince even the brighteſt of human atchievements, if not conſigned to memory under the guard of writing, are extinguiſhed, as it were, by the Darkneſs of Silence.

My father was a man, who knew both how to govern, and to pay to governors a becoming obedience: but in chuſing his actions for my ſubject, I am apprehenſive, in the very outſet of my work, leſt I may be cenſured as the Panegyriſt of my own family for writing of my father; that if I ſpeak of him with admiration, my whole Hiſtory will be conſidered as a falſe and flattering encomium; and if any circumſtance, I may have occaſion to mention, leads me, as it were by force, to diſapprove ſome part even of his conduct, I am apprehenſive, on the other hand, not from the character of my father, but from the very nature of things, that ſome malignant cenſures may compare me to Cham,

* Aſtrology, Geometry, Arithmetic, and Muſic.

Cham, the ſon of Noah; ſince there are many, whom envy and malevolence will not ſuffer to form a fair judgment, and who, to ſpeak in the words of Homer,

Are keen to cenſure, where no blame is due.

For whoever engages in the province of Hiſtory, is bound to forget all ſentiments both of favour and averſion; and often to adorn his enemies with the higheſt commendations, when their actions are entitled to ſuch reward; and often to cenſure his moſt intimate friends, when the failings of their life and manners require it.—Theſe are duties equally incumbent on the Hiſtorian, which he cannot decline. As to myſelf, with regard to thoſe who may be affected either by my cenſure or my praiſe, I would wiſh to aſſure them, that I ſpeak both of them, and their conduct, according to the evidence of their actions themſelves, or the report of thoſe who beheld them; for either the fathers, or the grandfathers, of many perſons now living were ocular witneſſes of what I ſhall record. I have been chiefly led to engage in this Hiſtory of my father by the following circumſtance:——It was my fortune to marry Cæſar Nicephorus, of the Bryennian family, a man far ſuperior to all his cotemporaries, not only in perſonal beauty, but in ſublimity of underſtanding, and all the charms of eloquence! for he was equally the admiration of thoſe who ſaw, and thoſe who heard him. But that my diſcourſe may not wander from its preſent purpoſe, let me proceed in my narration!—He was then, among all men, the moſt diſtinguiſhed; and when he marched with the emperor John Comnenus, my brother, on his expedition againſt Antioch, and other places in poſſeſſion of the Barbarians, ſtill unable to abſtain from literary purſuits, even in thoſe ſcenes of labour and fatigue, he wrote various compoſitions worthy of remembrance and of honour. But he chiefly applied himſelf to the writing an account of what related to my father Alexius, emperor of the Romans, at the requeſt of the empreſs; reducing into proper form the tranſactions of his reign, whenever the times would allow him to devote ſhort intervals of leiſure from arms and battle to works of literature, and the labour of compoſition. In forming this Hiſtory, he deduced his accounts from an early period, being directed in this point alſo by the inſtruction of our royal miſtreſs; beginning from the emperor Diogenes, and deſcending to the perſon, whom he had choſen for the Hero of his Drama —for this ſeaſon firſt ſhewed my father to be a youth of expectation. Before this period he was a mere infant; and of

courſe performed nothing worthy of being recorded: unleſs even the occurrences of his childhood ſhould be thought a fit ſubject for Hiſtory. Such then was the deſign and ſcope of Cæſar's compoſition: but he failed in the hope he had entertained, of bringing his Hiſtory to its concluſion: for having brought it to the times of the emperor Nicephorus Botoniates, he there broke off, having no future opportunity allowed him of continuing his narration: a circumſtance, which has proved a ſevere loſs to Literature, and robbed his readers of delight! —On this account I have undertaken to record the actions of my father, that ſuch atchievements may not eſcape poſterity. What degree of harmony and grace the writings of Cæſar poſſeſſed, all perſons know, who have been fortunate enough to ſee his compoſitions. But having executed his work to the period I have mentioned, in the midſt of hurry and fatigue, and bringing it to us half finiſhed from his expedition, he brought home, alas! at the ſame time, a diſorder that proved mortal, contracted, perhaps, from the hardſhips of his paſſage, or perhaps from that harraſſing ſcene of perpetual action, and poſſibly indeed from his infinite anxiety on my account; for anxiety was natural to his affectionate heart, and his labours were without intermiſſion. Moreover the change and badneſs of climates might prepare him for this draught of death. For notwithſtanding the dreadful ſtate of his health, he perſevered in the campaign againſt the Syrians and Cilicians, till at length he was conveyed out of Syria in a moſt infirm ſtate, and was brought through Cilicia, Pamphylia, Lydia, and Bithynia, home to the metropolis of the empire, and to his family. But his vitals were now affected by his infinite fatigue.—Even in this ſtate of weakneſs he was deſirous of diſplaying the events of his expedition; but this his diſorder rendered him unable to execute, and indeed we enjoined him not to attempt it, leſt by the effort of ſuch a narration he ſhould burſt open his wound.—But in the recollection of theſe things, my whole ſoul is darkened, and my eyes are covered with a flood of tears —O what a director of the Roman counſels was then torn from us! O what an end was there to all the treaſures of clear, of various, and of uſeful knowledge, which he had collected from obſervation and experience, both in regard to foreign affairs, and the internal buſineſs of the empire!—O what a form was then deſtroyed!—Beauty, that ſeemed not only entitled to dominion, but bearing even the ſemblance of divinity!——I indeed have been converſant with

every

every calamity; and have found, even from the imperial cradle, an unpropitious fortune: ſome perhaps might eſteem that fortune not unpropitious, which ſeemed to ſmile upon my birth, in giving me ſovereigns for my parents, and nurſing me in the imperial purple: but for the other circumſtances of my life, alas, what tempeſts! alas, what perturbations! The melody of Orpheus affected even inanimate nature; and Timotheus, in playing the Orthic ſong to Alexander, made the Macedon ſtart to arms.

The relation of my miſeries would not, indeed, produce ſuch effects; but it would move every auditor to tears; it would force not only beings endued with ſenſibility, but even inanimate nature to ſympathize in my ſorrow.—This remembrance of Cæſar, and his unexpected death, tears open the deepeſt wound of my ſoul: indeed, I conſider all my former misfortunes, if compared to this immeaſurable calamity, but as a drop of water to the Atlantic ſea: or rather, my earlier afflictions were a kind of prelude to this: they firſt involved me, as it were, like a ſmoke preceding this raging fire: they were a kind of heat, that portended a conflagration, which no words can deſcribe. O thou fire, that blazeſt without fuel, preying on my heart without deſtroying its exiſtence; piercing through my very bones, and ſhrinking up my ſoul!——But I perceive myſelf hurried away from my ſubject: this mention of Cæſar, and what I ſuffer in his loſs, has led me into the prolixity of grief: wiping therefore the tear from my eyes, and reſtraining myſelf from this indulgence of ſorrow, I will proceed in order; yet, as the * tragic poet ſays,

Still adding tear to tear,

as recollecting misfortune after misfortune: for the entering on a hiſtory of ſuch a king, ſo eminent for his virtues, revives in my mind all the wonders he performed, which move me to freſh tears: and theſe I ſhare in common with all the world; for the remembrance of him, and the recital of his reign, ſupplies to me a new ſubject of lamentation, and muſt remind others of the loſs they have ſuſtained.

But let me at length begin the Hiſtory of my father, from the period moſt proper:—now the moſt proper period is that, which will give to my narration the cleareſt, and moſt hiſtorical appearance.——

* Euripides.

END OF THE NOTES TO THE FIRST EPISTLE.

NOTES

TO THE

SECOND EPISTLE.

NOTE I. Verse 17.

How ſainted Kings renounce, with holy dread,
The chaſte endearments of their marriage bed.] It is well known how Edward the Confeſſor is celebrated for his inviolable chaſtity by the Monkiſh Hiſtorians——one of them, in particular, is ſo ſolicitous to vindicate the piety of Edward in this article, that he paſſes a ſevere cenſure on thoſe, who had imputed his ſingular continence to a principle of reſentment againſt the father of his queen——Hanc quoque Rex ut conjugem tali arte tractavit; quod nec thoro removit; nec eam virili more carnaliter cognovit: quod utrum patris illius, qui proditor convictus erat, et familiæ ejus odio quod prudenter pro tempore diſſimulabat; an amore caſtitatis id fecerit, incertum eſt aliquibus, qui in dubiis ſiniſtra interpretantur. Veruntamen non benevoli, et veritati, ut videtur, diſſoni dicere præſumunt. Quod Rex charitatis et pacis munere ditatus, de genere proditoris hæredes, qui ſibi ſuccederent, corrupto ſemine noluerit procreare. Sciebat enim rex pacificus quod filia nihil criminis commiſit cum patre proditore, & ideo non reſpuit thorum virginis; ſed ambo unanimi aſſenſu caſtitatem voverunt, parique voluntate. Thomæ Rudborne, Hiſt. major. in Anglia Sacra. Tom. I. p. 241.

The very high degree of merit, which the writers of the dark ages attributed to this matrimonial mortification, is ſtill more forcibly diſplayed in a miraculous ſtory related by Gregory of Tours, which the curious reader may find in the Firſt Book and 42d chapter of that celebrated Hiſtorian.

NOTE

NOTE II. Verse 19.

How Nuns, entranc'd, to joys celeſtial mount,
Made drunk with rapture from a ſacred fount.] The Monkiſh Hiſtorians ſeem to have conſidered a viſion as the moſt engaging embelliſhment that Hiſtory could receive.—— Even the ſage Matthew Paris delights in theſe heavenly digreſſions. But the viſions, to which the preceding verſes particularly allude, are thoſe of the Virgin Flotilda, printed in the ſecond volume of the Hiſtoriæ Francorum Scriptores, by the learned Du Cheſne: A very ſhort ſpecimen may ſatisfy the curioſity of the Reader—Videbatur Canis candidus eidem adgaudere, quem tamen illa timens pertranſiit, & ad quendam locum in medium decentium clericorum pervenit, qui eam gratanter excipiebant, et potum ei in vaſe pulcherrimo quali aquam clariſſimam offerebant.—P. 624.

NOTE III. Verse 24.

With thoſe dear gifts the Meadow, and the Mill.] The uſual legacy of the old Barons to their monaſtic dependants.

NOTE IV. Verse 59.

If mitred Turpin told, in wildeſt ſtrain.] It is now generally agreed, that the Hiſtory which bears the name of Turpin, Archbiſhop of Rheims, was the forgery of a Monk, at the time of the Cruſades, though Pope Calixtus the Second declared it to be authentic.—But, as it was generally intended to paſs as genuine Hiſtory, whenever it was compoſed, and actually did ſo for ſome ages, this poetical mention of it appeared not improper. For the entertainment of the curious Reader, I ſhall tranſcribe the two miraculous paſſages alluded to in the poem.—Ante diem belli, caſtris et arietibus & turmis præparatis in pratis, ſcilicet quæ ſunt inter caſtrum, quod dicitur Talaburgum, & urbem, juxta fluvium Caranta, infixerunt Chriſtiani quidam haſtas ſuas erectas in terra ante caſtra, craſtina vero die haſtas ſuas corticibus & frontibus decoratas invenerunt; hi ſcilicet qui in bello præſenti accepturi erant martyrii palmam pro Chriſti fide.—Qui etiam tanto miraculo Dei gaviſi, abſciſſis haſtis ſuis de terra, ſimul coaduniti primitus in bello perierunt, & multos Saracenos occiderunt, ſed tandem Martyrio coronantur. Cap. X.

After

After the ſoliloquy of Roland, addreſſed to his ſword, which moſt readers have ſeen quoted in Mr Warton's excellent Obſervations on Spenſer, the Hiſtorian proceeds thus:—Timens ne in manus Saracenorum deveniret, percuſſit ſpata lapidem marmoreum trino ictu; a ſummo uſque deorſum lapis dividitur, & gladius biceps illæſus educitur.—Deinde tuba ſua cœpit altiſona tonitruare, ſi forte aliqui ex Chriſtianis, qui per nemora Saracenorum timore latitabant, ad ſe venirent. Vel ſi illi, qui portus jam tranſierant, forte ad ſe redirent, ſuoque funeri adeſſent, ſpatamque ſuam & equum acciperent, et Saracenos perſequerentur. Tunc tanta virtute tuba ſua eburnea inſonuit, quod flatu omnis ejus tuba per medium ſciſſa, & venæ colli ejus & nervi rupti fuiſſe feruntur, cujus vox ad aures Caroli, qui in valle quæ Caroli dicitur, cum exercitu ſuo tentoria fixerat, loco ſcilicet, qui diſtabat a Carolo octo miliaribus verſus Gaſconium, Angelico ductu pervenit. Cap. xxii. & xxiii.

NOTE V. Verse 65.

Yet modeſt Æginhard, with grateful care.] The celebrated Secretary and ſuppoſed Son-in-law of Charlemain; who is ſaid to have been carried through the ſnow on the ſhoulders of the affectionate and ingenious Imma, to prevent his being tracked from her apartments by the Emperor her father: a ſtory which the elegant pen of Addiſon has copied and embelliſhed from an old German Chronicle, and inſerted in the 3d volume of the Spectator.—This happy lover (ſuppoſing the ſtory to be true) ſeems to have poſſeſſed a heart not unworthy of ſo enchanting a miſtreſs, and to have returned her affection with the moſt faithful attachment; for there is a letter of Æginhard's ſtill extant, lamenting the death of his wife, which is written in the tendereſt ſtrain of connubial affliction—it does not however expreſs that this lady was the affectionate Princeſs, and indeed ſome late critics have proved, that Imma was not the daughter of Charlemain.———But to return to our Hiſtorian.—He was a native of Germany, and educated by the munificence of his imperial maſter, of which he has left the moſt grateful teſtimony in his Preface to the Life of that Monarch—the paſſage may ſerve to ſhew both the amiable mind of the Hiſtorian, and the elegance of his ſtyle, conſidering the age in which he wrote: Suberat & alia non irrationabilis, ut opinor cauſa, quæ vel ſola ſufficere poſſet,

poſſet, ut me ad hæc ſcribenda compelleret; nutrimentum videlicet in me impenſum, & perpetua, poſtquam in aula ejus converſari cœpi, cum ipſo ac liberis ejus amicitia, qua me ita ſibi devinxit, debitoremque tam vivo quam mortuo conſtituit; ut merito ingratus videri & judicari poſſem, ſi tot beneficiorum in me collatorum immemor clariſſima & illuſtriſſima hominis optime de me meriti geſta ſilentio præterirem: patererque vitam ejus quaſi qui nunquam vixerit ſine literis ac debita laude manere; cui ſcribendæ atque explicandæ non meum ingeniolum, quod exile & parvum imo nullum pene eſt, ſed Tullianam parerat defudare facundiam.—The terms in which he ſpeaks of Charlemain's being unable to write are as follow:—Tentabat & ſcribere fabulaſque & codicellos ad hoc in lectulo ſub cervicalibus circumferre ſolebat, ut cum vacuum tempus eſſet, manum effigiandis literis aſſuefaceret. Sed parum proſperè ſucceſſit labor præpoſterus, ac ſerò inchoatus.——Æginhard, after the loſs of his lamented wife, is ſuppoſed to have paſſed the remainder of his days in religious retirement, and to have died ſoon after the year 840.——His Life of Charlemain, his Annals from 741 to 889, and his Letters, are all inſerted in the 2d volume of Ducheſne's Scriptores Francorum. But there is an improved edition of this valuable Hiſtorian, with the Annotations of Hermann Schmincke, in Quarto 1711.

NOTE VI. VERSE 79.

If Britiſh Geoffrey fill'd his motley page
With Merlin's ſpells and Uther's amorous rage.] The firſt of the two excellent diſſertations prefixed to Mr. Warton's Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, gives the moſt perfect account of this famous old Chronicler, and his whimſical performance.——"About the year 1100, Gualter, Archdeacon of Oxford, a learned man, and a diligent collector of Hiſtories, travelling through France, procured in Armorica an antient Chronicle, written in the Britiſh or Armorican language, entitled, *Brut-y-Brenhined*, or the Hiſtory of the Kings of Britain. This book he brought into England, and communicated it to Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welſh Benedictine Monk, an elegant writer of Latin, and admirably ſkilled in the Britiſh tongue. Geoffrey, at the requeſt and recommendation of Gualter the Archdeacon, tranſlated the Britiſh Chronicle into Latin, executing the Tranſlation with a tolerable

rable degree of purity, and great fidelity, yet not without ſome interpolations —It was probably finiſhed after the year 1138."——" The ſimple ſubject of this Chronicle, diveſted of its romantic embelliſhments, is a deduction of the Welſh Princes from the Trojan Brutus to Cadwallader, who reigned in the ſeventh century." To this extract from Mr. Warton, it may be proper to add a conciſe account of that romantic embelliſhment, to which I have particularly alluded :—Uther Pendragon, at the feſtival of his coronation, falls in love with Igerna, the wife of Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall ; and being prevented from purſuing his addreſſes by the vigilance of the huſband, he applies to the magical power of Merlin for the completion of his deſire. This he obtains by being transformed into the perſon of Gorlois, and thus introducing himſelf to the deluded Igerna, as Jupiter viſited Alcmena, he gives birth to the celebrated Arthur.—Manſit itaque rex ea nocte cum Igerna & ſeſe deſiderata venere refecit. Deceperat namque illam falſa ſpecies quam aſſumpſerat: deceperat etiam fictitiis ſermonibus, quos ornate componebat — unde ipſa credula nihil quod poſcebatur abnegavit. Concepit itaque eadem nocte celeberrimum illum Arthurum, qui poſtmodum ut celebris eſſet, miro probitate promeruit.

GALFRIDUS Mon. Lib. vi. cap. 2.

NOTE VII. VERSE 83.

Yet Life's great drama, and the Deeds of men,
Sage Monk of Malm'ſbury ! engag'd thy pen.] William, ſurnamed of Malmeſbury from being a member of that church, was a native of Somerſetſhire, and is ſuppoſed to have received his education at Oxford. He is juſtly called, by almoſt every writer on Engliſh Hiſtory, the moſt liberal and judicious of all our monaſtic Hiſtorians. His principal work is a Hiſtory of our Kings, from the arrival of the Saxons to the 20th year of Henry the Firſt. This was followed by two books of later Hiſtory, which cloſe with the celebrated eſcape of the Empreſs Matilda from the Caſtle of Oxford, 1142. Theſe works are both addreſſed to that munificent patron of merit, Robert Earl of Glouceſter, natural ſon of Henry the Firſt, who was perhaps the moſt exalted and accompliſhed character, that ever flouriſhed in ſo barbarous an age. The Hiſtorian ſpeaks of his noble friend with all the ſimplicity of truth, and all the warmth of virtuous

tuous admiration. He died, according to Pitts, in 1143, three years before his generous patron; and this is probable, from his not purſuing his Hiſtory, which he intimates a deſign of reſuming.—Yet there is a paſſage preſerved in Tanner, from the Preface to his Comments on Jeremiah, which ſeems to prove, that he lived to a later period, ſince he mentions his hiſtorical works as the production of his younger days, and ſpeaks of his age as devoted to religious compoſition. Beſides his four books de geſtis Pontificum Anglorum, he wrote many works of the ſame pious turn, which the curious reader may ſee enumerated in Tanner's Bibliotheca.

NOTE VIII. VERSE 136.

A faithful Chronicler in plain Froiſſart.] John Froiſſart, Canon and Treaſurer of the collegiate church of Chimay, in Henault, was born at Valenciennes, a city of that province, in 1337, according to the conjecture of that elaborate and ingenious antiquarian Mr. de St. Palaye; who has amply illuſtrated the Life and Writings of this engaging Hiſtorian, in a ſeries of diſſertations among the Memoirs of the French Academy, Vol. X. XIII. XIV. —St. Palaye imagines, from a paſſage in the MS Poems of Froiſſart, that his father was a painter of Armories:—and it is certain the Hiſtorian diſcovers a paſſion for all the pomp and all the minutiæ of heraldry: it was indeed the favourite ſtudy of that martial age; and Froiſſart, more the prieſt of gallantry than of religion, devoted himſelf entirely to the celebration of love and war.—At the age of 20, he began to write Hiſtory, at the requeſt *de ſon cher Seigneur & Maitre Meſſire* Robert de Namur, Chevalier Seigneur de Beaufort.—The anguiſh of unſucceſsful love drove him early into England, and his firſt voyage ſeems a kind of emblem of his future life; for he ſailed hither in a ſtorm, yet continued writing a rondeau in ſpite of the tempeſt, till he found himſelf on that coaſt, où l'on aime mieux la guerre, que la paix, & où les eſtrangers ſont très-bien venus, as he ſaid of our country *in his verſes*, and happily experienced in his kind reception at court, where Philippa of Hainault, the Queen of Edward the Third, and a Patroneſs of learning, diſtinguiſhed the young Hiſtorian, her countryman, by the kindeſt protection; and, finding that love had rendered him unhappy, ſupplied him with money and with horſes, that he might preſent himſelf with

with every advantage before the object of his paſſion.—Love ſoon eſcorted him to his miſtreſs—but his addreſſes were again unſucceſsful; and, taking a ſecond voyage to England, he became Secretary to his royal patroneſs Philippa, in 1361, after having preſented to her ſome portion of his Hiſtory.—He continued five years in her ſervice, entertaining her majeſty *de beaux dictiez & traictez amoureux*: in this period he paid a viſit to Scotland, and was entertained 15 days by William Earl of Douglas.——In 1366, when Edward the Black Prince was preparing for the war in Spain, Froiſſart was with him in Gaſcony, and hoped to attend him during the whole courſe of that important expedition:—but the prince ſent him back to the Queen his mother.——He continued not long in England, as he viſited many of the Italian courts in the following year, and during his travels ſuſtained the irreparable loſs of that patroneſs, to whoſe bounty he had been ſo much indebted.——Philippa died 1369, and Froiſſart is reported to have written the life of his amiable protectreſs; but of this performance the reſearches of St. Palaye could diſcover no trace.

After this event, he retired to his own country, and obtained the benefice of Leſtines, in the dioceſe of Cambray. ——But the cure of ſouls was an office little ſuited to the gay and gallant Froiſſart.——His genius led him ſtill to travel from caſtle to caſtle, and from court to court, to uſe the words of Mr. Warton, who has made occaſional mention of our author, in his elegant Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry.——— Froiſſart now entered into the ſervice of the Duke of Brabant; and, as that Prince was himſelf a poet, Froiſſart collected all the compoſitions of his maſter, and adding ſome of his own, formed a kind of romance, which he calls

Un Livre de Meliador
Le Chevalier au ſoleil d'or,

and of which, in one of his latter poems, he gives the following account:

Dedans ce Romant ſont encloſes
Toutes les chançons que jadis,
Dont l'ame ſoit en paradis,
Que fit le bon Duc de Braibant,
Wincelaus, dont on parla tant;
Car un prince ſu amorous,

Gracious

Gracicus & chevalerous,
Et le livre me fit ja faire,
Par très grant amoureus à faire,
Coment qu'il ne le veiſt oncques.

The Duke died in 1384, before this work was completed; and Froiſſart ſoon found a new patron in Guy earl of Blois, on the marriage of whoſe Son he wrote a Paſtoral, entitled Le Temple d'Honneur.——The earl having requeſted him to reſume his Hiſtory, he travelled for that purpoſe to the celebrated court of Gaſton earl of Foix, whoſe high reputation for every knightly virtue attracted to his reſidence at Orlaix, thoſe martial adventurers, from whoſe mouth it was the delight of Froiſſart to collect the materials of his Hiſtory.——The courteous Gaſton gave him the moſt flattering reception: he ſaid to him with a ſmile (& en bon François) "qu'il le connoiſſoit bien, quoyqu'il ne l'euſt jamais veu, mais qu'il avoit bien oui parler de luy, & le retint de ſon hoſtel."———It became a favourite amuſement of the Earl, to hear Froiſſart read his Romance of Meliador after ſupper.——He attended at the caſtle every night at 12, when the Earl ſate down to table, liſtened to him with extreme attention, and never diſmiſſed him, till he made him vuider tout ce qui eſtoit reſté du vin de ſa bouche. ——Froiſſart gained much information here, not only from his patron, who was himſelf very communicative, but from various Knights of Arragon and England, in the retinue of the Duke of Lancaſter, who then reſided at Bourdeaux.——After a long reſidence in this brilliant court, and after receiving a preſent from the liberal Gaſton, which he mentions in the following verſes:

Je pris congé & li bons Contes
Me fit par ſa chambre des comptes
Delivrer quatrevins florins
D'Arragon, tous peſans & fins
Et mon livre, qu'il m'ot laiſſé.

Froiſſart departed in the train of the Counteſs of Boulogne, related to the Earl of Foix, and juſt leaving him, to join her new huſband the Duke of Berry.———In this expedition our Hiſtorian was robbed near Avignon, and laments the unlucky adventure in a very long poem, from which Mr. de St. Palaye has drawn many particulars of his life. The ground-

work

work of this poem (which is not in the liſt of our Author's poetical pieces, that Mr. Warton has given us from Paſquier) ſeems to have a ſtrong vein of humour.——It is a dialogue between the Poet and the ſingle Florin that he has left out of the many which he had either ſpent, or been obliged to ſurrender to the robbers.——He repreſents himſelf as a man of the moſt expenſive turn: in 25 years he had ſquandered two thouſand franks, beſides eccleſiaſtical revenues. The compoſition of his works had coſt him 700; but he regretted not this ſum, as he expected to be amply repaid for it by the praiſe of poſterity.

After having attended all the feſtivals on the marriage of the Duke of Berry, having traverſed many parts of France, and paid a viſit to Zeland, he returned to his own country in 1390, to continue his Hiſtory from the various materials he had collected.—But not ſatisfied with the relations he had heard of the war in Spain, he went to Middlebourgh in Zeland, in purſuit of a Portugueze Knight, Jean Ferrand Portelet, vaillant homme & ſage, & du Conſeil du Roy de Portugal. From this accompliſhed ſoldier Froiſſart expected the moſt perfect information, as an ocular witneſs of thoſe ſcenes, which he now wiſhed to record.—The courteous Portelet received our indefatigable Hiſtorian with all the kindneſs which his enthuſiaſm deſerved, and in ſix days, which they paſſed together, gave him all the intelligence he deſired.——Froiſſart now returned home, and finiſhed the third book of his Hiſtory.—Many years had paſt ſince he had bid adieu to England: taking advantage of the truce then eſtabliſhed between France and that country, he paid it another viſit in 1395, with letters of recommendation to the King and his uncles.—From Dover he proceeded to Canterbury, to pay his devoirs at the ſhrine of Thomas of Becket, and to the memory of the Black Prince.—Here he happened to find the ſon of that hero, the young King Richard, whom devotion had alſo brought to make his offerings to the faſhionable Saint, and return thanks to Heaven for his ſucceſſes in Ireland.——Froiſſart ſpeaks of this adventure, and his own feelings on the great change of ſcene that had taken place ſince his laſt viſit to England, in the following natural and lively terms: ——Le Roy . . . vint . . a trez grant arroy, et bien accompaigne de ſeigneurs, de dames et demoiſelles, et me mis entre eulx, & entre elles, et tout me ſembla nouvel, ne je ny congnoiſſoye

congnoiſſoye perſonne ; car le tems eſtoit bien change en Angleterre depuis le tems de vingt & huyt ans : et en la compagnie du roy n'avoit nuls de ſes oncles . . . . ſi fus du premier anſi que tout eſbahy . . . Tho' Froiſſart was thus embarraſſed in not finding one of his old friends in the retinue of the King, he ſoon gained a new Patron in Thomas Percy, Maſter of the Houſehold, who offered to preſent him and his letters to Richard ; but this offer happening on the eve of the King's departure, it proved too late for the ceremony—Le Roy eſtoit retrait pour aller dormir.——And on the morrow, when the impatient Hiſtorian attended early at the Archbiſhop's palace, where the King ſlept, his friend Percy adviſed him to wait a more convenient ſeaſon for being introduced to Richard.——Froiſſart acquieſced in this advice, and was conſoled for his diſappointment by falling into company with an Engliſh Knight, who had attended the King in Ireland, and was very willing to gratify the curioſity of the Hiſtorian by a relation of his adventures.—— This was William de Liſle, who entertained him, as they rode along together, with the marvels of St. Patrick's Cave, in which he aſſured him he had paſſed a night, and ſeen wonderful viſions.——Though our honeſt Chronicler is commonly accuſed of a paſſion for the marvellous, with an exceſs of credulity, he ſays very ſenſibly on this occaſion, de cette matiere je ne luy parlay plus avant, et m'en ceſſay, car voulentiers je luy euſſe demande du voyage d'Irlande, et luy eu voulaye parler, et mettre en voye.———It appears plainly from this paſſage, that our Hiſtorian was more anxious to gain information concerning the ſcenes of real action, than to liſten to the extravagant fictions of a popular legend.——But here he was again diſappointed.—New companions joined them on the road, and their hiſtorical conference was thus interrupted. ——Theſe mortifications were ſoon repaid by the kind reception he met with from the Duke of York, who ſaid to him, when he received the recommendatory letter from the Earl of Henault, " Maiſtre Jehan tenez vous toujours deles nous, & nos gens, nous vous ferons tout amour & courtoiſie, nous y ſommes tenus pour l'amour du tems paſſé & de notre dame de mere à qui vous futes ; nous en avons bien la ſouvenance."——With theſe flattering marks of remembrance and favour the Duke preſented him to the King, lequel me receut joyeuſement et doulcement (continues Froiſſart) . . . . et ne diſt que je fuſſe le bien venus, et ſi j'avoye eſte de l'Hoſtel

du

du Roy ſon Ayeul & de Madame ſon Ayeule encores eſtoys je de l'hoſtel d'Angleterre.——Some time however elapſed, before he had an opportunity of preſenting his romance of Meliador, which he had prepared for the King.—The Duke of York and his other friends at length obtained for him this honour: He gives the following curious and particular account of the ceremony: et voulut voir le Roy mon livre, que je luy avoye apporte. Si le vit en ſa chambre: car tout pourveu je l'avoye, et luy mis ſur ſon lict. Et lors il l'ouvrit et regarda dedans, et luy pleut tres grandement. Et plaire bien luy devoit: car il eſtoit enlumine, eſcrit et Hiſtoire, & couvert de vermeil veloux a dix cloux d'argent dorez d'or et roſes d'or ou meillieu a deux gros fermaulx dorez et richement ouvrez ou meillieu roſiers d'or. Adonc me demanda le Roy de quoy il traictoit: et je luy dis d'amours. De ceſte reſponce fut tout resjouy, et regarda dedans le livre en pluſieurs lieux, et y lyſit, car moult bien parloit et lyſoit Françoys, et puis le fiſt prendre par ung ſien Chevalier, qui ſe nomme Meſſire Richard Credon, et porter en ſa chambre de retrait dont il me fiſt bonne chere.

After paſſing three months in this court, Froiſſart took his leave of the munificent but ill fated Richard. In the laſt chapter of his Hiſtory, where he mentions the unfortunate end of this Monarch, he ſpeaks with an honeſt and affecting gratitude of the liberal preſent he received from him on his departure from England.—It was a goblet of ſilver gilt, weighing two marks, and filled with a hundred nobles.

On leaving England, he retired to his own country, and is ſuppoſed to have ended his days at his benefice of Chimay, but the year of his death is uncertain.—There is an antient tradition in the country, ſays Mr. de Saint Palaye, that he was buried in the chapel of St. Anne belonging to his own church. —That ingenious antiquarian produces an extract from its archives, in which the death of Froiſſart is recorded, but without naming the year, in the moſt honourable terms.——His obit bears the date of October, and is followed by 20 Latin verſes, from which I ſelect ſuch as appear to me the moſt worthy tranſcribing.

Gallorum ſublimis honos, & fama tuorum,
Hic Froiſſarde jaces, ſi modo ſorte jaces.
Hiſtorie vivus ſtuduiſti reddere vitam,
Defuncto vitam reddet at illa tibi.

Proxima

Proxima dum propriis florebit Francia ſcriptis,
*Famia dum ramos, *Blancaque fundet aquas,
Urbis ut hujus honos, templi ſic fama vigebis,
Teque ducem Hiſtorie Gallia tota colet,
Belgica tota colet, Cymeaque vallis amabit,
Dum rapidus proprios Scaldis obibit agros.

As I have never met with any ſatisfactory account of Froiſſart's life in our language, I have been tempted to ſwell this Note to an inordinate length; yet it ſeems to me ſtill neceſſary to add a few lines more concerning the character both of the Hiſtorian and the Poet.--A long ſeries of French Critics, to whom even the judicious Bayle has been tempted to give credit, have ſeverely cenſured Froiſſart, as the venal partizan of the Engliſh, and they have accuſed his laſt Editor, Sauvage, of mutilating his author, becauſe they could find in his edition no proofs of their charge.—The amiable St. Palaye has defended le bon Froiſſart, as he is called by honeſt Montaigne, from this unjuſt accuſation, and done full juſtice at the ſame time to the injured reputation of his exact and laborious editor.

It may ſerve as a kind of memento mori to poetical vanity to reflect, that Froiſſart is hardly known as a Poet, though his fertile pen produced 30,000 verſes, which were once the delight of Princes, and the favourite ſtudy of the gallant and the fair.—How far he deſerved the oblivion, into which his poetical compoſitions have fallen, the reader may conceive from the following judgment of his French Critic; with whoſe ingenious reflection on the imperfections attending the early ſtate both of Poetry and Painting, I ſhall terminate this Note.

On peut dire en général au ſujet des Poeſies de Froiſſart, que l'invention pour les ſujets lui manquoit autant que l'imagination pour les ornemens; du reſte le ſtyle qu'il employe, moins abondant que diffus, offre ſouvent la répétition ennuyeuſe des mêmes tours, & des mêmes phraſes, pour rendre des idées aſſez communes: cependant la ſimplicité et la liberté de ſa verſification ne ſont pas toûjours dépourvûes de graces, on y rencontre de tems en tems quelques images & pluſieurs vers de ſuite dont l'expreſſion eſt aſſez heureuſe.

Tel

* * A foreſt and a river near Chimay.

Tel étoit alors l'état de notre Poeſie Françoiſe, et le ſort de la Peinture étoit à peu près le meme. Ces deux arts que l'on a toujours comparez enſemble paroiſſent avoir eu une marche preſqu' uniforme dans leur progrès. Les Peintres au ſortir de la plus groſſiére barbarie, ſaiſiſſant d'abord en détail tous les petits objets que la nature leur preſentoit, s'attachérent aux inſectes, aux fleurs, aux oiſeaux, les parérent des couleurs les plus vives, les deſſinérent avec une exactitude que nous admirons encore dans les vignettes & dans les miniatures des manuſcrits ; lorſqu'ils vinrent à repréſenter des figures humaines, ils s'étudérent bien plus à terminer les contours & à exprimer juſqu' aux cheveux les plus fins, qu'à donner de l'ame aux viſages & du mouvement aux corps ; et ces figures dont la nature la plus commune fourniſſoit toujours les modelles, étoient jettées enſemble au hazard, ſans choix, ſans ordonnance, ſans aucun goût de compoſition.

Les Poetes auſſi ſtériles que les Peintres, bornoient toute leur induſtrie à ſçavoir amener des deſcriptions proportionnées à leur talens, et ils ne les quittoient qu'après les avoir épuiſées ; ils ne ſçavent guéres parler que d'un beau printems, de la verdure des campagnes, de l'émail des prairies, du ramage de mille eſpeces d'oiſeaux, de la clarté et de la vivacité d'une belle fontaine ou d'un ruiſſeau qui murmure ; quelquefois cependant ils rendent avec naïveté les amuſemens enfantins des amans, leurs ris, leurs jeux, les palpitations ou la joie d'un cœur amoreux ; ils n'imaginent rien au delà, incapable d'ailleurs de donner de la ſuite et de la liaiſon à leurs idées.

Notice des Poeſies de Froiſſart ; Memoires de l'Academie, Tom. xiv. p. 225.

NOTE IX. Verse 184.

Thy Favour, like the Sun's prolific ray,
Brought the keen Scribe of Florence into day.] Nicholas Machiavel, the celebrated Florentine, was firſt patronized by Leo, who cauſed one of his comedies to be acted with great magnificence at Rome, and engaged him to write a private Treatiſe de Reformatione Reipublicæ Florentinæ. His famous political Eſſay, entitled, "The Prince," was publiſhed in 1515, and dedicated to the Nephew of that Pontiff. The various judgments that have been paſſed on this ſingular performance are a ſtriking proof of the incertitude of human opinion.—In England it has received applauſe from the great names

names of Bacon and Clarendon, who ſuppoſe it intended to promote the intereſt of liberty and virtue. In Italy, after many years of approbation, it was publicly condemned by Clement the VIII, at the inſtigation of a Jeſuit, who had not read the book. In France it has even been ſuppoſed inſtrumental to the horrid maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, as the favourite ſtudy of Catherine of Medicis and her Sons, and as teaching the bloody leſſons of extirpation, which they ſo fatally put in practice. Yet one of his French Tranſlators has gone ſo far as to ſay, that "Machiavel, who paſſes among all the world for a teacher of Tyranny, deteſted it more than any man of the age in which he lived." It muſt however be owned, that there is a great mixture of good and evil in his political precepts. For the latter many plauſible apologies have been made; and it ſhould be remembered to his honour, that his great aim was to promote the welfare of his country, in exciting the Houſe of Medicis to deliver Italy from the invaſion of foreigners.

He is ſaid to have been made Hiſtoriographer of Florence, as a reward for having ſuffered the torture on ſuſpicion of conſpiring againſt the government of that city, having ſupported the ſevere trial with unfailing reſolution. His Hiſtory of that republic he wrote at the requeſt of Clement the VIIth, as we are informed in his Dedication of it to that Pontiff. The ſtyle of this work is much celebrated, and the firſt Book may be regarded as a model of Hiſtorical abridgment.—He died, according to Paul Jovius, in 1530.

NOTE X. VERSE 194.

Nor leſs, O Leo, was it thine to raiſe
The great Hiſtoric Chief of modern days.] Francis Guicciardin, born at Florence 1482, of an antient and noble family, was appointed a Profeſſor of Civil Law in that city at the age of 23. In 1512 he was ſent Embaſſador to Ferdinand king of Arragon; and ſoon after his return deputed by the Republic to meet Leo the Xth at Cortona, and attend him on his public entry into Florence.——That diſcerning Pontiff immediately became his Patron, and raiſed him to the government of Modena and Reggio. He ſucceeded to that of Parma, which he defended with great ſpirit againſt the French, on the death of Leo.——He roſe to the higheſt

honours under Clement the VIIth, having the command of all the eccleſiaſtical forces, and being Governor of Romagna, and laſtly of Bologna, in which city he is ſaid to have received the moſt flattering compliments from the Emperor Charles V.———Having gained much reputation, both civil and military, in various ſcenes of active life, he paſſed his latter days in retirement, at his villa near Florence, where he died ſoon after completing his Hiſtory, in the 59th year of his age, 1540. Notwithſtanding the high reputation of Guicciardin, his Hiſtory has been violently attacked, both as to matter and ſtyle.——The honeſt Montaigne inveighs with great warmth againſt the malignant turn of its author; and his own countryman Boccalini, in whoſe whimſical but lively work there are many excellent remarks on Hiſtory and Hiſtorians, ſuppoſes a Lacedæmonian thrown into agonies by a ſingle page of Guicciardin, whom he is condemned to read, for having himſelf been guilty of uſing three words inſtead of two. The poor Spartan cries for mercy, and declares that any tortures are preferable to the prolixity of ſuch a Writer.—This celebrated Hiſtorian was alſo a Poet. The three following verſes are the beginning of an Epiſtle, which he entitled Supplicazione d'Italia al Chriſtianiſſimo Rè Franceſco I.

Italia afflitta, nuda, e miſeranda,
Ch' or de Principi ſuoi ſtanca ſi lagna
A Te, Franceſco, queſta Carta manda.

They are preſerved in Creſcimbeni della volgar Poeſia. Vol. V. p. 132.

NOTE XI. VERSE 204.

With equal wreaths let Davila be crown'd.] Henry Catherine Davila was the youngeſt ſon of Antonio Davila, Grand Conſtable of Cyprus, who had been obliged to retire into Spain on the taking of that iſland by the Turks in 1570. From Spain Antonio repaired to the court of France, and ſettled his ſon Lewis and two daughters under the patronage of Catherine of Medicis, whoſe name he afterwards gave to the young Hiſtorian, born 1576, at an antient caſtle in the territories of Padua, though generally called a native of Cyprus. The little Davila was brought early into France; at the age of 18, he ſignalized himſelf in the military ſcenes of that country. His laſt exploit there was at the ſiege of Amiens, where

where he fought under Henry IV. and received a wound in the knee, as he relates himſelf in his Hiſtory.——After peace was eſtabliſhed in France, he withdrew into Italy, and ſerved the Republic of Venice with great reputation till a moſt unfortunate adventure put an end to his life in 1631.—Paſſing through Verona with his wife and family, on his way to Crema, which he was appointed to defend, and demanding, according to the uſual cuſtom of perſons in his ſtation, a ſupply of horſes and carriages for his retinue, a brutal Veroneſe, called il Turco, entered the room where he and his family were at ſupper, and being mildly reprimanded for his intruſion by Davila, diſcharged a piſtol at the Hiſtorian, and ſhot him dead on the inſtant.—His accomplices alſo killed the Chaplain of Davila, and wounded many of his attendants. But his eldeſt ſon Antonio, a noble youth of eighteen, revenged the death of his father, by killing the murderer on the ſpot. All the confederates were ſecured the next morning, and publicly executed at Verona.—Memoire Iſtoriche, prefixed to the London edition of Davila, 4to, 1755.—It is very remarkable, that Davila paſſes no cenſure on the Maſſacre of St. Bartholomew.—His character of the Queen Mother has that partiality, which it was natural for him to ſhew to the Patroneſs of his family; but his general veracity is confirmed by the great authority of the firſt Duke of Epernon, who, (to uſe the words of Lord Bolingbroke) "had been an actor, and a principal actor too, in many of the ſcenes that Davila recites." Girard, Secretary to this Duke, and no contemptible Biographer, relates, that this Hiſtory came down to the place where the old man reſided in Gaſcony, a little before his death; that he read it to him; that the Duke confirmed the truth of the narrations in it; and ſeemed only ſurpriſed by what means the author could be ſo well informed of the moſt ſecret councils and meaſures of thoſe times."———Letters on Hiſtory.

NOTE XII. VERSE 226.

Sarpi, bleſt name! from every foible clear.] Father Paul, the moſt amiable and exalted character that was ever formed in monaſtic retirement, was the ſon of Franceſco Sarpi, a merchant of Venice, and born in that city, 1552. He took the religious habit in the monaſtery of the Servites, 1565.

After receiving prieſt's orders in 1574, he paſſed four years in Mantua, being appointed to read Lectures on Divinity and Canon Law, by the Biſhop of that dioceſe; and in this early part of his life, he is conjectured to have conceived the firſt idea of writing his celebrated Hiſtory, as he formed an intimate friendſhip, during his reſidence in Mantua, with Camillo d'Oliva, who had been Secretary to Cardinal Gonzaga at the Council of Trent, and excited the learned Venetian to the arduous taſk, which he ſo happily accompliſhed in a future period. He was recalled from Mantua, to read Lectures on Philoſophy in his own convent at Venice, which he did with great reputation, during the years 1575, 1576, and 1577.—He went to Rome as Procurator General in 1585. Paſſing from thence to Naples, he there formed an acquaintance with the famous Baptiſta Porta, who has left this honourable teſtimony of his univerſal knowledge:—Eo doctiorem, ſubtiliorem, quotquot adhuc videre contigerit, neminem cognovimus; natum ad Encyclopediam, &c. Nor is this an exaggerated compliment, as there is hardly any ſcience which eſcaped his active mind. His diſcoveries in Optics and Anatomy would be alone ſufficient to immortalize his name, had he not gained immortality by a ſtill nobler exertion of his mental powers, in defending the liberties of his country againſt the tyranny of Rome. On the firſt attack of Pope Paul V. on two laws of Venice, very wiſely framed to correct the abuſes of the clergy, Father Paul aroſe as the literary champion of the Republic, and defended its cauſe with great ſpirit and temper, in various compoſitions: though he is ſaid not to be the Author of the Treatiſe generally aſcribed to him on the occaſion, and entitled, *The Rights of Sovereigns*, &c.——His chief performance on the ſubject was *Conſiderazioni ſopra le Cenſure di Paolo V.* The Venetians ſhewed a juſt admiration of the ſublime virtue of a Monk, who defended ſo nobly the civil rights of his country againſt the ſeparate intereſt of the church. In 1606 the Council paſſed a decree in his favour; which I ſhall tranſcribe in this note, becauſe it is not found in the common Lives of Father Paul, and becauſe there is hardly any object more pleaſing to the mind, than the contemplation of a free ſtate rewarding one of its moſt virtuous ſervants with liberality and eſteem.——Continuando il R. P. M. Paolo da Venezia dell ordine de Serviti a preſtare alla Signoria Noſtra con ſingolar Valore quell ottimo ſervigio, ch' è ben conoſciuto,

ſciuto, potendoſi dire, ch' egli fra tutti con le ſue ſcritture piene di profonda dottrina ſoſtenti con validiſſimi fondamenti le potentiſſime e validiſſime ragioni noſtre nella cauſa, che ha di preſente la Repubblica con la corte di Roma, anteponendo il ſervigio e la ſoddisfazione noſtra a qualſivoglia ſuo particolare ed importante riſpetto. E perciò coſa giuſta e ragionevole, e degna dell ordinaria munificenza di queſto Conſiglio, il dargli modo, con che poſſa aſſicurare la ſua Vita da ogni pericolo, che gli poteſſe ſopraſtare, e ſovvenire inſieme alii ſuoi biſogni, bench, egli non ne faccia alcuna iſtanza, ma piutoſto ſi moſtri alieno da qualſivoglia ricognizione, che ſi abbi intenzione di uſargli. Tal è la ſua modeſtia, e coſi grande il deſiderio, che ha di far conoſcere, che neſſuna pretenſione di premio, ma la ſola divozione ſua verſo la Repubblica, e la giuſtizia della Cauſa lo muovano adoperarſi con tanto ſtudio e con tante fatiche alli ſervizi noſtri. Percio anderà parte, che allo ſtipendio, il quale a' 28 del Meſe di Gennaio paſſato fu aſſegnato al ſopradetto R. P. M. Paolo da Venezia di Ducati duecento all anno, ſiano accreſciuti altri ducati duecento, ſicchè in avvenire abbia ducati quattrocento, acciòche reſtando conſolato per queſta ſpontanea e benigna dimoſtrazione publica, con maggior ardore abbia a continuare nel ſuo buono e divoto ſervizio, e poſſa con queſto aſſequamento provvedere maggiormente alla ſicurezza della ſua Vita.——The generous care of the Republic to reward and preſerve ſo valuable a ſervant, could not ſecure him from the baſe attempts of that enemy, whom his virtue had provoked. In 1607, after Venice had adjuſted her diſputes with Rome, by the mediation of France, the firſt attack was made on the life of Father Paul. He recovered, under the care of the celebrated Acquapendente, appointed to attend him at the public charge; to whom, as he was ſpeaking on the depth of the principal wound, his patient ſaid pleaſantly, that the world imputed it ſtylo Romanæ Curiæ.—The crime is generally ſuppoſed to have proceeded from the Jeſuits; but the ſecret authors of it were never clearly diſcovered, though the five ruffians were traced by the Venetian Ambaſſador in Rome, where theyare ſaid to have been well received at firſt, but failing afterwards in their expected reward, to have periſhed in miſery and want. The Senate of Venice paid ſuch attention to Father Paul, as expreſſed

preſſed the higheſt ſenſe of his merit, and the moſt affectionate ſolicitude for his ſafety. They not only doubled his ſtipend a ſecond time, but entreated him to chuſe a public reſidence, for the greater ſecurity of his perſon. The munificence and care of the Republic was equalled by the modeſty and fortitude of their ſervant. He choſe not to relinquiſh his cell; and, though warned of various machinations againſt his life, he continued to ſerve his country with unabating zeal; diſcovering, in his private letters to his friends, the moſt heroic calmneſs of mind, and ſaying, in anſwer to their admonitions, that "no man lives well, who is too anxious for the preſervation of life."———Yet the apprehenſions of his friends had too juſt a foundation. In 1609 another conſpiracy was formed, to murder him in his ſleep, by ſome perſons of his own convent—but their treachery was happily diſcovered.——From this time he lived in more cautious retirement, ſtill devoting himſelf to the ſervice of the Republic on various occaſions, and acquiring new reputation by many compoſitions. At length the world was ſurprized by his Hiſtory of the Council of Trent, firſt publiſhed in London, 1619; with the fictitious name of Pietro Soave Polano; and dedicated to James the Iſt, by Antonio de Dominis, the celebrated Archbiſhop of Spalatro, who ſpeaks of the concealed Author as his intimate friend, who had entruſted him with a manuſcript, on which his modeſty ſet a trifling value, but which it ſeemed proper to beſtow upon the world even without his conſent.—The myſtery concerning the publication of this noble work has never been thoroughly cleared up, and various falſities concerning it have been reported by authors of conſiderable reputation. —It had been ſaid that James the Iſt had ſome ſhare in the compoſition of the book——if he had, it was probably in forming the name Pietro Soave Polano, which is an anagram of Paolo Sarpi Veneziano, and the only part of the book which bears any relation to the ſtyle or taſte of that Monarch. ——Father Paul was ſoon ſuppoſed to be the real Author of the work in queſtion. The Prince of Condé, on a viſit to his cloyſter, expreſsly aſked him, if he was ſo——to which he modeſtly replied, that at Rome it was well known who had written it.——He enjoyed not many years the reputation ariſing from this maſterly production——in 1623 a fever occaſioned his death, which was even more exemplary and ſublime

than

than his life itſelf.—He prepared himſelf for his approaching diſſolution with the moſt devout compoſure, and, as the liberty of his country was the darling object of his exalted mind, he prayed for its preſervation with his laſt breath, in the two celebrated words Eſto Perpetua.

There is a ſingular beauty in the character of Father Paul, which is not only uncommon in his profeſſion, but is rarely found in human nature.—Though he paſſed a long life in controverſy of the moſt exaſperating kind, and was continually attacked in every manner that malignity could ſuggeſt, both his writings and his heart appeared perfectly free from a vindictive ſpirit—devoting all the powers of his mind to the defence of the public cauſe, he ſeemed entirely to forget the injuries that were perpetually offered to his own perſon and reputation.

His conſtitution was extremely delicate, and his intenſe application expoſed him to very frequent and violent diſorders: theſe he greatly remedied by his ſingular temperance, living chiefly on bread, fruits, and water.——This imperfect account of a character deſerving the nobleſt elogium, is principally extracted from an octavo volume, entitled, Memoire Anedote ſpettanti a F. Paolo da Franceſco Griſelini Veneziano, &c. edit. 2d, 1760. The author of this elaborate work has pointed out ſeveral miſtakes in the French and Engliſh accounts of Father Paul; particularly in the anecdotes related of him by Burnet, in his Life of Bp. Bedell, and by Mr. Brent, the ſon of his Engliſh Tranſlator.——Some of theſe had indeed been obſerved before by Writers of our own.—See the General Dictionary under the article Father Paul.—For the length and for the deficiencies of this Note, I am tempted to apologize with a ſentence borrowed from the great Hiſtorian who is the ſubject of it:—— Chi mi offerverà in alcuni tempi abondare, in altri andar riſtretto, ſi ricordi che non tutti i campi ſono di ugnal fertilità, ne tutti ſi grani meritano d'eſſer conſervati, e di quelli che il mietitore vorrebbe tenerne contò, qualche ſpica anco ſfugge la preſa della mano, o il filo della falce, coſi comportando la conditione d'ogni mietitura che reſti anco parte per riſpigolare.

NOTE XIII. VERSE 254.

To clear Oſorius, in his claſſic phraſe.] Jerom Oſorius was born of a noble family at Liſbon, 1506. He was educated

cated at the univerſity of Salamanca, and afterwards ſtudied at Paris and Bologna. On his return to Portugal, he gradually roſe to the Biſhopric of Sylves, to which he was appointed by Catherine of Auſtria, Regent of the kingdom in the minority of Sebaſtian. At the requeſt of Cardinal Henry of Portugal, he wrote his Hiſtory of King Emanuel, and the expedition of Gama——which his great contemporary Camoens made at the ſame time the ſubject of his immortal Luſiad; a poem which has at length appeared with due luſtre in our language, being tranſlated with great ſpirit and elegance by Mr. Mickle. It is remarkable, that the Hiſtory of Oſorius, and the Epic Poem of Camoens, were publiſhed in the ſame year, 1572: but the fate of theſe two great Authors were very different; the Poet was ſuffered to periſh in poverty, under the reign of that Henry, who patronized the Hiſtorian: yet, allowing for the difference of their profeſſions, I am inclined to think they poſſeſſed a ſimilarity of mind. There appear many traces of that high heroic ſpirit even in the Prieſt Oſorius, which animated the Soldier Camoens: particularly in the pleaſure, with which he ſeems to deſcribe the martial manners of his countrymen, under the reign of Emanuel.—Illius ætate (ſays the Hiſtorian, in the cloſe of his manly work) inopia in exilium pulſa videbatur: mæſtitiæ locus non erat: querimoniæ ſilebant: omnia choreis & cantibus perſonabant: ejuſmodi ludis aula regia frequenter oblectabatur. Nobiles adoleſcentes cum virginibus regiis in aulâ ſine ulla libidinis ſignificatione ſaltabant, et quamvis honeſtiſſimis amoribus indulgerent, virginibus erat inſitum, neminem ad familiaritatem admittere, niſi illum qui aliquid fortiter & animoſe bellicis in rebus effeciſſet. Pueris enim nobilibus, qui in aula regia verſabantur, non erat licitum pallium virile ſumere, antequam in Africam trajicerent, & aliquod inde pecus egregium reportarent. Et his quidem moribus erat illius temporis nobilitas inſtituta, ut multi ex illius domo viri omni laude cumulati prodirent. —This is a ſtriking picture of the manners of chivalry, to which Portugal owed much of its glory in that ſplendid period. There is one particular in the character of Oſorius, which, conſidering his age and country, deſerves the higheſt encomium; I mean his tolerating ſpirit. In the firſt book of his Hiſtory, he ſpeaks of Emanuel's cruel perſecution of the Jews in the following generous and exalted language:—

Fuit

Fuit quidem hoc nec ex lege nec ex religione factum. Quid enim? Tu rebelles animos nullaque ad id ſuſcepta religione conſtrictos, adigas ad credendum ea, quæ ſumma contentione aſpernantur & reſpuunt? Idque tibi aſſumas, ut libertatem voluntatis impedias, & vincula mentibus effrænatis injicias? at id neque fieri poteſt, neque Chriſti ſanctiſſimum numen approbat. Voluntarium enim ſacrificium, non vi et malo coactum ab hominibus expetit, neque vim mentibus inferri ſed voluntates ad ſtudium veræ religionis allici & invitari jubet.... Poſtremo quis non videt.... et ita religionem per religionis ſimulationem indigniſſime violari?—Oſorius is ſaid to have uſed many arguments to diſſuade Sebaſtian from his unfortunate expedition into Africa, and to have felt ſo deeply the miſeries which befel the Portegueze after that fatal event, that his grief was ſuppoſed to accelerate his death.—He expired in 1580, happy, ſays De Thou (who celebrates him as a model of Chriſtian virtue) that he died juſt before the Spaniſh army entered Portugal, and thus eſcaped being a witneſs to the deſolation of his country.—His various works were publiſhed at Rome in 1592, by his nephew Oſorius, in four volumes folio, with a Life of their Author. Among theſe are two remarkable productions; the firſt, an admonition to our Queen Elizabeth, exhorting her to return into the Church of Rome: the ſecond, an Eſſay on Glory, written with ſuch claſſical purity, as to give birth to a report, that it was not the compoſition of Oſorius, but the laſt work of Cicero on that ſubject.

NOTE XIV. Verse 260.

Iberia's Genius bids juſt Fame allow,
An equal wreath to Mariana's brow.] John Mariana was born 1537, at Talavera (a town in the dioceſe of Toledo) as he himſelf informs us in his famous Eſſay *de Rege*, which opens with a beautiful romantic deſcription of a ſequeſtered ſpot in that neighbourhood, where he enjoyed the pleaſures of literary retirement with his friend Calderon, a Miniſter of Toledo; whoſe death he mentions in the ſame Eſſay, commemorating his learning and his virtues in the moſt pleaſing terms of affectionate admiration.—Mariana was admitted into the order of Jeſuits at the age of 17. He travelled afterwards into Italy and France, and returning into Spain in 1574, ſettled at Toledo, and died there in the 87th year of his age, 1624.—Hearing it frequently regretted, in the courſe of his travels,

travels, that there was no General Hiſtory of his country, he engaged in that great work on his return; and publiſhed it in Latin at Toledo, 1592, with a dedication to Philip the IId; where he ſpeaks of his own performance with modeſty and manly freedom, and perhaps with as little flattery as ever appeared in any addreſs of that nature, to a Monarch continually fed with the groſſeſt adulation.—This elaborate work he tranſlated into Spaniſh, but, as he himſelf declares, with all the freedom of an original author. He publiſhed his Verſion in 1601, with an addreſs to Philip the IIId, in which he laments the decline of Learning in his country, and declares he had himſelf executed that work from his apprehenſion of its being mangled by an ignorant Tranſlator. He had cloſed his Hiſtory (which begins with the firſt peopling of Spain) with the death of Ferdinand, in 1516; but in a ſubſequent edition, in 1617, he added to it a ſhort ſummary of events to the year 1612: but in the year before he firſt publiſhed the Spaniſh Verſion of his Hiſtory, he addreſſed alſo to the young Monarch Philip the IIId, his famous Eſſay, which I have mentioned, and which was publicly burnt at Paris, about 20 years after its publication, on the ſuppoſition that it had excited Ravillac to the murder of Henry IVth; though it was aſſerted, with great probability by the Jeſuits, that the Aſſaſſin had never ſeen the book.—It is true, indeed, that Mariana, in this Eſſay, occaſionally defends Clement the Monk, who ſtabbed Henry the IIId; and it is very remarkable, that he grounds this defence, not on the bigotted tenets of a Prieſt, who thinks every thing lawful for the intereſt of his church, but on thoſe ſublime principles of civil liberty, with which an antient Roman would have vindicated the dagger of Brutus. Indeed, this Eſſay contains ſome paſſages on Government, which would not have diſhonoured even Cicero himſelf; but, it muſt be owned, they are grievouſly diſgraced by the laſt chapter of the Work, which breathes a furious ſpirit of eccleſiaſtical intolerance, and yet cloſes with theſe mild and modeſt expreſſions: Noſtrum de regno et Regis inſtitutione judicium fortaſſe non omnibus placeat; qui volet ſequatur, aut ſuo potius ſtet, ſi potioribus argumentis nitatur, de quibus rebus tantopere aſſeveravi in his libris, eas nunquam veriores quam alienam ſententiam affirmabo. Poteſt enim non ſolum mihi aliud, aliud aliis videri, ſed et mihi ipſi alio tempore. Suam quiſque ſententiam per me ſequatur . . . et . . .

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qui noſtra leget . . . . memor conditionis humanæ, ſi quid erratum eſt, pio ſtudio rempublicam juvandi veniam benignus concedat et facilis.—This is not the only work of Mariana which fell under a public proſcription; he was himſelf perſecuted and ſuffered a year's impriſonment, for a treatiſe, which ſeems to have been dictated by the pureſt love to his country; it was againſt the pernicious practice of debaſing the public coin, and as it was ſuppoſed to reflect on the duke of Lerma, called the Sejanus of Spain, it expoſed the Author, about the year 1609, to the perſecution of that vindictive Miniſter; from which it does not appear how he eſcaped.—Indeed the accounts of Mariana's life are very imperfect: Bayle, whom I have chiefly followed, mentions a life of him by De Vargas, which he could not procure. I have ſought after this Biographer with the ſame ill ſucceſs, as I wiſhed to give a more perfect account of this great Author, whoſe perſonal Hiſtory is little known among us, though it is far from being unworthy of attention.

NOTE XV. VERSE 291.

The liberal ſpirit of Thuanus roſe.] James Auguſtus De Thou was the youngeſt ſon of Chriſtopher De Thou, Firſt Preſident of the Parliament of Paris, and born in that city, 1553. His own Memoirs give a pleaſing account of the early activity of his mind:———As his health, during his childhood, was ſo tender and infirm, that his parents rather reſtrained him from the uſual ſtudies of his age, he devoted much of his time to drawing, and copied with a pen the engravings of Albert Durer, before he was ten years old. At that age he was ſettled in the college of Burgundy; but this plan of his education was ſoon interrupted by a fever, in which his life was deſpaired of, and in which the mother of his future friend, the Duke of Montpenſier, watched him with an attention ſingularly happy, after his phyſicians and his parents had conſidered him as dead. In a few years after his recovery, he repaired to Orleans to ſtudy the civil law; from thence he was drawn to Valence in Dauphiny, by the reputation of Cujacius, who was then reading lectures there; on his road he embraced an opportunity of hearing Hotoman, the celebrated author of Franco-Gallia, who was reading lectures alſo at Bourges.———During his reſidence at Valence, he contracted a friendſhip

friendſhip with Joſeph Scaliger, which he cultivated through life.———In 1572, his father recalled him to Paris, juſt before the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew.———He mentions in his Memoirs the horrors which he felt in ſeeing a very ſmall part of that bloody ſcene.———He reſided in the houſe of his uncle Nicholas De Thou, promoted to the biſhopric of Chartres: he was then deſigned for the church; and, beginning to collect his celebrated library, applied himſelf particularly to the Civil Law, and to Grecian literature,

He travelled into Italy in 1573, with Paul De Foix, going on an embaſſy to the Pope and the Italian Princes. Of De Foix, he gives the moſt engaging character, and ſpeaks with great pleaſure of the literary entertainment and advantages which he derived from this expedition.———He returned to Paris, and devoted himſelf again to his ſtudies, in the following year.—On the diſſentions in the Court of France, in 1576, he was employed to negotiate with the Mareſchal Montmorency, and engage him to interpoſe his good offices to prevent the civil war; which he for ſome time effected.—The ſame year he viſited the Low Countries, and on his return was appointed to a public office, on which he entered with that extreme diffidence which is ſo natural to a delicate mind.

In 1579 he travelled again, with his elder brother, who was ſent by his phyſicians to the baths of Plombieres in Lorrain: from hence he made a ſhort excurſion into Germany, and was received there with the jovial hoſpitality of that country, which he deſcribes in a very lively manner.—But affection ſoon recalled him to Plombieres, to attend his infirm brother to Paris, who died there in a few months after their return.

In 1580, on the plague's appearing in the capital, our Hiſtorian retired into Touraine, and after viſiting the principal places in Normandy, returned to Paris in the winter.—In the following year, he was of the number choſen from the Parliament of Paris to adminiſter juſtice in Guienne, as two eccleſiaſtics were included in that commiſſion.—In this expedition he embraced every opportunity of preparing the materials of his Hiſtory, ſeeking, as he ever did, the ſociety of all perſons eminent for their talents, or capable of giving him

any

any uſeful information. He ſpeaks with great pleaſure of a viſit which he paid at this time to the celebrated Montaigne, whom he calls a man of a moſt liberal mind, and totally uninfected with the ſpirit of party.—After various excurſions, he was now returning to Paris, when he received the unexpected news of his father's death, an event which affected him moſt deeply, as filial affection was one of the ſtriking characteriſtics of his amiable mind.—He conſoled himſelf under the affliction of having been unable to pay his duty to his dying parent, by erecting a magnificent monument to his memory, expreſſive of the high veneration in which he ever held his virtues.—He engaged again in public buſineſs, devoting his intervals of leiſure to mathematical ſtudies, and to the compoſition of Latin verſe, which ſeems to have been his favourite amuſement. In 1584, he publiſhed his Poem, de re Accipitraria, which, though much celebrated by the critics of his age, has fallen, like the ſubject of which it treats, into univerſal neglect——In 1585, he bid adieu to the Court, on finding himſelf treated with ſuch a degree of coldneſs, as his ingenuous nature could not ſubmit to; and being eager to advance in his work, which he had already brought down to the reign of Francis II.—In 1587, having been often preſſed to marry by his family, and being abſolved from his eccleſiaſtical engagements for that purpoſe, he made choice of Marie Barbanſon, of an ancient and noble family; but as her parents were ſuſpected of a ſecret inclination to the reformed religion, it was thought proper that the lady ſhould undergo a kind of expiation in a private conference with two Catholic Divines; a circumſtance of which the great Hiſtorian ſpeaks with an air of triumph in his Memoirs, as a proof of his own inviolable attachment to the faith of his fathers. In 1588, he loſt his affectionate mother; who is deſcribed, by her ſon, as meeting death with the ſame gentleneſs and tranquility of mind, by which her life was diſtinguiſhed. When the violence of the league had reduced Henry the IIId to abandon Paris, our Hiſtorian was ſent into Normandy to confirm the magiſtrates of that province in their adherence to the king.—He afterwards met Henry at Blois, and while he was receiving from him in private ſome commiſſions to execute at Paris, the King preſſed his hand, and ſeemed preparing to impart to him ſome important ſecret; but after a long pauſe diſmiſſed him without revealing it.—This ſecret was afterwards ſuppoſed to have been

the projected aſſaſſination of the Duke of Guiſe: the ſuppoſition is probable, and it is alſo probable, that if Henry had then revealed his deſign, the manly virtue and eloquence of De Thou might have led him to relinquiſh that infamous and fatal meaſure.--He was, however, ſo far from ſuſpecting the intended crime of the king, that when he firſt heard at Paris, that Guiſe was aſſaſſinated, he believed it a falſe rumour, only ſpread by that faction, to introduce, what he ſuppoſed had really happened, the murder of the King.—In the commotions which the death of Guiſe produced in Paris, many inſults were offered to the family of De Thou: his wife was impriſoned for a day in the Baſtile; but obtaining her liberty, ſhe eſcaped from the city in a mean habit, attended by her huſband, diſguiſed alſo in the dreſs of a ſoldier. Having ſent his wife in ſafety into Picardy, he repaired to the King, who was almoſt deſerted, at Blois; and was greatly inſtrumental in perſuading his maſter to his coalition with Henry of Navarre.—The King determined to eſtabliſh a Parliament at Tours, and De Thou was conſidered as the proper perſon to be the Preſident of this aſſembly; but with his uſual modeſty he declined this honour, and choſe rather to engage with his friend Mr. de Schomberg in an expedition to Germany for the ſervice of the King.—He was at firſt deſigned for the embaſſy to Elizabeth, but at the requeſt of Schomberg declined the appointment, and accompanied his friend.

He firſt received intelligence of the King's death at Venice, where he had formed an intimacy with the celebrated Arnauld d'Oſſat, at that time Secretary to the Cardinal Joyeuſe.—In conſequence of their converſation on this event, and the calamities of France, De Thou addreſſed a Latin Poem to his friend, which he afterwards printed at Tours.

In leaving Italy, he paſſed a few days at Padua, with his friend Vicenzio Pinelli; from whom he collected many particulars concerning the moſt eminent Italian and Spaniſh Authors, whom he determined to celebrate in his Hiſtory, in the hope, as he honeſtly confeſſes, that his liberal attention to foreign merit might entitle his own Works to the favour both of Italy and Spain; but he was diſappointed in this fair expectation, and laments the ingratitude which he experienced from both.

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On his return to France, he was graciouſly received by Henry the IVth; and in giving that Prince an account of Italy, ſuggeſted to him the idea of a connection with Mary of Medicis. After the battle of Ivry, he complimented the King in a ſhort Poem, which cloſes with the following lines:

Auſpiciis vulgo peraguntur prælia regum,
Perque duces illis gloria multa venit:
Tu vincis virtute tua, nec militis hæc eſt;
Iſta tibi propria laurea parta manu.

As he was travelling, ſoon afterwards, with his wife and family, which he deſigned to ſettle at Tours, his party was intercepted by the enemy, and he was obliged to abandon his wife and her attendants, being prevailed on by their intreaties to ſecure his own eſcape by the ſwiftneſs of his horſe.—He repaired to the King at Giſors, and ſoon obtained the reſtitution of his family.—On the death of Amyot, Biſhop of Auxerre, well known by his various Tranſlations from the Greek language, the King appointed De Thou his Principal Librarian. In 1592, our Hiſtorian was very near falling a victim to the plague, but happily ſtruggled through that dangerous diſtemper by the aſſiſtance of two ſkilful phyſicians, who attended him at Tours.—In 1593, he began the moſt important part of his Hiſtory: and under this year he introduces in his Memoirs a long and ſpirited Poem addreſſed to Poſterity, in which he enters into a juſtification of himſelf againſt the malignant attacks, which the manly and virtuous freedom of his writings had drawn upon him. It concludes with the following animated appeal to the ſpirit of his father:

Vos O majorum Cineres, teque optime longis
Soliciti genitor defuncte laboribus ævi,
Teſtor, pro patria nullas regnique ſalute
Vitaviſſe vices, veſtra virtute meaque
Indignum nil feciſſe, et ſi fata tuliſſent,
Prodeſſem ut patriæ, patriæ ſuccurrere, livor
Abſiſtat, pietate mea meruiſſe petenti.
Pura ad vos anima atque hodiernæ neſcia culpæ
Deſcendam, quandoque noviſſima venerit hora,
Noſtraque ſub tacitos ibit fama integra manes.

In 1594, he ſucceeded his uncle Auguſtin as Preſident a Mortier.——In 1596, he loſt his valuable and learned friend Pithou,

Pithou, who first solicited him to undertake his History, and had greatly assisted him in the prosecution of that laborious work.——How deeply the affectionate mind of De Thou was wounded by this event, appears from his long letter to Casaubon on the occasion.——In 1597, he began to be engaged in those negotiations, which happily terminated in the famous edict of Nantes——It may be proper to observe here, that De Thou was accused of being a Calvinist, in consequence of the part he acted in this business, as well as from the moderate tenor of his History; and it is remarkable, that Sully seems in his Memoirs to countenance the accusation.

In 1601, our Historian suffered a severe domestic affliction in the loss of his wife.——He celebrated her virtues, and his own connubial affection, in a Latin Poem: with this, and a Greek epitaph on the same lady, written by Casaubon, he terminates the Commentary of his own Life, of which the preceding account is an imperfect abridgment.—His first wife leaving him no children, he married, in 1603, Gasparde de la Chaffre, an accomplished lady of a noble family; who having brought him three sons and three daughters, died at the age of 39, 1616.—There is a fine letter of Daniel Heinsius, addressed to our author on this occasion, exhorting him to fortitude: but this unexpected domestic calamity, and the miseries which befel his country on the murder of Henry the Great, are said to have wounded his feeling mind so deeply, as to occasion his death, which happened in May 1617.—Under the regency of Mary of Medicis, he had been one of the Directors general of the finances, maintaining the same reputation for integrity in that department, which he had ever preserved in his judicial capacity.

The first part of his History appeared in 1604, with a Preface addressed to Henry IV. justly celebrated for its liberal and manly spirit.——But I must observe, that the following compliment to the King—Quicquid de ea statueris jusseritve, pro divinæ vocis oraculo mihi erit—was more than even that most amiable of Monarchs deserved, as he ungratefully deserted the cause of our Historian, in suffering his work to be proscribed by the public censure of Rome in 1609, as De Thou plainly intimates, in the following passage from one of his letters, written 1611:—Publicata prima parte [Historiæ meæ] immane quam commoti sunt plerique, sive invidi, factiosi, qui

qui mox proceres quoſdam qui per ſe in talibus rebus nihil vident, per calumnias artificioſe confictas, ut ſcis, in me concitaverunt, remque e veſtigio Romam detulerunt, et auctore maligne exagitato, facile pervicerunt, ut moroſi illi cenſores omnia mea ſiniſtre interpretarentur, et præjudicio perſonæ opus integrum, cujus ne tertiam quidem partem legerant, præcipitato ordine damnarent. Rex cauſam meam initio quidem tuebatur, quamdiu proceres in aula infeſtos habui. Sed paulatim ipſe eorundem aſtu infractus eſt; cognitoque Romæ per emiſſarios labare regem, poſt Oſſati et Serafini Cardinalium mihi amiciſſimorum obitum, et illuſtriſſimi Perronii ex urbe diſceſſum, ictus poſtremo in me directus eſt, qui facile vitari potuit, ſi qui circa regem erant, tantæ injuriæ ſenſum ad ſe ac regni dignitatem pertinere vel minima ſignificatione præ ſe tuliſſent. Ita in aula omni ope deſtitutus, facile Romæ oppreſſus ſum.—De Thou was preparing a new edition of his Hiſtory at the time of his death.—His paſſion for Latin verſe appears never to have forſaken him, as the lateſt effuſion of his pen was a little poem deſcriptive of his laſt illneſs, and an epitaph in which he draws the following juſt character of himſelf:

Mihi veritatis cura vitæ commodis
Antiquiorque charitatibus fuit,
Nullique facto, voce nulli injurius,
Injurias patienter aliorum tuli.
Tu quiſquis es, qualiſque, quantuſque, O bone,
Si cura veri eſt ulla, ſi pietas movet,
A me meiſque injuriam, quæſo, abſtine.

The pious paternal prayer in the laſt line was very far from being crown'd with ſucceſs. Francis, the eldeſt ſon of De Thou, fell a victim to the reſentment which Cardinal Richelieu is ſaid to have conceived againſt him, from a paſſage in the great Hiſtorian, reflecting on the Richelieu family.—He was beheaded at Lyons, 1642, for having been privy to a conſpiracy againſt the Cardinal.——Voltaire, with his uſual philanthropy and ſpirit, inveighs againſt the iniquity of this execution, in his Melanges, tom. iii.——The curious reader may find a particular account of this tragical event in the laſt volume of that noble edition of Thuanus, which was publiſhed under the auſpices of Dr. Mead, and does great honour to our country.—I ſhall cloſe this Note by

tranſcribing from it the following ſpirited epitaph on the unfortunate victim.

Hiſtoriam quiſquis vult ſcribere, ſcribere veram
Nunc vetat Exitium, magne Thuane, tuum.
Richeliæ ſtirpis proavos læſiſſe, Paterni
Crimen erat calami, quo tibi vita perit.
Sanguine delentur nati monumenta parentis:
Quæ nomen dederant ſcripta, dedere necem.
Tanti morte viri ſic eſt ſancita Tyrannis:
Vera loqui ſi vis, diſce cruenta pati.

NOTE XVI. Verse 364.

Thy Wits, O France! (as ev'n thy Critics own)
Support not Hiſtory's majeſtic tone.] To avoid every appearance of national prejudice, I ſhall quote on this occaſion ſome paſſages from a very liberal French Critic, who has paſſed the ſame judgment on the Hiſtorians of his country. The Marquis d'Argenſon, in a memoir read before the French Academy, 1755, not only confeſſes that the French Writers have failed in Hiſtory, but even ventures to explain the cauſe of their ill ſucceſs.

Nous avons, ſays he, quelques morceaux, ou l'on trouve tout à la fois la fidelité, le gout, et le vrai ton l'Hiſtoire; mais outre qu'ils ſont en petit nombre, et tres-courts, les auteurs, à qui nous en ſommes redevables, ſe ſont defié de leurs forces; ils ont craint de manquer d'haleine dans des ouvrages de plus longue étendue.

Pourquoi les anciens ont-ils eu des Thucydides, des Xenophons, des Polybes, & des Tacites? pourquoi ne pouvons nous leur comparer que des St. Réals, des Vertots, des Sarraſins? nous ne devons point attribuer cette diſette a la decadence de l'Eſprit humain. Il faut en chercher, ſi j'oſe m'exprimer ainſi, quelque raiſon nationale, quelque cauſe, qui ſoit particuliere aux François . . . . .

Quatre qualités principales ſont néceſſaires au Hiſtoriens.

1. Une critique exacte & ſavante, fondée ſur des recherches laborieuſes, pour la collection des faits.

2. Une grande profondeur en morale & en politique.

3. Une

3. Une imagination ſage, & fleurie, qui peigne les actions, qui deduiſe les cauſes, & qui preſente les reflexions avec clarté & ſimplicite ; quelquefois avec feu, mais toujours avec gout & élégance.

4. Il faut de plus la conſtance dans le travail, un ſtyle égal & ſoutenu, & une exactitude infatigable, qui ne montre jamais l'impatience d'avancer, ni de laſſitude pendant le cours d'une longue carrière.

Qu'on ſepare ces qualités, on trouvera des chefs-d'œuvres parmi nous, des Critiques, des Moraliſtes, des Politiques, des Peintres, & des literateurs laborieux, dont le produit nous ſurprend. Mais qu'on cherches ces qualités raſſemblées, on manquera d'exemples à citer entre nos Auteurs.——The critic then takes a rapid review of the French Hiſtorions, and proceeds to make the following lively remarks on the difficulty of writing Hiſtory in France, and the volatile character of his countrymen—J'ai dejà prévenu l'une des plus grandes difficultés pour les auteurs ; ils devroient etre en meme tems hommes de cabinet et hommes du monde. Par l'etude on ne connoit que les anciens, & les mœurs bourgeoiſes ; & dans la bonne compagnie, on perd ſon tems, l'on ecrit peu, et l'on penſe encore moins. . . . . .

L'haleine manque à un écrivain François faute de conſtance ; il entreprend légèrement de grands ouvrages, il les continue avec nonchalance, il les finit avec dégôut : s'il les abandonne quelque tems, il ne les reprend plus, & nous voyons que tous nos continuateurs ont échoué. La laſſitude du ſoir ſe reſſent de l'ardeur du matin. C'eſt delà qu'il nous arrive de n'avoir de bon, que de petits morceaux, ſoit en poeſie, ſoit en proſe . . . . . nous n'avons que . . . . . des morceaux Hiſtoriques, & preſque pas une Hiſtoire générale digne de louange.

Choix des Memoires de l'Academie, &c.
Londres, 1777, tom. iii. p. 627.

END OF THE NOTES TO THE SECOND EPISTLE.

NOTES

TO THE

THIRD EPISTLE.

NOTE I. VERSE 30.

AND ſhake th' affrighted world with dire portents.] There is a curious treatiſe of Dr. Warburton's on this ſubject, which is become very ſcarce; it is entitled, "A critical and "philoſophical Enquiry into the cauſes of prodigies and mi- "racles, as related by Hiſtorians, with an Eſſay towards re- "ſtoring a method and purity in Hiſtory." It contains, like moſt of the compoſitions of this dogmatical Writer, a ſtrange mixture of judicious criticiſm and entertaining abſurdity, in a ſtyle ſo extraordinary, that I think the following ſpecimens of it may amuſe a reader, who has not happened to meet with this ſingular book.——Having celebrated Raleigh and Hyde, as writers of true hiſtoric genius, he adds: "almoſt all the reſt of our Hiſtories want Life, Soul, Shape, and Body: a mere hodge-podge of abortive embryos and rotten carcaſes, kept in an unnatural ferment (which the vulgar miſtake for real life) by the rank leven of prodigies and portents. Which can't but afford good diverſion to the Critic, while he obſerves how naturally one of their own fables is here mythologiz'd and explain'd, *of a church yard carcaſe, raiſed and ſet a ſtrutting by the inflation of ſome helliſh ſuccubus within.*" He then paſſes a heavy cenſure on the antiquarian publications of Thomas Herne; in the cloſe of which he exclaims—"Wonder not reader, at the view of theſe extravagancies. The Hiſtoric Muſe, after much vain longing for a vigorous adorer, is now fallen under that indiſpoſition of her ſex, ſo well known by a depraved appe-

tite

tite for traſh and cinders."——Having quoted two paſſages from this ſingular Critic, in which his metaphorical language is exceedingly groſs, candour obliges me to tranſcribe another, which is no leſs remarkable for elegance and beauty of expreſſion. In deſcribing Salluſt, at one time the loud advocate of public ſpirit, and afterwards ſharing in the robberies of Cæſar, he expreſſes this variation of character by the following imagery:—No ſooner did the warm aſpect of good fortune ſhine out again, but all theſe exalted ideas of virtue and honour, raiſed like a beautiful kind of froſt-work, in the cold ſeaſon of adverſity, diſſolved and diſappeared."

Enquiry, &c. London, 1727, page 17.

NOTE II. Verse 51.

On Francio now the Gallic page is mute,
And Britiſh Story drops the name of Brute.] The origin of the French nation was aſcribed by one of the Monkiſh Hiſtorians to Francio, a ſon of Priam: Mr. Warton, who mentions this circumſtance in his Diſſertation on the origin of romantic fiction in Europe, ſuppoſes that the rival of Virgil's Æneid, about the ſixth or ſeventh century, inſpired many nations with this chimerical idea of tracing their deſcent from the family of Priam. There is a very remarkable proof in the Hiſtorian Matthew of Weſtminiſter, how fond the Engliſh were of conſidering themſelves as the deſcendants of the Trojan Brutus. In a letter from Edward the firſt to the Pope Boniface, concerning the affairs of Scotland, the King boaſts of his Trojan predeceſſor in the following terms:—Sub temporibus itaque Ely & Samuelis prophetarum, vir quidam ſtrenuus et inſignis, Brutus nomine, de genere Trojanorum, poſt excidium urbis Trojanæ cum multis nobilibus Trojanorum applicuit in quandam Inſulam tunc Albion vocatam, a gigantibus inhabitatam, quibus ſua et ſuorum ſeductis potentia et occiſis, eam nomine ſuo Britanniam ſocioſque ſuos Britannos appellavit, & ædificavit civitatem quam Trinovantum nuncupavit, quæ modo Londinum nuncupatur. Matt. Westmon. p. 439.

NOTE III. Verse 73.

And Bacon's ſelf, for mental glory born,
Meets, as her ſlave, our pity, or our ſcorn.] I wiſh not to dwell invidiouſly on the failings of this immortal Genius; but it may be uſeful to remark, that no Hiſtorical work, though

though executed by a man of the higheſt mental abilities, can obtain a laſting reputation, if it be planned and written with a ſervility of ſpirit.—This was evidently the caſe in Bacon's Hiſtory of Henry the VIIth: it was the firſt work he engaged in after his diſgrace, and laid as a peace-offering at the feet of his maſter, the deſpicable James, who affected to conſider his great grandfather, the abject and avaricious Henry, as the model of a King. It was therefore the aim of the unfortunate Hiſtorian to flatter this phantaſy of the royal pedant, for whom he wrote, and he accordingly formed a coloſſal ſtatue to repreſent a pigmy.—It is matter of aſtoniſhment that Lord Bolingbroke, who in his political works has written on the vices of this very King, with a force and beauty ſo ſuperior to the Hiſtory in queſtion, ſhould ſpeak of it as a work poſſeſſing merit ſufficient to bear a compariſon with the ancients: on the contrary, the extreme awkwardneſs of the taſk, which the Hiſtorian impoſed upon himſelf, gave a weakneſs and embarraſſment to his ſtyle, which in his nobler works is clear, nervous, and manly. This will particularly appear from a few lines in his character of Henry.—"This King, to ſpeak of him in terms equal to his deſerving, was one of the beſt ſort of wonders, a wonder for wiſe men. He had parts, both in his virtues and his fortune, not ſo fit for a common-place as for obſervation. . . . . His worth may bear a tale or two that may put upon him ſomewhat that may ſeem divine."—He then relates a dream of Henry's mother, the Lady Morgaret: but the quotations I have made may be ſufficient to juſtify my remark; and, as Dr. Johnſon ſays happily of Milton, "What Engliſhman can take delight in tranſcribing paſſages, which if they leſſen the reputation of Bacon, diminiſh in ſome degree the honour of our country?"

NOTE IV. VERSE 92.

And of that mountain make the ſtatue of a King.] An alluſion to the Architect Dinocrates, who offered to cut Mount Athos into a ſtatue of Alexander the Great.

NOTE V. VERSE 97.

As crown'd with Indian laurels, nobly won, &c.] This ſtory is told on a ſimilar occaſion by Lucian. Having aſſerted that hiſtorical flatterers often meet with the indignation they deſerve, he proceeds to this example: ωσπερ Αρι-

σοβουλο

γοήθου μονομαχιαν γραψαντος Αλεξανδρῳ και Πωρου, και αναγνωστος αυτω τουτο μαλιστα το χωριον της γραφης. (ηθετο γαρ χαριεισθαι τα μεγιστα τω βασιλει, επιψευδομενος αριστειας τινας αυτω, και αναπλαττων εργα μειζω της αληθειας) λαθων εκεινος το βιβλιον (πλεοντες δ' ετυγχανον εν τω ποταμω Υδασπει) εβριψεν επι κεφαλην εις το υδωρ, επειπων "Και σε δε ουτως εχρην, ω Αριστοβουλε, τοιαυτα υπερ εμου μονομαχουντα, και ελεφαντας εν ακοντων φονευοντα.

LUCIAN. Edit. Riollay, p. 28.

The Critics are much divided on this paſſage: I have followed an interpretation very different from that adopted by a learned and judicious author, who has lately entered into a thorough diſcuſſion of all the anecdotes relating to this celebrated Conqueror, in a very elaborate and ſpirited diſſertation, entitled, "Examen critique des Hiſtoriens d'Alexandre," Paris, 4to. 1775. But there is great probability in his conjecture, that the name of Ariſtobulus has ſlipt into the ſtory by ſome miſtake; and that the ſycophant ſo juſtly reprimanded was Oneſicritus, who attended the hero of Macedon in quality of Hiſtoriographer, and is cenſured by the judicious Strabo as the moſt fabulous of all the Writers who have engaged in his Hiſtory. For the reaſons which ſupport this conjecture, ſee the book I have mentioned, p. 19.

NOTE VI. VERSE 115.

In Dedications quietly inurn'd,
They take more lying Praiſe than Ammon ſpurn'd.] As Hiſtory is the compoſition moſt frequently addreſſed to Princes, modern Hiſtorians have been peculiarly tempted to this kind of adulation.——Indeed Dedications in general are but too commonly a diſgrace to letters. Perhaps a conciſe Hiſtory of this ſpecies of writing, and the fate of ſome remarkable Dedications, might have a good influence towards correcting that proſtitution of talents, which is ſo often obſerved in productions of this nature; and ſuch a work might be very amuſing to the lovers of literary anecdote.—The two moſt unfortunate Dedications that occur to my remembrance, were written by Joſhua Barnes, and Dr. Pearce, late Biſhop of Rocheſter: The firſt dedicated his Hiſtory of Edward the IIId, to James the IId, and unluckily compared that Monarch to the moſt valiant of his predeceſſors, juſt before his timidity led him to abdicate the throne: the

the ſecond dedicated his edition of Tully de Oratore to Lord Macclesfield, and as unluckly celebrated his patron as a model of public virtue, not many years before he was impeached in parliament, and fined £. 30,000 for the iniquity of his conduct in the office of Chancellor.

NOTE VII. VERSE 135.

Still can Herrera, mourning o'er his urn,
His dying pangs to bliſsful rapture turn.] Antonio de Herrera, a Spaniſh Hiſtorian of great reputation, deſcribes the death of Philip II. in the following terms:—Y fue coſa de notar, que aviendo dos, o tres horas antes que eſpiraſſe, tenido un paraxiſmo tan violento, que le tuvieron por acabado, cubriendole el roſtro con un panno, abrio los ojos con gran eſpiritu, y tomò el crucifixo de mano de Don Hernando de Toledo con gran devocion y ternura le besò muchas vozes, y a la imagen de neuſtra Sennora de Monſerrate, que eſtava en la candela. Pareciò al Arçobiſpo de Toledo, a los confeſſores, y a quantos ſe hallaron preſentes, que era impoſſible, que naturalmente huvieſſe podido bolver tan preſto, y con tan vivo eſpiritu, ſino que devio de tener en aquel punto alguna viſion y favor del cielo, y que mas fue rapto que paraxiſmo: luego bolvio al agonia, y ſe feu acabando poco a poco, y con pequenno movimiento ſe le arrancò el alma, domingo a treze de Setiembre a las cinco horas de la mannana, ſiendo ſus ultimas palabras, que moria como Catolico en la Fê y obediencia de la ſanta Igleſia Romana; y aſſi acabò eſte gran Monarca con la miſma prudencia con que vivio: por lo qual (meritamente) ſe le dio el atributo de prudente.

Hiſt. General del Mundo, por Ant. Herrera, Madrid 1612. Tom. iii. f. 777.

After ſpeaking ſo freely on the vices of this Monarch, it is but juſt to obſerve, that Philip, who poſſeſſed all the ſedate cruelty of the cold-blooded Octavius, reſembled him alſo in one amiable quality, and was ſo much a friend to letters, that his reign may be conſidered as the Auguſtan age of Spaniſh literature.—His moſt bloody miniſter, the mercileſs Alva, was the Mecænas of that wonderful and voluminous Poet, Lope de Vega. I cannot help regretting that the two eminent Writers, who have lately delineated the reigns of Charles the Vth, and his Son Philip, ſo happily in our language, have entered ſo little into the literary Hiſtory of thoſe times.

NOTE

NOTE VIII. VERSE 158.

Nor hope to ſtain, on baſe Detraction's ſcroll,
A Tully's morals, or a Sidney's ſoul!] Dion Caſſius, the ſordid advocate of deſpotiſm, endeavoured to depreciate the character of Cicero, by inſerting in his Hiſtory the moſt indecent Oration that ever diſgraced the page of an Hiſtorian. —In the opening of his 46th book, he introduces Q. Fuſius Calenus haranguing the Roman ſenate againſt the great ornament of that aſſembly, calling Cicero a magician, and accuſing him of proſtituting his wife, and committing inceſt with his daughter. Some late hiſtorical attempts to ſink the reputation of the great Algernon Sidney, are ſo recent, that they will occur to the remembrance of almoſt every Reader.

NOTE IX. VERSE 179.

Nor leſs the blemiſh, tho' of different kind,
From falſe Philoſophy's conceits refin'd! &c.] The ideas in this paſſage are chiefly borrowed from the excellent obſervations on Hiſtory in Dr Gregory's *Comparative View.* As that engaging little volume is ſo generally known, I ſhall not lengthen theſe Notes by tranſcribing any part of it; but I thought it juſt to acknowledge my obligations to an Author, whoſe ſentiments I am proud to adopt, as he unites the nobleſt affections of the heart to great elegance of mind, and is juſtly ranked among the moſt amiable of moral writers.

NOTE X. VERSE 218.

To ſpeak no Falſehood; and no Truth ſuppreſs.] Quis neſcit, primam eſſe Hiſtoriæ legem ne quid falſi dicere audeat? deinde, ne quid veri non audeat. De Oratore, Lib. ii.

Voltaire has made a few juſt remarks on the ſecond part of this famour Hiſtorical maxim; and it certainly is to be underſtood with ſome degree of limitation. The ſentence of the amiable Pliny, ſo often quoted—Hiſtoria quoquo modo ſcripta delectat—is liable, I apprehend, to ſtill more objections.

NOTE XI. VERSE 266.

A waſte of Genius in the toil of Knolles.] Richard Knolles, a native of Northamptonſhire, educated at Oxford, publiſhed, in 1610, a Hiſtory of the Turks. An Author of our age, to whom both criticiſm and morality have very high obligations,

ſigations, has beſtowed a liberal encomium on this neglected Hiſtorian; whoſe character he cloſes with the following juſt obſervation:

"Nothing could have ſunk this Author in obſcurity, but the remoteneſs and barbarity of the people whoſe ſtory he relates. It ſeldom happens, that all circumſtances concur to happineſs or fame. The nation which produced this great Hiſtorian, has the grief of ſeeing his genius employed upon a foreign and unintereſting ſubject; and that Writer, who might have ſecured perpetuity to his name, by the Hiſtory of his own country, has expoſed himſelf to the danger of oblivion, by recounting enterprizes and revolutions, of which none deſire to be informed."

RAMBLER, Vol. III. No. 122.

NOTE XII. VERSE 330.

And read your juſt reward in Brady's fate!] Robert Brady, born in Norfolk, was Profeſſor of Phyſic in the Univerſity of Cambridge, which he repreſented in Parliament.—He was maſter of Caius College, and Phyſician in ordinary to James II. He publiſhed, in 1684, a Hiſtory of England, from the invaſion of Julius Cæſar to the death of Richard the Second, in three volumes folio: and died in 1700.——His character cannot be more juſtly or more forcibly expreſſed, than in the words of a living Author, who has lately vindicated the antient conſtitution of our country with great depth of learning, and with all the energy of genius inſpirited by freedom.

"Of Dr. Brady it ought to be remembered, that he was the ſlave of a faction, and that he meanly proſtituted an excellent underſtanding, and admirable quickneſs, to vindicate tyranny, and to deſtroy the rights of his nation."

STUART's View of Society in Europe. Notes, page 327.

NOTE XIII. VERSE 381.

Like the dumb ſon of Cræſus, in the ſtrife.] Herodotus relates, that a Perſian ſoldier, in the ſtorming of Sardis, was preparing to kill Cræſus, whoſe perſon he did not know, and who, giving up all as loſt, neglected to defend his own life; a ſon of the unfortunate Monarch, who had been

dumb

dumb from his infancy, and who never ſpake afterwards, found utterance, in that trying moment, and preſerved his father, by exclaiming "O kill not Crœſus!"

NOTE XIV. VERSE 387.

Leſs eager to correct, than to revile.] This is perhaps a juſt deſcription of *The polemical Divine*, as a general character: but there are ſome authors of that claſs, to whom it can never be applied ——Dr. Watſon, in particular, will be ever mentioned with honour, as one of the happy few, who have preſerved the purity of juſtice and good manners in a zealous defence of religion; who have given elegance and ſpirit to controverſial writing, by that liberal elevation of mind, which is equally removed from the meanneſs of flattery and the inſolence of detraction.

NOTE XV. VERSE 393.

The noble inſtinct, Love of laſting Fame.] There is a moſt animated and judicious defence of this Paſſion in Fitzoſborne's Letters.—But I muſt content myſelf with barely referring my Reader to that amiable Moraliſt, as I fear I have already extended theſe Notes to ſuch a length, as will expoſe me to the ſeverity of criticiſm. Indeed I tremble in reviewing the ſize of this Comment, which I cannot cloſe without entreating my Reader to believe, that its bulk has ariſen from no vain ideas of the value of my own Poem, but from a deſire to throw collected light on a ſubject, which appeared to me of importance, and to do all the juſtice in my power to many valuable writers, whom I wiſhed to celebrate.——Thoſe who are inclined to cenſure, will perhaps think this apology inſufficient; and I foreſee that ſome haſty Critics will compare the length of the Poem with that of the Annotations, and then laying down the book without peruſing either, they will apply perhaps (not unhappily) to the Author the following lively couplet of Dr. Young:

> Sure, next to writing, the moſt idle thing
> Is gravely to harangue on what we ſing.

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